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ARISTOPHANES

I.—THE ACHARNIANS
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LITERALLY AND COMPLETELY TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

ATHENS: PRIVATELY PRINTED FOR THE ATHENIAN SOCIETY: MDCCCXCVIII

EUPOLIS, atque Cratinus, Aristophanesque poetae,
Atque alii, quorum comoedia prisca virorum est,
Si quis erat dignus describi, quod malus, aut fur,
Quod moechus foret, aut sicarius, aut alioqui
Famosus, *multa cum libertate* notabant.

EUPOLIS, Cratinus, Aristophanes,
And other writers of Old Comedies,
If e'er they meant to bring a knave to grief,
A lecher, cut-throat, foul-mouthed cur, a thief,
Or other scamp, used no uncertain tones,
But said just what they meant, and made no bones.

MS. Translation.

INTRODUCTION

UP to the present time no complete English translation of the Comedies of Aristophanes has existed. Of bowdlerised versions there have been enough and to spare; but an emasculated Aristophanes is no Aristophanes at all. Such a monstrosity is something worse than the proverbial play of "Hamlet" with the part of Hamlet carefully and conscientiously cut out.

The present translation claims to be a full and faithful representation of what the Athenians laughed at over two thousand years ago, in the most brilliant period of their national history. While keeping true to scholarly lines, it has sought before all else to avoid the dry-as-dust traditions. The result, therefore, is, it may be hoped, readable. The "crib" translations, even apart from their sins of omission, are generally so crude as scarcely to be worthy the name of English at all. The conversational

style has been deliberately adopted, since to *tutoyer* comic characters is ridiculously out of place; and the unquestioned coarseness of some expressions has been set down in plain English by way of contrast to the delicacies with which they are surrounded, since in such contrast lies much of the delight which the reader feels at the picture of old Greek life presented in the sparkling comedies of Aristophanes.

It has been caustically remarked of Plato that he was a strange combination of common sense and silliness; and it may be said of Aristophanes, in quite as antithetical a form of speech, that he combined the opposite extremes of lyric beauty and something that closely shaves the edges of bestiality. Nothing can surpass the delicacy of the choral elements in "The Clouds," or the pictures of rural life in "The Peace," whilst it must be confessed that instances of the other element are to be found *passim* throughout the length and breadth of his extant comedies. That he introduced this matter in deference to the spirit of his times goes without saying. There are instances, as, for example, in the latter part of "The Wasps,"

where it would appear as if an exacting Athenian audience, not satisfied with the existing amount of naughtiness, asked for more, and the compliant comedy-writer was fain to grant their request. The particular passage in this play bears evident marks of interpolation. But apart from this, it suffices to say that the Aristophanic style represents the *façon de parler* of the period; and to eliminate, or even modify it, is to destroy the faithfulness of your translation as a representative specimen of the Old Comedy.

One cannot help wondering why squeamish people ever set themselves to read or translate Aristophanes at all. It seems an almost equal absurdity to prepare "school editions" carefully expurgated, for the simple reason that to expurgate this particular author is to extinguish him. Far better let our ingenuous youth defer their study of Aristophanes until they arrive at such years of discretion—or indiscretion—as would justify the placing before them Aristophanes pure and simple, which, it must be confessed, means Aristophanes impure and not by any means simple.

It is annoying to find brilliant translators,

who give us an excellent version up to a point, safeguarding themselves against criticism by such remarks as the following :

" English readers must not, of course, take this version to be even in attempt Aristophanic. The soul of Aristophanes 'dwelleth not in a dry place,' and his audacious Bacchic licence is out of date in the 'cool shade of modern Protestantism.' Some passages of the play have been thus necessarily omitted, and others (*e.g.*, the Phallic Hymn) have been, as the only alternative to their omission, hopelessly modernised."

There is no need to name names in connection with this subject. The following is from the pen of a still more prolific and more brilliant translator of pseudo-Aristophanes :

" The next five-and-thirty lines (referring to the probably interpolated matter in 'The Wasps') contain much that had been better omitted; and the English on the right hand page is in many places necessarily a substitute for rather than a translation of the original text."

Most amusing of all is it—and here one must name a justly honoured name—to find the author of " Tom Jones " garnishing his excel-

lent prose version of "The Plutus" with such footnotes as the following: "We cannot with decency render the Greek more literally." It is indeed hopeless to attempt to be decent or to cater for the tastes of Mistress Grundy if a recognisable version of Aristophanes is to be given.

It can, at all events, be claimed that the right-hand pages of the present translation offer a faithful, though sometimes a free translation of the Greek matter on the left. If nothing has been extenuated, nothing has been set down in malice. Indecency and profanity have not been unnecessarily introduced; they are put down under protest, but not under the "cool shade of Protestantism" to which one of the authors quoted above so incongruously alludes.

It was tempting to render the frequent "By Zeus" of the original by the still vernacular "By Jove!" But the Gods of Hellas and of Rome should not be confounded; and when the persons of the present dramas swear "By God," or even call "the Lord" "the Almighty" or "Saviour Bacchus" to witness their assertions, they must no more be suspected of profanity than the German who appeals to "Mein

Gott" or the French lady who simpers "Mon Dieu!" on the slightest provocation.

Enough, however, has been said on these heads, not so much by way of apologia as of explanation. Turn we now to our poet himself and his surroundings.

It is not, of course, to be supposed that the Muse of Aristophanes came into being at a bound, as the spinster goddess is said to have issued from the head of Zeus. Literature does not, any more than nature, advance by fits and starts, but by a due process of Darwinian development with the survival of the fittest. Our short dozen of Aristophanic dramas may be taken to represent the fittest among the hundreds of other comedies which have perished. This survival, again, was purely natural. More copies were made of these particular plays as being special favourites, so that they stood a better chance against the ravages of time and the raids of purists in succeeding ages.

And just as the existing plays of Aristophanes are only a poor fragment of what he produced, so Aristophanes himself and his two *confrères* alluded to in the excerpt on the reverse of our title-page are only representative men among

the goodly array of writers classed together under the head of the Old Comedy. Of this Comic Triumvirate a few words may be said; but the mass must of necessity be passed over with little more than a bare enumeration of names.

And as with the names, so too with the "local habitation" of Attic Comedy, it is difficult to decide whether it was indigenous or imported. There is a good deal to be said in favour of a Sicilian origin for Comedy, and many think that Theocritus said it when he wrote in an epigram—

. . χ' ὡ 'νὴρ, ὁ τὰν Κωμῳδίαν
Εὕρων, 'Επίχαρμος.

More probably Comedy was contemporaneous in Attica and Sicily, and Theocritus as a Syracusan was only speaking of the Sicilian branch when he thus called Epicharmus "the man who *invented* Comedy." Both Epicharmus and his Athenian contemporary Chionides were writing comedies before the Persian era in Grecian history. These comedies were, roughly speaking, contemporary with the tragedies of Pratinas and Choerilus, the predecessors of Aeschylus.

Just as it is the office of the actor to hold the mirror up to nature in the particular character he is called upon to represent, so is it the office of the playwright to reflect that accumulation of individuals called Society in the group of characters which he selects for his drama—that is, his acted poem. This is more strictly the case with comedy than with tragedy. Though, as Longfellow truly says:

> "By the fireside tragedies are acted;"

yet for the most part tragedy soars above the level of ordinary social surroundings into its own transcendental heights; but comedy, equally as a matter of course, keeps on a level with those social surroundings, and is a reflex of the society of its period.

Each of these positions was accentuated in the Greek as compared with the English drama —we need look no further for the moment. Apart from the fact that Greek Tragedy was an outcome, we might almost say, an integral part of Greek worship, the subjects with which it dealt, taken exclusively from the old mythological and heroic legends, were such as to lift it even more entirely than its modern develop-

ments above the range of ordinary life; while Comedy, on the contrary, by the almost unlimited freedom conceded to it, during one portion of its existence, in placing real personages on the stage and dealing with current political questions, became a far more vivid reflex of existing society than any kind of dramatic composition in modern times. It resembled rather the power of the Press, especially the Comic Press—say of *Punch* in its halcyon days—than any other department of contemporary literature.

In the Comedies of Aristophanes, then, we get this vivid representation of Athenian society at its most interesting period; or we should get it, if the not altogether unintelligible squeamishness of translators did not garble the original.

It should not be forgotten that Greek Comedy as well as Greek Tragedy was an outcome of the worship of Dionysus or Bacchus. As the former sprang from the dithyrambic hymn, so the latter grew out of the phallic song which accompanied the revel—the "Comus"—of the vine-gatherers at the Lesser Dionysia, or the Rustic Festival of

Dionysus. The very name of the drama reveals its origin; it was the Song of the Revel (Comic Ode).

Hence the naughtiness, as our strait-laced modern critics count it. The phallus, as the male emblem of generation, formed a prominent object in the Dionysiac pomp; and Comedy would have been untrue to its ancestry had that element been omitted. Aristophanes has certainly not been guilty of any sin in the way of omission, so far as the phallic element goes.

What his predecessors Eupolis and Cratinus did in this respect we are not so well able to judge from the few fragments which have come down to us; but we have the assertion of Horace that they "made no bones" (*multa cum libertate* notabant). It may be worth while to sum up in a few words what we *do* know about these two virtually unrepresented dramatists.

Eupolis began to produce his comedies B.C. 429. They were exclusively political and based on events of the day, thus "preluding the way" in which the Aristophanic muse was to wander. The titles of his comedies throw considerable light on their contents. One, for instance,

called "The Demes," dealt with the villages of Attica; and another named "The Cities" attacked, even more sharply than its predecessor, the internal and foreign policy of the Athenians. In the former drama Myronides, an able general who had survived Pericles and his other great contemporaries, found himself, as he got into years, quite out of place amid the soft surroundings of an effeminate age. He therefore went down to Hades in order to bring back some of his old chieftains. He returned with Solon, Miltiades, Aristides, and Pericles. But they could not stand the changed state of things. They were out of place too in an effeminate and voluptuous age. This is all we can gather from the few fragments that remain. Of "The Cities," we can only say that the Chorus, from which the drama took its name, as we so often find the case in Aristophanes, was made up of characters representing the tributary cities of Athens.

Cratinus, who died in 423 B.C., whilst effecting certain practical changes in the crude drama which had come down to him in the guise of Comedy, is said to have lacked constructive art in his own writings. One of his plays was

utilised in much the same way as the "Oedipus at Colonos" of Sophocles, which was quoted by its author before his judges when his intellectual powers were called in question. Cratinus was alleged to be a "soaker"; and, as if to prove that his intellect was not quite drowned in wine, he wrote a piece under the suggestive title of "The Flagon," which carried off the prize. The comedy was to a great extent autobiographical. He himself was the hero; and the heroine, Comedy, his lawful wife, complained of having been neglected by him in favour of a rival—the Flagon. The injured wife goes to the archon to accuse her lord and master of desertion, and sue for divorce. This brings the poet to his senses. He becomes repentant, and all ends happily.

The moral of all this would, of course, be deemed by abstemious people the reverse of edifying, though Horace seems inclined to adopt it as a broad principle of poetical afflatus, when he says, with special reference to this old playwright:

Prisco si credis, Maecenas docte, Cratino,
Nulla placere diu nec vivere carmina possunt
Quae scribuntur aquæ potoribus.

Which we may perhaps be allowed to render freely:

> Maecenas, old Cratinus you may credit,
> Since not in words alone, but deeds, he said it,
> No play is destined long to hold the stage
> If written on some water-drinker's page.

Anyhow, the facts remain. Cratinus won the prize with his "Flagon," and lived to the ripe old age of ninety-seven.

The Lenaean Festival of the year 425 B.C. is especially interesting as having witnessed the presentation of a work by each member of the great Comic Triumvirate. Aristophanes gained the first prize with his "Acharnians," the earliest of his extant comedies; Cratinus the second prize with his "Winter Amusements"; and Eupolis the third with his "New Moons."

Among the other representatives of the Old Comedy, the following names may be mentioned, with the probable amount of their contributions:

Ameipsias, credited with ten comedies, was a contemporary and formidable rival of Aristophanes.

Plato, to whom forty comedies are assigned by Meursius, but who is now represented by a

very few fragments. He is quoted by Plutarch, Galen, Athenaeus and others.

Crates, a younger contemporary of Cratinus, was first an actor and then a writer of Old Comedy. He was presumably dead before the comedy of "The Knights" was acted, 424 B.C., and is said to have been the first who introduced a drunken character on the Athenian stage as another dramatic illustration of the perennial drink question.

Philonides, before he took to play-writing, is said to have pursued the not very dramatic occupation of a fuller. He was utilised by Aristophanes much in the same way as we are asked by the advocates of the Baconian theory to believe Lord Bacon utilised Shakespeare, namely, to father those dramatic works which it was not convenient to produce in his own name. Then Aristophanes burlesqued him as a silly, vulgar fellow, illiterate to a proverb. The short quotations from Philonides in Athenaeus and Stobaeus by no means bear out this description, however. He was probably an actor of the Aristophanic comedies; and the plays produced in his name are said to have been especially the literary and philosophical

ones levelled respectively against Euripides and Socrates.

Theopompus, to whom twenty-four comedies are attributed, is described as a man of excellent morals; but so little of his work beyond the titles of his comedies remains, that we are unable to judge of his capacity as a playwright.

Amphis is credited with twenty-one comedies, and probably wrote a good many more. He came late in the series of Old Comedy writers, and is said to have burlesqued Plato the philosopher. His "Seven Chiefs against Thebes" was probably something in the shape of a travesty or burlesque of the tragedy of Aeschylus which bears the same title.

Phrynichus, who must not be confounded with the tragic writer of the same name, was a contemporary of Eupolis, and we have the titles of ten comedies assigned to him. His satire is described as particularly pungent, and Alcibiades was the favourite target at which its shafts were levelled.

Pherecrates stands high in literary reputation, and his style is described as most purely Attic. He was the rival of Crates, accompanied Alexander of Macedon on some of his ex-

peditions, and lived on terms of intimacy with Plato at Athens. Suidas tells us he wrote seventeen comedies, of which only the titles remain. His poems were as celebrated as his plays, and gave the name of Pherecratian to the metre in which they were written, much in the same way as we speak of the Spenserian stanza.

Such are the poor remains of a lost school of dramatic literature which is really represented by the eleven extant comedies of Aristophanes, and just enough fragments to make us wish for more. It is, perhaps, too much to hope that the industrious gentlemen whose researches have been so far rewarded by such "finds" as the poems of Bacchylides, the lost Antiope of Euripides, and the mimes of Herondas may yet give us back some specimens of the Old and Middle Comedy of Athens.

Of the Middle Comedy, as it is technically termed, it may be said, in a summary way, that its character was parody as opposed to personality. The Chorus was silenced

> Turpiter obticuit, sublato jure nocendi,

and the Parabasis no longer afforded the poet

an opportunity of obtruding his own ideas on the audience or addressing them by proxy. Thirty-two names are given of representative poets during the period.

The New Comedy began with the death of Alexander of Macedon, and ended with that of Menander, who is for us its chief exponent. In this period there was a return to something like the satirical style of the Old Comedy without the defacement of its "improprieties." It was an improvement on the platitudes of the Middle Comedy, though scarcely a revival of the Old. We are only acquainted with its productions through the medium of fragments, which are, in some instances, fairly copious, and also through adaptations of them by the writers of Roman Comedy. These latter borrowed as freely from the Greeks as some of our modern dramatists do from the French.

Little or nothing is known as to the personal history, parentage, date of birth or death of Aristophanes. Happily this lack of information, however interesting that information might have been on other grounds, does not militate against our appreciation of such comedies as have come down to us—eleven only out of a

probable half-hundred or more. These plays are a running commentary on current history and the prominent men of the time; and the writer's individual biography becomes therefore of secondary importance. He is generally spoken of as Aristophanes the son of Philippus; and he was beyond doubt an Athenian born, of the tribe Pandionis and the Cydathonaean deme. The date of his birth has been set down as *about* B.C. 444, that of his death as B.C. 380, which dates are near enough for all practical purposes. Plato, in his Symposium, speaks of him as a *bon vivant*, and we can easily accept the fact on internal evidence.

It is said that he wrote fifty-four comedies, of which only a poor instalment of eleven has come down to us. They are rather caricatures on the political, philosophical, literary and social history of his period than comedies in our sense of the word.

Broadly speaking, these comedies cover the space of that great struggle between Northern and Southern Greece, which we have elected to call the Peloponnesian War. This war lasted from B.C. 431 to B.C. 404, though two of his plays overlap the latter date by a few years. He

was a staunch Conservative, his special horrors being the political demagogue and the philosophical sophist.

The plays are best given in the order in which they were produced, since thus they show the evolution of the writer's genius and the course of contemporaneous history. The two earliest, viz., "The Banqueters" and "The Babylonians," each produced under a *nom de théâtre*, are lost. They belong to the years B.C. 427 and 426 respectively.

"The Acharnians," which is the earliest of the extant plays, and is interesting as the oldest comedy known, was produced at the Lenaean Festival of B.C. 425. This was also pseudonymously produced, and is strongly in favour of peace as against the machinations of the war-party.

"The Knights" belongs to the year B.C. 424, and is a personal attack on the demagogue Cleon, who is represented as a "cad." Aristophanes produced this play under his own name, and the story goes that he was obliged to play the part of the popular politician himself without a mask, since no actor dared undertake the *rôle*, nor would any mask-maker venture to re-

produce the well-known features of the demagogue.

"The Clouds," which failed to gain a prize, was produced at the dramatic contest of B.C. 423, is levelled against the sophists in general and against Socrates in particular.

"The Wasps" attacks the dicastic system which prevailed in the Athenian law-courts. It gained the second prize in the year B.C. 422.

"The Peace" may be regarded as the complement of "The Knights." It belongs to the year 419 B.C., after which there is a gap of six years in the extant plays.

The series was resumed with the lost comedy "Amphiaraus" in B.C. 414, which was also the date of "The Birds," the latter being levelled against the Sicilian expedition.

"The Lysistrata," produced in B.C. 411, takes for its main *motif* a very delicate question of sexual relations. It is generally regarded as the naughtiest of the comedies; but it was not "risky" enough for the gay Parisians, who in 1893 mounted an up-to-date version of this perennial French topic and added a detail which finds no place in the comedy of Aristophanes.

"The Thesmophoriazusæ" came out during

the oligarchy in B.C. 411, and "The Frogs" in B.C. 405. In each of these comedies the political element is conspicuous by absence.

The date of "The Ecclesiazusæ" was B.C. 392, a period subsequent to that covered by the history of Thucydides. The historical background is now furnished by the Hellenics of Xenophon.

The custom of prefixing an "Argument" or "Plot" to the Comedies of Aristophanes is surely one that is more honoured in the breach than in the observance, and was at best but a clumsy contrivance of the Alexandrian grammarians, most frequently adopted for the sake of showing off their own pedantic wit.

Surely—at all events when accompanied by a translation on the opposite page — the Comedies of Aristophanes are able to tell their own story; and the telling of that story in advance forthwith eliminates the element of surprise which is so essential to success in humorous writing. The Greek comedies, it must be remembered, were not written for long "runs" as modern dramas are. They were for the most part seen only once. The "surprise," therefore, must have been perfect; and

that feature is best preserved by suppressing altogether the Arguments, acrostic or otherwise, which encumber nearly all the texts of the antique drama.

Suffice it to say, then, that of the ten extant plays which belong to the Old Comedy, "The Acharnians," "The Knights," "The Wasps," "The Peace," and "The Lysistrata" are essentially political, and admirably supplement the sober history of Thucydides. Three are philosophical satires, "The Clouds," "The Birds," and "The Ecclesiazusæ," or "Female Members of Assembly." Two are literary burlesques, mainly on Euripides, namely, "The Thesmophoriazusæ" and "The Frogs." "The Plutus," which in date and structure belongs to the Middle Comedy, approaches much more nearly to the Latin Comedy and its development in more modern times. Its subject is that evergreen one, the distribution of wealth and poverty. From first to last the Aristophanic comedies ranged over a period of nearly forty years, that is, from 427 to 388 B.C.

The Irony of History surely never had a more grotesque illustration than in the fact that we owe the preservation of our Aristo-

phanic comedies to St. John Chrysostom—the Golden-mouthed Preacher! He "happily" (says Cumberland) "rescued this valuable but small portion of his favourite author from his more scrupulous Christian contemporaries, whose zeal was too fatally successful in destroying every other comic author, out of a very numerous collection, of which no one entire scene now remains."

THE ACHARNIANS

I

ΑΧΑΡΝΗΣ

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΔΙΚΑΙΟΠΟΛΙΣ.
ΚΗΡΥΞ.
ΑΜΦΙΘΕΟΣ.
ΠΡΕΣΒΕΙΣ *'Αθηναίων παρὰ βασιλέως ἥκοντες.*
ΨΕΥΔΑΡΤΑΒΑΣ.
ΘΕΩΡΟΣ.
ΧΟΡΟΣ ΑΧΑΡΝΕΩΝ.
ΓΥΝΗ *Δικαιοπόλιδος.*
ΘΥΓΑΤΗΡ *Δικαιοπόλιδος.*
ΚΗΦΙΣΟΦΩΝ.
ΕΥΡΙΠΙΔΗΣ.
ΛΑΜΑΧΟΣ.
ΜΕΓΑΡΕΥΣ.
ΚΟΡΑ *θυγατέρε τοῦ Μεγαρέως.*
ΒΟΙΩΤΟΣ.
ΝΙΚΑΡΧΟΣ.
ΓΕΩΡΓΟΣ.
ΠΑΡΑΝΥΜΦΟΣ.
ΑΓΓΕΛΟΙ.

THE ACHARNIANS

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

DICAEOPOLIS, an Attic Farmer.
A HERALD.
ATHENIAN AMBASSADORS to the Court of Persia.
AMPHITHEUS.
PSEUDARTABAS, the King of Persia's "Eye."
THEORUS, an Athenian Ambassador.
CHORUS of Old Acharnians.
WIFE of Dicaeopolis.
DAUGHTER of Dicaeopolis.
EURIPIDES, the Tragic Poet.
CEPHISOPHON.
LAMACHUS, an Athenian General.
A MEGARIAN.
TWO DAUGHTERS of the Megarian.
NICARCHUS, an Informer.
A BOEOTIAN and his BOY.
A BRIDESMAN.
A COUNTRYMAN.
MESSENGERS, SERVANTS, etc.

ΔΙΚ. Ὅσα δὴ δέδηγμαι τὴν ἐμαυτοῦ καρδίαν,
ἥσθην δὲ βαιά, πάνυ γε βαιά, τέτταρα·
ἃ δ' ὠδυνήθην, ψαμμακοσιογάργαρα.
φέρ' ἴδω· τί δ' ἥσθην ἄξιον χαιρηδόνος;
ἐγᾦδ' ἐφ' ᾧ γε τὸ κέαρ εὐφράνθην ἰδών,
τοῖς πέντε ταλάντοις οἷς Κλέων ἐξήμεσεν.
ταῦθ' ὡς ἐγανώθην, καὶ φιλῶ τοὺς ἱππέας
διὰ τοῦτο τοὔργον· ἄξιον γὰρ Ἑλλάδι.
ἀλλ' ὠδυνήθην ἕτερον αὖ τραγῳδικόν,
ὅτε δὴ 'κεχήνη προσδοκῶν τὸν Αἰσχύλον,
ὁ δ' ἀνεῖπεν εἴσαγ', ὦ Θέογνι, τὸν χορόν.
πῶς τοῦτ' ἔσεισέ μου δοκεῖς τὴν καρδίαν;
ἀλλ' ἕτερον ἥσθην, ἡνίκ' ἐπὶ Μόσχῳ ποτὲ
Δεξίθεος εἰσῆλθ' ᾀσόμενος Βοιώτιον.
τῆτες δ' ἀπέθανον καὶ διεστράφην ἰδών,
ὅτε δὴ παρέκυψε Χαῖρις ἐπὶ τὸν ὄρθιον.

SCENE.—*The House of Assembly at Athens.* DICAEOPOLIS *discovered sitting alone.*

DIC. Well, I am bothered! There is no end to my vexations, though my comforts are few and far between—really, only some three or four—while my botherations are countless as the sands. Let's see, now; when did I feel anything worthy the name of a pleasurable sensation? Ah, yes; I know. I was delighted at those five talents which Cleon had to disgorge.[1] How I chuckled, and what a respect I have for the Knights who made him do it! for it was an act worthy of Hellas. But then I had another disappointment at the play. I was all agog expecting Aeschylus, when the crier sang out "Bring on your chorus, Theognis!"[2] Can't you guess what a shock that name gave me? On the other hand, I was pleased when, after Moschus, Dexitheus put in an appearance to sing the Boeotian song. This year, again, I nearly died and quite squinted when I saw Chaeris slouch on to do the Orthian strain.

[1] He had received five talents from the "islanders," to be employed in persuading the Athenians to relieve them of the εἰσφορὰ, or extraordinary property-tax.

[2] An inferior tragic poet.

ἀλλ' οὐδεπώποτ' ἐξ ὅτου 'γὼ ῥύπτομαι
οὕτως ἐδήχθην ὑπὸ κονίας τὰς ὀφρῦς
ὡς νῦν, ὁπότ' οὔσης κυρίας ἐκκλησίας
ἑωθινῆς ἔρημος ἡ πνὺξ αὑτηί·
οἱ δ' ἐν ἀγορᾷ λαλοῦσι, κἄνω καὶ κάτω
τὸ σχοινίον φεύγουσι τὸ μεμιλτωμένον·
οὐδ' οἱ πρυτάνεις ἥκουσιν, ἀλλ' ἀωρίαν
ἥκοντες, εἶτα δ' ὠστιοῦνται πῶς δοκεῖς
ἐλθόντες ἀλλήλοισι περὶ πρώτου ξύλου,
ἀθρόοι καταρρέοντες· εἰρήνη δ' ὅπως
ἔσται προτιμῶσ' οὐδέν· ὦ πόλις πόλις·
ἐγὼ δ' ἀεὶ πρώτιστος εἰς ἐκκλησίαν
νοστῶν κάθημαι· κᾆτ' ἐπειδὰν ὦ μόνος,
στένω, κέχηνα, σκορδινῶμαι, πέρδομαι,
ἀπορῶ, γράφω, παρατίλλομαι, λογίζομαι,
ἀποβλέπων εἰς τὸν ἀγρόν, εἰρήνης ἐρῶν,
στυγῶν μὲν ἄστυ, τὸν δ' ἐμὸν δῆμον ποθῶν,
ὃς οὐδεπώποτ' εἶπεν, ἄνθρακας πρίω,

But never since I was washed as a baby did I feel so much like having dust in my eyes as I do at this moment, when the regular time for the morning Assembly has come, and here is the Pnyx[1] empty, while the members are chattering in the market-place and dodging to avoid the reddened rope[2] which is to fetch them in. Not even the Prytanes[3] have arrived; and when they do come, just in time to be too late, you can't imagine how they struggle and scrowdge one another, to get the chief seat, flowing on in one unbroken stream, but taking no thought about the restoration of peace.

O city, city! I always come first of all to the Assembly, take my seat, and find myself solus. So I grunt, gape, stretch, yawn, fart, bore myself, scribble a bit, pluck out stray hairs, work a sum or two, and look out at the country, anxious as I am for peace. I hate the city, and want to get back to my own parish. That never uttered such sounds to me as "Buy

[1] Where the meetings of the Athenian people were held; it was cut out of a hill west of the Acropolis, and was semicircular in shape, like a theatre.

[2] With which loiterers were driven from the Agora to the Pnyx.

[3] The Presidents, a committee of 50.

οὐκ ὄξος, οὐκ ἔλαιον, οὐδ' ᾔδει πρίω,
ἀλλ' αὐτὸς ἔφερε πάντα χὠ πρίων ἀπῆν.
νῦν οὖν ἀτεχνῶς ἥκω παρεσκευασμένος
βοᾶν, ὑποκρούειν, λοιδορεῖν τοὺς ῥήτορας,
ἐάν τις ἄλλο πλὴν περὶ εἰρήνης λέγῃ.
ἀλλ' οἱ πρυτάνεις γὰρ οὑτοιὶ μεσημβρινοί.
οὐκ ἠγόρευον; τοῦτ' ἐκεῖν' οὑγὼ 'λεγον·
εἰς τὴν προεδρίαν πᾶς ἀνὴρ ὠστίζεται.

ΚΗΡ. *πάριτ' εἰς τὸ πρόσθεν,*
πάριθ', ὡς ἂν ἐντὸς ἦτε τοῦ καθάρματος.

ΑΜΦ. *ἤδη τις εἶπε;* ΚΗΡ. *τίς ἀγορεύειν βούλεται;*

ΑΜΦ. *ἐγώ.* ΚΗΡ. *τίς ὤν;* ΑΜΦ. *'Αμφίθεος.* ΚΗΡ. *οὐκ ἄνθρωπος;* ΑΜΦ. *οὔ,*
ἀλλ' ἀθάνατος. ὁ γὰρ 'Αμφίθεος Δήμητρος ἦν
καὶ Τριπτολέμου· τούτου δὲ Κελεὸς γίγνεται·

coals—buy vinegar—buy oil!" It knew nothing of such by-play; it brought me all I wanted without any buying in the business. But now I am here, I'm just prepared to shout, to abuse, to rate the speakers, if anybody says anything save on the subject of peace. Look, there are the Prytanes coming in at noon. Didn't I tell you! Just what I said, every man wants to get the chief seat.

Enter hurriedly the PRYTANES, CITIZENS, AMBASSADORS, *and* AMPHITHEUS, *preceded by the* HERALD.

HER. Step forward! Come to the front, so as to be well within the consecrated ground.

AMPH. Has anyone spoken yet?

HER. Does anybody want to speak?

AMPH. Yes, I do.

HER. Who are you?

AMPH. Amphitheus.

HER. Amphitheus—a "god on both sides"! Ain't you a man?

AMPH. No, I'm an immortal. (*In a bombastic style, like* EURIPIDES.) The original Amphitheus was son of Demeter and Triptolemus. From him sprang Celeus, and Celeus married

γαμεῖ δὲ Κελεὸς Φαιναρέτην τήθην ἐμήν,
ἐξ ἧς Λυκῖνος ἐγένετ'· ἐκ τούτου δ' ἐγὼ
ἀθάνατός εἰμ'· ἐμοὶ δ' ἐπέτρεψαν οἱ θεοὶ
σπονδὰς ποιεῖσθαι πρὸς Λακεδαιμονίους μόνῳ.
ἀλλ' ἀθάνατος ὤν, ἄνδρες, ἐφόδι' οὐκ ἔχω·
οὐ γὰρ διδόασιν οἱ πρυτάνεις. ΚΗΡ. *οἱ τοξόται.*
ΑΜΦ. *ὦ Τριπτόλεμε καὶ Κελεέ, περιόψεσθέ με;*
ΔΙΚ. *ὦνδρες πρυτάνεις, ἀδικεῖτε τὴν ἐκκλησίαν*
τὸν ἄνδρ' ἀπάγοντες, ὅστις ἡμῖν ἤθελε
σπονδὰς ποιῆσαι καὶ κρεμάσαι τὰς ἀσπίδας.
ΚΗΡ. *κάθησο σῖγα.* ΔΙΚ. *μὰ τὸν Ἀπόλλω 'γὼ μὲν οὔ,*
ἣν μὴ περὶ εἰρήνης γε πρυτανεύσητέ μοι.
ΚΗΡ. *οἱ πρέσβεις οἱ παρὰ βασιλέως.*
ΔΙΚ. *ποίου βασιλέως; ἄχθομαι 'γὼ πρέσβεσιν*
καὶ τοῖς ταῷσι τοῖς τ' ἀλαζονεύμασιν.
ΚΗΡ. *σίγα.* ΔΙΚ. *βαβαιάξ, ὠκβάτανα, τοῦ σχήματος.*

my grandmother, Phaenarete. From her came Lucinus, and from him I myself, the immortal in question. The gods have commissioned me alone to go and make a truce with Sparta; but immortal as I am, I regret to say I have no money for my expenses. The Prytanes are not in the habit of making advances.

PRYTANIS. What ho! constable, do your duty.

AMPH. Triptolemus and Celeus, will you see me hustled like this? (*He is turned out.*)

DIC. Prytanes, you do wrong in thus ejecting from the Assembly a man who only wants to make peace, and to hang up our shields for us.

PRYT. Shut up, and sit down.

DIC. By Apollo! but I won't though, unless you are going to bring forward some proposal for peace.

HER. (*shouts*). The Ambassadors returned from the Great King.

DIC. What king? I'm sick of your Ambassadors and peacocks and fools' tricks.

Enter the AMBASSADORS *in gorgeous array.*

HER. Shut up!

DIC. Whew! Ecbatana! What a rig-out!

ΠΡ. ἐπέμψαθ' ἡμᾶς ὡς βασιλέα τὸν μέγαν,
μισθὸν φέροντας δύο δραχμὰς τῆς ἡμέρας
ἐπ' Εὐθυμένους ἄρχοντος· ΔΙΚ. οἴμοι τῶν
δραχμῶν.
ΠΡ. καὶ δῆτ' ἐτρυχόμεσθα διὰ Καϋστρίων
πεδίων ὁδοιπλανοῦντες ἐσκηνημένοι,
ἐφ' ἁρμαμαξῶν μαλθακῶς κατακείμενοι,
ἀπολλύμενοι. ΔΙΚ. σφόδρα τἄρ' ἐσωζόμην ἐγὼ
παρὰ τὴν ἔπαλξιν ἐν φορυτῷ κατακείμενος.
ΠΡ. ξενιζόμενοι δὲ πρὸς βίαν ἐπίνομεν
ἐξ ὑαλίνων ἐκπωμάτων καὶ χρυσίδων
ἄκρατον οἶνον ἡδύν. ΔΙΚ. ὦ Κραναὰ πόλις,
ἆρ' αἰσθάνει τὸν κατάγελων τῶν πρέσβεων;
ΠΡ. οἱ βάρβαροι γὰρ ἄνδρας ἡγοῦνται μόνους
τοὺς πλεῖστα δυναμένους φαγεῖν τε καὶ πιεῖν.
ΔΙΚ. ἡμεῖς δὲ λαικαστάς γε καὶ καταπύγονας.
ΠΡ. ἔτει τετάρτῳ δ' εἰς τὰ βασίλει' ἤλθομεν·
ἀλλ' εἰς ἀπόπατον ᾤχετο, στρατιὰν λαβών,
κἄχεζεν ὀκτὼ μῆνας ἐπὶ χρυσῶν ὀρῶν.

AMB. You sent us, in the archonship of Euthymenes, to the Great King, with an allowance of two drachmas[1] a day.

DIC. Alas, poor drachmas!

AMB. We suffered severely camping out in the plain of the Cayster and reclining in our carriages; it nearly killed us.

DIC. I was deemed well off when I slept in straw on the ramparts.

AMB. Then we were feasted, and had to drink against our will, quaffing strong wine in crystal cups and golden goblets.

DIC. City of Cranaus![2] Don't you see how these ambassadors are fooling you?

AMB. The barbarians think nobody men unless they eat and drink lots.

DIC. Whilst our tests of virility are whoremongering and back-door business!

AMB. In four years we got to the King's palace; but his majesty had taken his army and gone—well, to have a stool. He remained eight months transacting that bit of business on the Golden Mountains.

[1] A drachma was about 10d.

[2] A mythical king of Athens.

ΔΙΚ. πόσου δὲ τὸν πρωκτὸν χρόνου ξυνήγαγεν;
ΠΡ. τῇ πανσελήνῳ· κᾆτ' ἀπῆλθεν οἴκαδε.
εἶτ' ἐξένιζε, παρετίθει θ' ἡμῖν ὅλους
ἐκ κριβάνου βοῦς. ΔΙΚ. καὶ τίς εἶδε πώποτε
βοῦς κριβανίτας; τῶν ἀλαζονευμάτων.
ΠΡ. καὶ ναὶ μὰ Δί' ὄρνιν τριπλάσιον Κλεωνύμου
παρέθηκεν ἡμῖν· ὄνομα δ' ἦν αὐτῷ φέναξ.
ΔΙΚ. ταῦτ' ἄρ' ἐφενάκιζες σύ, δύο δραχμὰς φέρων.
ΠΡ. καὶ νῦν ἄγοντες ἥκομεν Ψευδαρτάβαν,
τὸν βασιλέως ὀφθαλμόν. ΔΙΚ. ἐκκόψειέ γε
κόραξ πατάξας τόν τε σὸν τοῦ πρέσβεως.
ΚΗΡ. ὁ βασιλέως ὀφθαλμός. ΔΙΚ. ὦναξ Ἡράκλεις·
πρὸς τῶν θεῶν, ἄνθρωπε, ναύφρακτον βλέπεις,
ἢ περὶ ἄκραν κάμπτων νεώσοικον σκοπεῖς;
ἄσκωμ' ἔχεις που περὶ τὸν ὀφθαλμὸν κάτω.
ΠΡ. ἄγε δὴ σύ, βασιλεὺς ἅττα σ' ἀπέπεμψεν φράσον
λέξοντ' Ἀθηναίοισιν, ὦ Ψευδαρτάβα.

DIC. And how long was it before the royal posteriors resumed their normal condition?

AMB. Not until the full moon. Then he returned home, and entertained us with oxen, baked whole in the oven.

DIC. Baked oxen! Who ever heard of such a thing? Bosh!

AMB. And then, by *Zeus*! he put before us a bird three times as big as our stout friend Cleonymus. It was called a gull.

DIC. Just as you gulled us by taking the two drachmas.

AMB. And now we've brought back with us Pseudartabas—the Great King's Eye.

DIC. I wish some crow would come down and peck out your eye, you Ambassador!

HER. (*announces*). The Great King's Eye!

Enter PSEUDARTABAS, *attended.*

DIC. King Hercules! Why, by the gods, man, are you looking for a harbour, or, like some craft, doubling a cape and spying for a dock? You've surely got a rowlock-leather below your eye.

AMB. Now, Pseudartabas, tell them what the Great King has sent you to say to the Athenians.

ΨΕΥ. ἰαρταμὰν ἔξαρξ' ἀναπισσόναι σάτρα.

ΠΡ. ξυνήκαθ' ὃ λέγει; ΔΙΚ. μὰ τὸν Ἀπόλλω 'γὼ μὲν οὔ.

ΠΡ. πέμψειν βασιλέα φησὶν ὑμῖν χρυσίον.
λέγε δὴ σὺ μεῖζον καὶ σαφῶς τὸ χρυσίον.

ΨΕΥ. οὐ λῆψι χρῦσο, χαυνόπρωκτ' Ἰαοναῦ.

ΔΙΚ. οἴμοι κακοδαίμων, ὡς σαφῶς. ΠΡ. τί δαὶ λέγει;

ΔΙΚ. ὅ τι; χαυνοπρώκτους τοὺς Ἰάονας λέγει,
εἰ προσδοκῶσι χρυσίον ἐκ τῶν βαρβάρων.

ΠΡ. οὔκ, ἀλλ' ἀχάνας ὅδε γε χρυσίου λέγει.

ΔΙΚ. ποίας ἀχάνας; σὺ μὲν ἀλαζὼν εἶ μέγας.
ἀλλ' ἄπιθ'· ἐγὼ δὲ βασανιῶ τοῦτον μόνος.
ἄγε δὴ σὺ φράσον ἐμοὶ σαφῶς πρὸς τουτονί,
ἵνα μή σε βάψω βάμμα Σαρδιανικόν·
βασιλεὺς ὁ μέγας ἡμῖν ἀποπέμψει χρυσίον;—
ἄλλως ἄρ' ἐξαπατώμεθ' ὑπὸ τῶν πρέσβεων;—
Ἑλληνικόν γ' ἐπένευσαν ἄνδρες οὑτοιί,
κοὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως οὐκ εἰσὶν ἐνθένδ' αὐτόθεν.
καὶ τοῖν μὲν εὐνούχοιν τὸν ἕτερον τουτονὶ

PSEUD. (*talking gibberish*). Iartaman exarx' anapissonai satra.

AMB. You understand what he says?

DIC. No! by the Lord, not a word.

AMB. He's saying the King will send you gold. (*To the King's Eye.*) Speak up, man, and pronounce the word "gold" distinctly.

PSEUD. Ushal nogol, you-o pen-arsed Ionian!

DIC. The deuce! That's plain enough!

AMB. What's he saying, then?

DIC. Why, he calls us "open-arsed Ionians," as we must be, if we expect to get any gold from the barbarians.

AMB. Not a bit of it. He says you shall have bushels of gold.

DIC. Does he? You're just fooling us. I'll cross-examine this customer on my own account. Here, you sir, answer me clearly, if you don't want me to dye you black and white. Does your Big King promise to send us any gold? (PSEUDARTABAS *shakes his head.*) Are we being swindled by our Ambassadors? (*He nods assent.*) Why, these fellows nod their heads like good Hellenes. They weren't raised far from hence; and of his two eunuchs, I know one at all

ἐγῷδ' ὅς ἐστι, Κλεισθένης ὁ Σιβυρτίου.
ὦ θερμόβουλον πρωκτὸν ἐξυρημένε,
τοιόνδε δ', ὦ πίθηκε, τὸν πώγων' ἔχων
εὐνοῦχος ἡμῖν ἦλθες ἐσκευασμένος;
ὁδὶ δὲ τίς ποτ' ἐστίν; οὐ δήπου Στράτων.

ΚΗΡ. σίγα, κάθιζε.
τὸν βασιλέως ὀφθαλμὸν ἡ βουλὴ καλεῖ
εἰς τὸ πρυτανεῖον. ΔΙΚ. ταῦτα δῆτ' οὐκ ἀγχόνη;
κἄπειτ' ἐγὼ δῆτ' ἐνθαδὶ στραγγεύομαι;
τοὺς δὲ ξενίζειν οὐδέποτέ γ' ἴσχει θύρα.
ἀλλ' ἐργάσομαί τι δεινὸν ἔργον καὶ μέγα.
ἀλλ' Ἀμφίθεός μοι ποῦ 'στιν; ΑΜΦ. οὑτοσὶ
πάρα.

ΔΙΚ. ἐμοὶ σὺ ταυτασὶ λαβὼν ὀκτὼ δραχμὰς
σπονδὰς ποίησαι πρὸς Λακεδαιμονίους μόνῳ
καὶ τοῖσι παιδίοισι καὶ τῇ πλάτιδι·
ὑμεῖς δὲ πρεσβεύεσθε καὶ κεχήνατε.

ΚΗΡ. προσίτω Θέωρος ὁ παρὰ Σιτάλκους. ΘΕΩ. ὁδί.

ΔΙΚ. ἕτερος ἀλαζὼν οὗτος εἰσκηρύττεται.

ΘΕΩ. χρόνον μὲν οὐκ ἂν ἦμεν ἐν Θρᾴκῃ πολύν,

events; it's Clisthenes, the son of Sibyrtius. Now, you hot-arsed, shaven-rumped fellow, what monkey's trick are you up to, aping the eunuch with a big beard? And who's this other chap? Surely it can't be Strato!

HER. (*vociferates*). Shut up, and sit down! The Assembly invites the King's Eye to the town-hall.

DIC. There, now; isn't that enough to make one hang oneself? I'm left to dangle about here, while the door opens wide to feast these fellows. Now I'm going to do a big stroke of business. Where's Amphitheus?

AMPH. Here he is.

DIC. Take these eight drachmas and go you, make a truce with the Lacedaemonians for me only, my children, and my wife. You people (*to the audience*) go on sending your embassies and gape for the result.

HER. Come forward, Theorus, the Ambassador from the Court of Sitalces.[1]

THEO. Here I am.

DIC. Here's another rascal brought on the carpet.

THEO. We should not have remained so long in Thrace——

[1] King of Thrace.

ΔΙΚ. μὰ Δί' οὐκ ἄν, εἰ μισθόν γε μὴ 'φερες πολύν.
ΘΕΩ. εἰ μὴ κατένιψε χιόνι τὴν Θρᾴκην ὅλην,
καὶ τοὺς ποταμοὺς ἔπηξ' ὑπ' αὐτὸν τὸν χρόνον,
ὅτ' ἐνθαδὶ Θέογνις ἠγωνίζετο.
τοῦτον μετὰ Σιτάλκους ἔπινον τὸν χρόνον·
καὶ δῆτα φιλαθήναιος ἦν ὑπερφυῶς,
ὑμῶν τ' ἐραστὴς ἦν ἀληθής, ὥστε καὶ
ἐν τοῖσι τοίχοις ἔγραφ', Ἀθηναῖοι καλοί.
ὁ δ' υἱός, ὃν Ἀθηναῖον ἐπεποιήμεθα,
ἤρα φαγεῖν ἀλλᾶντας ἐξ Ἀπατουρίων,
καὶ τὸν πατέρ' ἠντιβόλει βοηθεῖν τῇ πάτρᾳ·
ὁ δ' ὤμοσε σπένδων βοηθήσειν, ἔχων
στρατιὰν τοσαύτην ὥστ' Ἀθηναίους ἐρεῖν,
ὅσον τὸ χρῆμα παρνόπων προσέρχεται.
ΔΙΚ. κάκιστ' ἀπολοίμην, εἴ τι τούτων πείθομαι
ὧν εἶπας ἐνταυθοῖ σύ, πλὴν τῶν παρνόπων.
ΘΕΩ. καὶ νῦν ὅπερ μαχιμώτατον Θρᾳκῶν ἔθνος
ἔπεμψεν ὑμῖν. ΔΙΚ. τοῦτο μέν γ' ἤδη σαφές.
ΚΗΡ. οἱ Θρᾷκες ἴτε δεῦρ', οὓς Θέωρος ἤγαγεν.

DIC. No, by God, you wouldn't, unless you had been drawing a big screw!

THEO. Had not the snow covered up all Thrace and the rivers been frozen about the time when Theognis produced his frosty competition here. All this while I was drinking with Sitalces; and I found him remarkably fond of the Athenians, so much so that, lover-like, he used to write up on his walls, "Beautiful Athenians." His son too, whom we naturalised as an Athenian, was anxious to eat his sausage at the Apaturian festival, and used his best offices by way of getting his father to help our state. And he swore on his cups he would, vowing he would send such an army that the Athenians should cry out, "What a swarm of locusts is coming!"

DIC. May I die if I believe a word of what you say—barring the locusts.

THEO. And now he has sent what is considered the most warlike tribe of the Thracians.

DIC. Clearly enough—the locusts.

HER. Advance, Thracians, whom Theorus has brought.

(*The Odomantians come forward.*)

ΔΙΚ. τουτὶ τί ἐστι τὸ κακόν; ΘΕΩ. Ὀδομάντων
στρατός.
ΔΙΚ. ποίων Ὀδομάντων; εἰπέ μοι, τουτὶ τί ἦν;
τίς τῶν Ὀδομάντων τὸ πέος ἀποτεθρίακεν;
ΘΕΩ. τούτοις ἐάν τις δύο δραχμὰς μισθὸν διδῷ,
καταπελτάσονται τὴν Βοιωτίαν ὅλην.
ΔΙΚ. τοισδὶ δύο δραχμὰς τοῖς ἀπεψωλημένοις,
ὑποστένοι μέντἂν ὁ θρανίτης λεώς,
ὁ σωσίπολις. οἴμοι τάλας, ἀπόλλυμαι,
ὑπὸ τῶν Ὀδομάντων τὰ σκόροδα πορθούμενος.
οὐ καταβαλεῖτε τὰ σκόροδ'; ΘΕΩ. ὦ μοχθηρὲ σύ,
οὐ μὴ πρόσει τούτοισιν ἐσκοροδισμένοις;
ΔΙΚ. ταυτὶ περιείδεθ' οἱ πρυτάνεις πάσχοντά με
ἐν τῇ πατρίδι καὶ ταῦθ' ὑπ' ἀνδρῶν βαρβάρων;
ἀλλ' ἀπαγορεύω μὴ ποιεῖν ἐκκλησίαν
τοῖς Θρᾳξὶ περὶ μισθοῦ· λέγω δ' ὑμῖν ὅτι
διοσημία 'στὶ καὶ ῥανὶς βέβληκέ με.

DIC. What's this visitation?

THEO. The army of the Odomantians.

DIC. Odomantians, forsooth! Tell me, how comes this, then? Who has been pulling about the privates of these Odomantians?

THEO. Give these men a couple of drachmas, and they will devastate the whole of Boeotia.

DIC. What? Two drachmas for such emasculated scoundrels as these? Well, indeed, might this form a grievance for our sailors, on whom depend all the hopes of the city. (*The Thracians hustle* DICAEOPOLIS *and carry off his provisions.*) Well, I'm hanged. They've "devastated" me. Here, you fellows, give me up my garlic.

THEO. Take care, my friend, they're plucky as game-cocks when they've got a bit of garlic in them.

DIC. And the Prytanes calmly look on whilst I am being cleared out by barbarians! Well, I protest against your holding an Assembly about the Thracians' pay. I beg to inform you the elements are not propitious. I felt a drop of rain.[1]

[1] If rain began to fall while an assembly was being held, it was at once dissolved.

ΚΗΡ. τοὺς Θρᾷκας ἀπιέναι, παρεῖναι δ' εἰς ἔνην.
οἱ γὰρ πρυτάνεις λύουσι τὴν ἐκκλησίαν.
ΔΙΚ. οἴμοι τάλας, μυττωτὸν ὅσον ἀπώλεσα.
ἀλλ' ἐκ Λακεδαίμονος γὰρ 'Αμφίθεος ὁδί.
χαῖρ', 'Αμφίθεε. ΑΜΦ. μήπω γε, πρίν γ' ἂν στῶ τρέχων·
δεῖ γάρ με φεύγοντ' ἐκφυγεῖν Ἀχαρνέας.
ΔΙΚ. τί δ' ἔστιν; ΑΜΦ. ἐγὼ μὲν δεῦρό σοι σπονδὰς φέρων
ἔσπευδον· οἱ δ' ὤσφροντο πρεσβῦταί τινες
'Αχαρνικοί, στιπτοὶ γέροντες, πρίνινοι,
ἀτεράμονες, Μαραθωνομάχαι, σφενδάμνινοι.
ἔπειτ' ἀνέκραγον πάντες, ὦ μιαρώτατε,
σπονδὰς φέρεις, τῶν ἀμπέλων τετμημένων;
κὰς τοὺς τρίβωνας ξυνελέγοντο τῶν λίθων·
ἐγὼ δ' ἔφευγον· οἱ δ' ἐδίωκον κἀβόων.

HER. The Thracians will withdraw, and return the day after to-morrow. The Prytanes dismiss the Assembly.

(*Exeunt* PRYTANES, THEORUS, THRACIANS, HERALD, *etc.*)

Enter AMPHITHEUS.

DIC. Confound it, what a luncheon I've lost! Ah, here's Amphitheus back from Lacedaemon. Hail! Amphitheus.

AMPH. Wait till I've stopped running; for I've had to bolt from those Acharnians.[1]

DIC. What's up?

AMPH. I was hurrying hither, bringing you some specimen truces, when these old Acharnian chunks smelt out what I was about—sturdy old wooden-headed, obstinate fellows, Marathon-men, and as hard as they make 'em. They all began yelling out at me. "You rascal," they said, "are you travelling about with truces, when our vines have been cut down?" At the same time they began collecting stones in their cloaks. I took to my heels, and they followed, shouting.

[1] The inhabitants of this deme were strongly opposed to peace.

ΔΙΚ. οἱ δ' οὖν βοώντων· ἀλλὰ τὰς σπονδὰς φέρεις;

ΑΜΦ. ἔγωγέ φημι, τρία γε ταυτὶ γεύματα.
αὗται μέν εἰσι πεντέτεις. γεῦσαι λαβών.

ΔΙΚ. αἰβοῖ. ΑΜΦ. τί ἔστιν; ΔΙΚ. οὐκ ἀρέσκουσίν μ', ὅτι
ὄζουσι πίττης καὶ παρασκευῆς νεῶν.

ΑΜΦ. σὺ δ' ἀλλὰ τασδὶ τὰς δεκέτεις γεῦσαι λαβών.

ΔΙΚ. ὄζουσι χαὗται πρέσβεων ἐς τὰς πόλεις
ὀξύτατον, ὥσπερ διατριβῆς τῶν ξυμμάχων.

ΑΜΦ. ἀλλ' αὑταὶ σπονδαὶ τριακοντούτιδες
κατὰ γῆν τε καὶ θάλατταν. ΔΙΚ. ὦ Διονύσια,
αὗται μὲν ὄζουσ' ἀμβροσίας καὶ νέκταρος,
καὶ μὴ 'πιτηρεῖν σιτί' ἡμερῶν τριῶν,
κἀν τῷ στόματι λέγουσι, βαῖν' ὅπῃ θέλεις.
ταύτας δέχομαι καὶ σπένδομαι κἀκπίομαι,
χαίρειν κελεύων πολλὰ τοὺς Ἀχαρνέας·
ἐγὼ δὲ πολέμου καὶ κακῶν ἀπαλλαγεὶς,
ἄξω τὰ κατ' ἀγροὺς εἰσιὼν Διονύσια.

DIC. Let 'em shout. Have you got the truces?

AMPH. Yes, here you are—three specimens. These are five-year ones. Take 'em and try 'em.

DIC. Faugh!

AMPH. What's the matter?

DIC. Don't like 'em. They smell of tar and naval manoeuvres.

AMPH. Well, here's a ten-year specimen. Take and try that.

DIC. This one, too, is chokeful of embassies to the states, and shilly-shallying with allies.

AMPH. But now look at this—a thirty-year affair, extending to land and sea alike.

DIC. High jinks! This suggests nectar and ambrosia, without the need of getting your provisions three days in advance.[1] This is the good, plain-spoken "go-as-you-will" sort of thing. This I accept. This I'll toast with a good long drink and a last farewell to the Acharnians. Then, when I've got clear of war and all other worries, I'll be off to the country and keep the Festival of Bacchus. (*Exit.*)

[1] Which soldiers had to do before setting out on a campaign.

ΑΜΦ. ἐγὼ δὲ φευξοῦμαί γε τοὺς Ἀχαρνέας.
ΧΟΡ. τῇδε πᾶς ἕπου, δίωκε, καὶ τὸν ἄνδρα πυνθάνου
τῶν ὁδοιπόρων ἁπάντων· τῇ πόλει γὰρ ἄξιον
ξυλλαβεῖν τὸν ἄνδρα τοῦτον. ἀλλά μοι μηνύσατε,
εἴ τις οἶδ' ὅποι τέτραπται γῆς ὁ τὰς σπονδὰς φέρων.
ἐκπέφευγ', οἴχεται φροῦδος. οἴμοι τάλας τῶν ἐτῶν τῶν ἐμῶν·
οὐκ ἂν ἐπ' ἐμῆς γε νεότητος, ὅτ' ἐγὼ φέρων ἀνθράκων φορτίον
ἠκολούθουν Φαΰλλῳ τρέχων, ὧδε φαύλως ἂν ὁ
σπονδοφόρος οὗτος ὑπ' ἐμοῦ τότε διωκόμενος
ἐξέφυγεν οὐδ' ἂν ἐλαφρῶς ἂν ἀπεπλίξατο.
νῦν δ' ἐπειδὴ στερρὸν ἤδη τοὐμὸν ἀντικνήμιον
καὶ παλαιῷ Λακρατείδῃ τὸ σκέλος βαρύνεται,
οἴχεται. διωκτέος δέ· μὴ γὰρ ἐγχάνοι ποτὲ
μηδέ περ γέροντας ὄντας ἐκφυγὼν Ἀχαρνέας.
ὅστις, ὦ Ζεῦ πάτερ καὶ θεοί, τοῖσιν ἐχθροῖσιν ἐσπείσατο,
οἷσι παρ' ἐμοῦ πόλεμος ἐχθοδοπὸς αὔξεται τῶν ἐμῶν χωρίων·
κοὐκ ἀνήσω πρὶν ἂν σχοῖνος αὐτοῖσιν ἀντεμπαγῶ
ὀξύς, ὀδυνηρός, **** ἐπίκωπος, ἵνα
μήποτε πατῶσιν ἔτι τὰς ἐμὰς ἀμπέλους.
ἀλλὰ δεῖ ζητεῖν τὸν ἄνδρα καὶ βλέπειν Βαλλήναδε

AMPH. And I'll bolt from the Acharnians.

(*Exit.*)

Enter the CHORUS.

CHO. Now let each one follow him up and enquire for the fellow of all the passers-by. It is a matter of importance for the state that we should catch this rascal. Tell me, if anyone knows where on earth he is with his truces. He's escaped and got clean off. Alas, for my poor old legs! He wouldn't have done this when I was young, when I used to catch up the runner Phayllus though I carried a sack of coals on my back; this truce-bearer wouldn't have given me the slip thus ignominiously if I'd been after him then; he wouldn't have leapt off so nimbly. Now my knees are stiff, and old Lacratidas has got a game-leg. Our man's bolted, but he must be followed up. Never let him boast that he escaped the old Acharnian fogies. Why, father Zeus and all you gods, he struck hands with our enemies, against whom I'll wage war to the death in defence of my place. I'll never leave off till I've got my knife in 'em up to the hilt, and a good sharp knife too, to stop their trampling down my vines. Hunt up the fellow. Change the name of this

καὶ διώκειν γῆν πρὸ γῆς, ἕως ἂν εὑρεθῇ ποτέ·
ὡς ἐγὼ βάλλων ἐκεῖνον οὐκ ἂν ἐμπλήμην λίθοις.

ΔΙΚ. εὐφημεῖτε, εὐφημεῖτε.

ΧΟΡ. σῖγα πᾶς. ἠκούσατ', ἄνδρες, ἆρα τῆς εὐφημίας;
οὗτος αὐτός ἐστιν ὃν ζητοῦμεν. ἀλλὰ δεῦρο πᾶς
ἐκποδών· θύσων γὰρ ἁνήρ, ὡς ἔοικ', ἐξέρχεται.

ΔΙΚ. εὐφημεῖτε, εὐφημεῖτε.
πρόϊθ' ἐς τὸ πρόσθεν ὀλίγον ἡ κανηφόρος·
ὁ Ξανθίας τὸν φαλλὸν ὀρθὸν στησάτω.
κατάθου τὸ κανοῦν, ὦ θύγατερ, ἵν' ἀπαρξώμεθα

ΘΥΓ. ὦ μῆτερ, ἀνάδος δεῦρο τὴν ἐτνήρυσιν,
ἵν' ἔτνος καταχέω τοὐλατῆρος τουτουί.

ΔΙΚ. καὶ μὴν καλόν γ' ἔστ'· ὦ Διόνυσε δέσποτα,
κεχαρισμένως σοι τήνδε τὴν πομπὴν ἐμὲ
πέμψαντα καὶ θύσαντα μετὰ τῶν οἰκετῶν
ἀγαγεῖν τυχηρῶς τὰ κατ' ἀγροὺς Διονύσια,
στρατιᾶς ἀπαλλαχθέντα· τὰς σπονδὰς δέ μοι
καλῶς ξυνενεγκεῖν τὰς τριακοντούτιδας.

place to Peltingtown; follow him from land to land till he's found. I should never tire of pelting that fellow with stones. (*Exeunt in haste.*)

The Scene changes to the house of DICAEOPOLIS, *who, with his wife and daughter, is preparing for the festival. The* CHORUS *enter stealthily.*

DIC. Keep silence, keep silence!

CHO. Hush! hear what he says, my comrades, how he requests us to keep on the quiet. This is the man we're after. Stand aside here. He seems as though he were going to sacrifice.

DIC. Silence — a solemn silence! Now, bearer of the basket, advance a little; and do you, Xanthias, make your phallus stand erect. Lay down the basket, daughter, and let us begin the ceremony.

DAUGH. Hand me the soup-ladle, mother, that I may pour the soup on this cake.

DIC. It is well, O Lord Dionysus. Be favourable to this rite and to the sacrifices I offer thee with my family. Grant that I may duly celebrate the rural Dionysia in my fields, free at length from military service, and do thou let this thirty years' truce turn out well.

ΓΥΝ. ἄγ', ὦ θύγατερ, ὅπως τὸ κανοῦν καλὴ καλῶς
οἴσεις, βλέπουσα θυμβροφάγον· ὡς μακάριος
ὅστις σ' ὀπύσει, κἀκποιήσεται γαλᾶς
σοῦ μηδὲν ἧττον βδεῖν, ἐπειδὰν ὄρθρος ᾖ·
πρόβαινε, κἀν τὤχλῳ φυλάττεσθαι σφόδρα
μή τις λαθών σου περιτράγῃ τὰ χρυσία.

ΔΙΚ. ὦ Ξανθία, σφῷν δ' ἐστὶν ὀρθὸς ἑκτέος
ὁ φαλλὸς ἐξόπισθε τῆς κανηφόρου·
ἐγὼ δ' ἀκολουθῶν ᾄσομαι τὸ φαλλικόν·
σὺ δ', ὦ γύναι, θεῶ μ' ἀπὸ τοῦ τέγους· πρόβα.
Φαλῆς, ἑταῖρε Βακχίου,
ξύγκωμε, νυκτοπεριπλάνη-
τε, μοιχέ, παιδεραστά,
ἕκτῳ σ' ἔτει προσεῖπον ἐς
τὸν δῆμον ἐλθὼν ἄσμενος,
σπονδὰς ποιησάμενος ἐμαυ-
τῷ, πραγμάτων τε καὶ μαχῶν
καὶ Λαμάχων ἀπαλλαγείς.
πολλῷ γάρ ἐσθ' ἥδιον, ὦ Φαλῆς Φαλῆς,
κλέπτουσαν εὑρόνθ' ὡρικὴν ὑληφόρον,

Wife. Take care, my daughter, to wear your basket gracefully, with a proper, pious face. Happy the man who shall marry you, and beget little babies upon you, and go on begetting the little babies even when the morn has dawned! Advance, but be careful in the crowd, so that no one shall steal your golden trinkets.

Dic. Xanthias, keep your phallus erect close behind the Canephora,[1] and I will follow chanting the Phallic Hymn.

The Phallic Hymn.

Phales, favourite of Bacchus,
Boon-companion and night-wanderer,
Gay adulterer, paederastian!
In this sixth year of the warfare
Gladly come I to my people,
With my thirty years pacific,
Far from business and from battle,
Far from Lamachus pugnacious.
Much more pleasant is it, Phales,
To surprise some wandering maiden
Thratta from the Strymodorus,

[1] The Basket-bearer: a girl who carried a basket on her head, containing sacred utensils, at processions.

τὴν Στρυμοδώρου Θρᾷτταν ἐκ τοῦ Φελλέως,
μέσην λαβόντ', ἄραντα, κατα-
βαλόντα καταγιγαρτίσαι.
Φαλῆς Φαλῆς,
ἐὰν μεθ' ἡμῶν ξυμπίῃς, ἐκ κραιπάλης
ἕωθεν εἰρήνης ῥοφήσεις τρύβλιον·
ἡ δ' ἀσπὶς ἐν τῷ φεψάλῳ κρεμήσεται.

ΧΟΡ. οὗτος αὐτός ἐστιν, οὗτος.
βάλλε βάλλε βάλλε βάλλε,
παῖε πᾶς τὸν μιαρόν.
οὐ βαλεῖς, οὐ βαλεῖς;

ΔΙΚ. Ἡράκλεις, τουτὶ τί ἐστι; τὴν χύτραν συν-
τρίψετε.

ΧΟΡ. σὲ μὲν οὖν καταλεύσομεν, ὦ μιαρὰ κεφαλή.

ΔΙΚ. ἀντὶ ποίας αἰτίας, ὦχαρνέων γεραίτατοι;

ΧΟΡ. τοῦτ' ἐρωτᾷς; ἀναίσχυντος εἶ καὶ βδελυρός,
ὦ προδότα τῆς πατρίδος, ὅστις ἡμῶν μόνος
σπεισάμενος εἶτα δύνασαι πρὸς ἔμ' ἀποβλέπειν.

ΔΙΚ. ἀντὶ δ' ὧν ἐσπεισάμην οὐκ ἴστε γ'· ἀλλ' ἀκούσατε.

Furtively the woodland robbing.
Pleasant round the waist to seize her,
Lay her down and taste her sweetness.
Phales, Phales!
Deign to join our festive banquet.
Then succeeding deep potations
In the merry morning after,
Thou shalt taste a dish pacific.
Whilst I hang my sword and buckler
Idly in the chimney corner.

CHO. (*continuing the strain*). There he is, that is the fellow. Pelt him, pelt him, pelt him, pelt him! Mind you hit the rascal straight. When I bid, why don't you pelt him?

DIC. Great Hercules, what are you about? You'll smash the pitcher.

CHO. We'll stone you, you dead-head!

DIC. And what for, you most feeble old Acharnians?

CHO. Do you dare to ask? You shameless scoundrel, you betrayer of your country! You go and make a treaty on your own account without our knowledge, and then have the impudence to look us in the face!

DIC. But you don't know why I made a treaty. Listen.

ΧΟΡ. σοῦ γ' ἀκούσωμεν; ἀπολεῖ· κατά σε χώσομεν τοῖς λίθοις.

ΔΙΚ. μηδαμῶς, πρὶν ἄν γ' ἀκούσητ'· ἀλλ' ἀνάσχεσθ', ὦγαθοί.

ΧΟΡ. οὐκ ἀνασχήσομαι· μηδὲ λέγε μοι σὺ λόγον·
ὡς μεμίσηκά σε Κλέωνος ἔτι μᾶλλον, ὃν
κατατεμῶ τοῖσιν ἱππεῦσι καττύματα.
σοῦ δ' ἐγὼ λόγους λέγοντος οὐκ ἀκούσομαι μακρούς,
ὅστις ἐσπείσω Λάκωσιν, ἀλλὰ τιμωρήσομαι.

ΔΙΚ. ὦγαθοί, τοὺς μὲν Λάκωνας ἐκποδὼν ἐάσατε,
τῶν δ' ἐμῶν σπονδῶν ἀκούσατ', εἰ καλῶς ἐσπεισάμην.

ΧΟΡ. πῶς δέ γ' ἂν καλῶς λέγοις ἄν, εἴπερ ἐσπείσω γ' ἅπαξ
οἷσιν οὔτε βωμὸς οὔτε πίστις οὔθ' ὅρκος μένει;

ΔΙΚ. οἶδ' ἐγὼ καὶ τοὺς Λάκωνας, οἷς ἄγαν ἐγκείμεθα,
οὐχ ἁπάντων ὄντας ἡμῖν αἰτίους τῶν πραγμάτων.

ΧΟΡ. οὐχ ἁπάντων, ὦ πανοῦργε; ταῦτα δὴ τολμᾷς λέγειν
ἐμφανῶς ἤδη πρὸς ἡμᾶς; εἶτ' ἐγώ σου φείσομαι;

CHO. Listen to you? Go to the deuce. No, we'll pile stones upon you.

DIC. But not before you hear what I've got to say. Hands off, old boy.

CHO. I won't. Don't say another word to me. I hate you more than I do Cleon; and I'll slay him one of these days to make shoe-leather for the knights. I don't want to listen to your long speeches. You've made terms with the Lacedaemonians, and we're going to punish you for it.

DIC. My good friends, leave the Lacedaemonians out of the question. Listen to the terms of my treaty and tell me whether I haven't done a good stroke of business.

CHO. How are you going to defend yourself, if you've once made terms with those villains, to whom nothing is sacred, and who never keep their word?

DIC. I know very well that the Lacedaemonians, whom we are so fond of abusing, are not the source of all our grievances.

CHO. Not the source of all our grievances, you rascal? You dare to say that openly to us? And then do you expect we're going to let you off scot-free?

ΔΙΚ. οὐχ ἁπάντων οὐχ ἁπάντων· ἀλλ' ἐγὼ λέγων ὁδὶ
πόλλ' ἂν ἀποφήναιμ' ἐκείνους ἔσθ' ἃ κἀδικουμένους.

ΧΟΡ. τοῦτο τοὔπος δεινὸν ἤδη καὶ ταραξικάρδιον,
εἰ σὺ τολμήσεις ὑπὲρ τῶν πολεμίων ἡμῖν λέγειν.

ΔΙΚ. κἂν γε μὴ λέξω δίκαια, μηδὲ τῷ πλήθει δοκῶ,
ὑπὲρ ἐπιξήνου θελήσω τὴν κεφαλὴν ἔχων λέγειν.

ΧΟΡ. εἰπέ μοι, τί φειδόμεσθα τῶν λίθων, ὦ δημόται,
μὴ οὐ καταξαίνειν τὸν ἄνδρα τοῦτον ἐς φοινικίδα;

ΔΙΚ. οἷος αὖ μέλας τις ὑμῖν θυμάλωψ ἐπέζεσεν.
οὐκ ἀκούσεσθ' οὐκ ἀκούσεσθ' ἐτεόν, ὦχαρνηίδαι;

ΧΟΡ. οὐκ ἀκουσόμεσθα δῆτα. ΔΙΚ. δεινά τἄρα πείσομαι.

ΧΟΡ. ἐξολοίμην, ἢν ἀκούσω. ΔΙΚ. μηδαμῶς, ὦχαρνικοί.

ΧΟΡ. ὡς τεθνήξων ἴσθι νυνί. ΔΙΚ. δήξομ' ἆρ' ὑμᾶς ἐγώ.
ἀνταποκτενῶ γὰρ ὑμῖν τῶν φίλων τοὺς φιλτάτους·
ὡς ἔχω γ' ὑμῶν ὁμήρους, οὓς ἀποσφάξω λαβών.

ΧΟΡ. εἰπέ μοι, τί τοῦτ' ἀπειλεῖ τοὔπος, ἄνδρες δημόται,
τοῖς Ἀχαρνικοῖσιν ἡμῖν; μῶν ἔχει του παιδίον
τῶν παρόντων ἔνδον εἵρξας; ἢ 'πὶ τῷ θρασύνεται;

DIC. Not the source of *all* our grievances, I said. I could give you many instances in which they have been the injured parties.

CHO. This is too galling, that you, in our presence, should speak up for our enemies.

DIC. If I don't say what is right, aye, and prove my case to the people, I'll lay my head upon the chopping-block and say it over again.

CHO. Now, my fellow-parishioners, are we going to spare our stones? Shan't we pound this villain into a bloody mass?

DIC. What new choleric frenzy has seized upon you colliers? Won't you hear the truth, O noble descendants of the ancient Acharnians? Won't you listen?

CHO. No, we won't.

DIC. Then I'm very sorry.

CHO. Damned if I listen.

DIC. Surely, Acharnians, you will not say so.

CHO. You've got to die.

DIC. Well, then, I'll have my revenge. I'll kill your very dearest, whom I am holding in pledge. I'll take and slaughter 'em.

CHO. (*alarmed*). Tell me, fellow-parishioners, what's he bragging about to us Acharnians? Does he hold any of your offspring in pledge? Or else what is he bouncing about?

ΔΙΚ. βάλλετ᾽, εἰ βούλεσθ᾽· ἐγὼ γὰρ τουτονὶ διαφθερῶ.
εἴσομαι δ᾽ ὑμῶν τάχ᾽ ὅστις ἀνθράκων τι κήδεται.
ΧΟΡ. ὡς ἀπωλόμεσθ᾽· ὁ λάρκος δημότης ὅδ᾽ ἔστ᾽ ἐμός.
ἀλλὰ μὴ δράσῃς ὃ μέλλεις· μηδαμῶς, ὦ μηδαμῶς.
ΔΙΚ. ὡς ἀποκτενῶ· κέκραχθ᾽· ἐγὼ γὰρ οὐκ ἀκούσομαι.
ΧΟΡ. ἀπολεῖς ἄρ᾽ ὁμήλικα τόνδε φιλανθρακέα;
ΔΙΚ. οὐδ᾽ ἐμοῦ λέγοντος ὑμεῖς ἀρτίως ἠκούσατε.
ΧΟΡ. ἀλλὰ νυνὶ λέγ᾽, εἴ τοι δοκεῖ σοι, τὸ Λακε-
δαιμόνιον αὔθ᾽ ὅτῳ τῷ τρόπῳ σοὐστὶ φίλον·
ὡς τόδε τὸ λαρκίδιον οὐ προδώσω ποτέ.
ΔΙΚ. τοὺς λίθους νῦν μοι χαμᾶζε πρῶτον ἐξεράσατε.
ΧΟΡ. οὑτοιί σοι χαμαί, καὶ σὺ κατάθου πάλιν τὸ ξίφος.
ΔΙΚ. ἀλλ᾽ ὅπως μὴ ᾽ν τοῖς τρίβωσιν ἐγκάθηνταί που
λίθοι.
ΧΟΡ. ἐκσέσεισται χαμᾶζ᾽· οὐχ ὁρᾷς σειόμενον;
ἀλλα μή μοι πρόφασιν, ἀλλὰ κατάθου τὸ βέλος.
ὡς ὅδε γε σειστὸς ἅμα τῇ στροφῇ γίγνεται.

DIC. Hit me, if you like, and I'll do for this (*producing a sack of coals from the Acharnian pit*): now I shall soon find out which of you cares about his coals.

CHO. O Lord! This sack of coals is our fellow-citizen. For mercy's sake don't do him any harm—don't!

DIC. I'll kill him. Cry out as much as you like. I shan't listen.

CHO. You won't kill our dear coal-black mate, will you?

DIC. When I spoke just now, you wouldn't listen to me.

CHO. Say what you like, and butter up the Lacedaemonians as much as you choose. I can't betray this little lot of coals.

DIC. Well, first of all put down those stones.

CHO. There they are, down on the ground. Now you put down your sword.

DIC. You haven't got any more stones stowed away in your clothes, have you?

CHO. No, they are all on the ground. See, we shake our garments. But no more excuses; put down your weapon, since we shook out our stones when we danced round you.

ΔΙΚ. ἐμέλλετ' ἆρ' ἅπαντες ἀνασείειν βοήν,
ὀλίγου τ' ἀπέθανον ἄνθρακες Παρνήσιοι,
καὶ ταῦτα διὰ τὴν ἀτοπίαν τῶν δημοτῶν.
ὑπὸ τοῦ δέους δὲ τῆς μαρίλης μοι συχνὴν
ὁ λάρκος ἐνετίλησεν ὥσπερ σηπία.
δεινὸν γὰρ οὕτως ὀμφακίαν πεφυκέναι
τὸν θυμὸν ἀνδρῶν ὥστε βάλλειν καὶ βοᾶν
ἐθέλειν τ' ἀκοῦσαι μηδὲν ἴσον ἴσῳ φέρον,
ἐμοῦ θέλοντος ὑπὲρ ἐπιξήνου λέγειν
υπὲρ Λακεδαιμονίων ἅπανθ' ὅσ' ἂν λέγω·
καίτοι φιλῶ γε τὴν ἐμὴν ψυχὴν ἐγώ.

ΧΟΡ. τί οὖν οὐ λέγεις ἐπίξηνον ἐξενεγκὼν θύραζ'
ὅ τι ποτ', ὦ σχέτλιε, τὸ μέγα τοῦτ' ἔχεις;
πάνυ γὰρ ἔμε γε πόθος ὅ τι φρονεῖς ἔχει.
ἀλλ' ᾗπερ αὐτὸς τὴν δίκην διωρίσω,
θεὶς δεῦρο τοὐπίξηνον ἐγχείρει λέγειν.

ΔΙΚ. ἰδοὺ θέασαι, τὸ μὲν ἐπίξηνον τοδί,
ὁ δ' ἀνὴρ ὁ λέξων οὑτοσὶ τυννουτοσί.
ἀμέλει μὰ τὸν Δί' οὐκ ἐνασπιδώσομαι,
λέξω δ' ὑπὲρ Λακεδαιμονίων ἅ μοι δοκεῖ.
καίτοι δέδοικα πολλά· τούς τε γὰρ τρόπους

DIC. Yes, I thought I should introduce a shake into your song. These Parnesian coals were within an ace of being put out, all through the pig-headedness of their fellow-parishioners. Why, the sack was in such a real funk that it shook a cloud of dust over me until I was as black as a cuttle-fish. It's an odd thing that human nature should be so muddle-headed as to want to heave stones and howl at me, and refuse to hear the rights and wrongs of my story, when I am prepared to lay my head upon the chopping-block and say what I have to say about the Lacedaemonians, though I have quite a proper respect for my own life.

CHO. Fetch out the chopping-block then, you block-head, and let me hear your wonderful story. I, for my part, am burning to get at it. Put the block here, as you yourself proposed, and then heave ahead.

DIC. See, then, here's the block, and here's the man who's going to talk to you; you can see the size of him. Make no mistake; I am not going to defend myself, no, by God! but I'm going to say just what I please. And yet I have my fears, plenty of 'em. I know the

τοὺς τῶν ἀγροίκων οἶδα χαίροντας σφόδρα
ἐάν τις αὐτοὺς εὐλογῇ καὶ τὴν πόλιν
ἀνὴρ ἀλαζὼν καὶ δίκαια κἄδικα·
κἀνταῦθα λανθάνουσ' ἀπεμπολώμενοι·
τῶν τ' αὖ γερόντων οἶδα τὰς ψυχὰς ὅτι
οὐδὲν βλέπουσιν ἄλλο πλὴν ψήφῳ δακεῖν,
αὐτός τ' ἐμαυτὸν ὑπὸ Κλέωνος ἅπαθον
ἐπίσταμαι διὰ τὴν πέρυσι κωμῳδίαν.
εἰσελκύσας γάρ μ' εἰς τὸ βουλευτήριον
διέβαλλε καὶ ψευδῆ κατεγλώττιζέ μου
κἀκυκλοβόρει κἄπλυνεν, ὥστ' ὀλίγου πάνυ
ἀπωλόμην μολυνοπραγμονούμενος.
νῦν οὖν με πρῶτον πρὶν λέγειν ἐάσατε
ἐνσκευάσασθαί μ' οἷον ἀθλιώτατον.

ΧΟΡ. τί ταῦτα στρέφει τεχνάζεις τε καὶ πορίζεις τριβάς;
λαβὲ δ' ἐμοῦ γ' ἕνεκα παρ' Ἱερωνύμου
σκοτοδασυπυκνότριχά τιν' Ἄϊδος κυνῆν·
εἶτ' ἐξάνοιγε μηχανὰς τὰς Σισύφου,
ὡς σκῆψιν ἀγὼν οὗτος οὐκ εἰσδέξεται.

ΔΙΚ. ὥρα 'στὶν ἄρα μοι καρτερὰν ψυχὴν λαβεῖν,
καί μοι βαδιστέ' ἐστὶν ὡς Εὐριπίδην.

ways of you clodhoppers, how delighted you are if any clap-trap orator praises the city, rightly or wrongly. The fools haven't the least idea they are being sold. Those old fogies too, I understand their little game. Their one idea is to pass a vote of censure. I know what I suffered at the hands of Cleon for my last year's comedy.[1] He dragged me before the court, lied against me, bespattered me with abuse, so that I nearly came to grief through his meddlesome muck. So you must first of all allow me to attire myself in rags suitable to the occasion.

CHO. What's the meaning of this little dodge? Why interpose unnecessary delay? Take, if you like, the shaggy hell-fire helmet of Hieronymus;[2] adopt all the tricks of Sisyphus; this business won't be affected by any such crafty devices.

DIC. Still, I must do something to keep my pecker up, so I shall go off to the rag-shop of Euripides.

[1] *The Babylonians.*

[2] A poor tragic poet: the allusion is to a play of his in which some character like Pluto was introduced.

παῖ παῖ. ΚΗΦ. τίς οὗτος; ΔΙΚ. ἔνδον ἔστ' Εὐριπίδης;

ΚΗΦ. οὐκ ἔνδον ἔνδον ἐστίν, εἰ γνώμην ἔχεις.

ΔΙΚ. πῶς ἔνδον, εἶτ' οὐκ ἔνδον; ΚΗΦ. ὀρθῶς, ὦ γέρον.
ὁ νοῦς μὲν ἔξω ξυλλέγων ἐπύλλια
οὐκ ἔνδον, αὐτὸς δ' ἔνδον ἀναβάδην ποιεῖ
τραγῳδίαν. ΔΙΚ. ὦ τρισμακάρι' Εὐριπίδη,
ὅθ' ὁ δοῦλος οὑτωσὶ σοφῶς ὑποκρίνεται.
ἐκκάλεσον αὐτόν. ΚΗΦ. ἀλλ' ἀδύνατον. ΔΙΚ. ἀλλ' ὅμως.
οὐ γὰρ ἂν ἀπέλθοιμ', ἀλλὰ κόψω τὴν θύραν.
Εὐριπίδη, Εὐριπίδιον,
ὑπάκουσον, εἴπερ πώποτ' ἀνθρώπων τινί·
Δικαιόπολις καλεῖ σε Χολλείδης, ἐγώ.

Scene changes to the outside of the house of EURIPIDES. DICAEOPOLIS *enters and knocks at the door.*

DIC. Hi, slave!

Enter, from within, CEPHISOPHON.

CEPH. Who are you?

DIC. Is Euripides within?

CEPH. He is within and not within, if you have sense enough to understand that.

DIC. How do you mean—he is within, yet not within?

AMPH. I mean exactly what I say, old chap. His mind is outside collecting subjects for his poetry; but he himself, in bodily shape, is upstairs in the attic regions writing a tragedy.

DIC. Happy Euripides, to have a servant who can answer so cleverly for him. Call him out.

AMPH. Impossible!

DIC. But I must see him. I won't go away without. I'll knock at the door myself. Euripides, my dear little Euripides; listen to me, if ever you listened to anybody. It is I myself—Dicaeopolis of Chollidae—who have called you.

ΕΥΡ. ἀλλ' οὐ σχολή.

ΔΙΚ. ἀλλ' ἐκκυκλήθητ'. ΕΥΡ. ἀλλ' ἀδύνατον.
ΔΙΚ. ἀλλ' ὅμως.

ΕΥΡ. ἀλλ' ἐκκυκλήσομαι· καταβαίνειν δ' οὐ σχολή.

ΔΙΚ. Εὐριπίδη, ΕΥΡ. τί λέλακας; ΔΙΚ. ἀναβάδην
ποιεῖς,
ἐξὸν καταβάδην; οὐκ ἐτὸς χωλοὺς ποιεῖς.
ἀτὰρ τί τὰ ῥάκι' ἐκ τραγῳδίας ἔχεις,
ἐσθῆτ' ἐλεεινήν; οὐκ ἐτὸς πτωχοὺς ποιεῖς.
ἀλλ' ἀντιβολῶ πρὸς τῶν γονάτων σ', Εὐριπίδη
δός μοι ῥάκιόν τι τοῦ παλαιοῦ δράματος.
δεῖ γάρ με λέξαι τῷ χορῷ ῥῆσιν μακράν·
αὕτη δὲ θάνατον, ἢν κακῶς λέξω, φέρει.

ΕΥΡ. τὰ ποῖα τρύχη; μῶν ἐν οἷς Οἰνεὺς ὁδὶ
ὁ δύσποτμος γεραιὸς ἠγωνίζετο;

EUR. (*from within*). I've no time to come down.

DIC. Well, get the scene-shifter to show you.

EUR. Impossible!

DIC. But you must.

EUR. Well, I'll show myself; but I really haven't time to come down. (*He appears above at a window.*)

DIC. I say, Euripides!

EUR. Well, what do you say?

DIC. Do you work upstairs, when you should do it downstairs? No wonder your verses are so sublime. But have you got any property-rags from your tragedies, some sort of attire that will appeal to the charitable feelings? You're fond of putting beggars on the boards; and I do implore you, Euripides, lend me a rag or two from one of your old dramas. I've got to make a long speech to the chorus, and the penalty will be death if my appeal is not satisfactory.

EUR. What sort of tatters do you want? Will you have those in which my unhappy Oeneus acted?

ΔΙΚ. οὐκ Οἰνέως ἦν, ἀλλ' ἔτ' ἀθλιωτέρου.

ΕΥΡ. τὰ τοῦ τυφλοῦ Φοίνικος; ΔΙΚ. οὐ Φοίνικος, οὔ,
ἀλλ' ἕτερος ἦν Φοίνικος ἀθλιώτερος.

ΕΥΡ. ποίας ποθ' ἀνὴρ λακίδας αἰτεῖται πέπλων;
ἀλλ' ἦ Φιλοκτήτου τὰ τοῦ πτωχοῦ λέγεις;

ΔΙΚ. οὔκ, ἀλλὰ τούτου πολὺ πολὺ πτωχιστέρου.

ΕΥΡ. ἀλλ' ἦ τὰ δυσπινῆ θέλεις πεπλώματα
ἃ Βελλεροφόντης εἶχ' ὁ χωλὸς οὑτοσί;

ΔΙΚ. οὐ Βελλεροφόντης· ἀλλὰ κἀκεῖνος μὲν ἦν
χωλός, προσαιτῶν, στωμύλος, δεινὸς λέγειν.

ΕΥΡ. οἶδ' ἄνδρα, Μυσὸν Τήλεφον. ΔΙΚ. ναὶ Τήλεφον·
τούτου δὸς ἀντιβολῶ σέ μοι τὰ σπάργανα.

ΕΥΡ. ὦ παῖ, δὸς αὐτῷ Τηλέφου ῥακώματα.
κεῖται δ' ἄνωθεν τῶν Θυεστείων ῥακῶν,
μεταξὺ τῶν 'Ινοῦς. ἰδοὺ ταυτὶ λαβέ.

DIC. O no! I want something much more agonising than that.

EUR. Well, the rig-out of blind Phoenix?

DIC. No! not that either. Something more fetching than Phoenix.

EUR. What in the name of wonder does the man want in the way of rags? Do you mean the get-up of that poor beggar Philoctetes?

DIC. Something far, far more beggarly than that.

EUR. Well, will you have the dirty costume which my lame Bellerophon wore?

DIC. No, Bellerophon won't do; though the man I mean was lame, and a beggar. But he was glib-tongued and a deuce of a fellow to talk.

EUR. Ah! I know the one you tell of—Telephus the Mysian.

DIC. That's the boy—Telephus. Give me his get-up, I beg of you.

EUR. (*to* CEPHISOPHON). Here, boy, give me the rags of Telephus. You'll find them above the tatters of Thyestes, and beside those of Ino. (*They are produced and inspected by* DICAEOPOLIS.)

ΔΙΚ. ὦ Ζεῦ διόπτα καὶ κατόπτα πανταχῇ,
ἐνσκευάσασθαί μ' οἷον ἀθλιώτατον.
Εὐριπίδη, 'πειδήπερ ἐχαρίσω ταδί,
κἀκεῖνά μοι δὸς τἀκόλουθα τῶν ῥακῶν,
τὸ πιλίδιον περὶ τὴν κεφαλὴν τὸ Μύσιον.
δεῖ γάρ με δόξαι πτωχὸν εἶναι τήμερον,
εἶναι μὲν ὅσπερ εἰμί, φαίνεσθαι δὲ μή·
τοὺς μὲν θεατὰς εἰδέναι μ' ὃς εἴμ' ἐγώ,
τοὺς δ' αὖ χορευτὰς ἠλιθίους παρεστάναι,
ὅπως ἂν αὐτοὺς ῥηματίοις σκιμαλίσω.
ΕΥΡ. δώσω· πυκνῇ γὰρ λεπτὰ μηχανᾷ φρενί.
ΔΙΚ. εὐδαιμονοίης, Τηλέφῳ δ' ἁγὼ φρονῶ.
εὖ γ'· οἷον ἤδη ῥηματίων ἐμπίμπλαμαι.
ἀτὰρ δέομαί γε πτωχικοῦ βακτηρίου.
ΕΥΡ. τουτὶ λαβὼν ἄπελθε λαΐνων σταθμῶν.
ΔΙΚ. ὦ θύμ', ὁρᾷς γὰρ ὡς ἀπωθοῦμαι δόμων,
πολλῶν δεόμενος σκευαρίων· νῦν δὴ γενοῦ
γλίσχρος προσαιτῶν λιπαρῶν τ'. Εὐριπίδη,
δός μοι σπυρίδιον διακεκαυμένον λύχνῳ.

DIC. Great God! you who can see through everything, everywhere, you have provided a fine mute appeal for me! Now, Euripides, since you have so far obliged me with these rags, lend me, by way of keeping up appearances, the battered felt hat the Mysian wore, for I must look like a genuine beggar to-day, not a faked-up one; though I must be myself at the same time. I mean, the audience must know who I am, but the chorus must stand by, like the fools they are, whilst I twist them round my fingers with my rhetoric.

EUR. You shall have it. Your dodge is an artful one.

DIC. May you be happy and may Telephus get all the good I wish him. See, I am full of sententious sayings already. But I want a beggar's staff.

EUR. Here you are; and now leave my mansion, please.

DIC. O my poor heart! you see he thrusts me forth, though needing, as I do, a lot of things. But, O my heart! be smooth-tongued and persuasive; ask him for something more. Euripides, give me a little burnt-out basket for my lamp.

ΕΥΡ. τί δ' ὦ τάλας σε τοῦδ' ἔχει πλέκους χρέος;

ΔΙΚ. χρέος μὲν οὐδέν, βούλομαι δ' ὅμως λαβεῖν.

ΕΥΡ. λυπηρὸς ἴσθ' ὢν κἀποχώρησον δόμων.

ΔΙΚ. φεῦ·

εὐδαιμονοίης, ὥσπερ ἡ μήτηρ ποτέ.

ΕΥΡ. ἄπελθε νῦν μοι. ΔΙΚ. μἀλλά μοι δὸς ἓν μόνον

κοτυλίσκιον τὸ χεῖλος ἀποκεκρουμένον.

ΕΥΡ. φθείρου λαβὼν τόδ'· ἴσθι δ' ὀχληρὸς ὢν δόμοις.

ΔΙΚ. οὔπω μὰ Δί' οἶσθ' οἷ' αὐτὸς ἐργάζει κακά.

ἀλλ', ὦ γλυκύτατ' Εὐριπίδη, τουτὶ μόνον,

δός μοι χυτρίδιον σπογγίῳ βεβυσμένον.

ΕΥΡ. ἄνθρωπ', ἀφαιρήσει με τὴν τραγῳδίαν.

ἄπελθε ταυτηνὶ λαβών. ΔΙΚ. ἀπέρχομαι.

καίτοι τί δράσω; δεῖ γὰρ ἑνός, οὗ μὴ τυχὼν

ἀπόλωλ'. ἄκουσον, ὦ γλυκύτατ' Εὐριπίδη·

τουτὶ λαβὼν ἄπειμι κοὐ πρόσειμ' ἔτι·

εἰς τὸ σπυρίδιον ἰσχνά μοι φυλλεῖα δός.

EUR. Wretched man, why go in for wicker-work?

DIC. Only a fad of mine, perhaps; but still I want it.

EUR. You're beginning to be a bore. Get you gone.

DIC. Ah! may you be lucky — as lucky as your mother was.

EUR. Go!

DIC. Just one more property — the little battered cup for collecting alms.

EUR. Take it, and be damned to you. You're becoming a nuisance to my house.

DIC. One moment. You don't know what injury you do me if you send me off with imperfect properties. Sweetest Euripides, just this last detail, a little vessel bunged up with a sponge.

EUR. Why man, you're robbing me of all my stage-properties. Take it and go.

DIC. I'm going. But what shall I do? I want one more little adjunct, and I'm lost if I don't get it. Listen, my very sweetest Euripides, if I get this I will go and not bother you further; give me a few leaves to put in my basket.

ΕΥΡ. ἀπολεῖς μ'. ἰδού σοι. φροῦδά μοι τὰ δράματα.

ΔΙΚ. ἀλλ' οὐκέτ', ἀλλ' ἄπειμι. καὶ γάρ εἰμ' ἄγαν
ὀχληρός, οὐ δοκῶν με κοιράνους στυγεῖν.
οἴμοι κακοδαίμων, ὡς ἀπόλωλ'. ἐπελαθόμην
ἐν ᾧπέρ ἐστι πάντα μοι τὰ πράγματα.
Εὐριπίδιον ὦ γλυκύτατον καὶ φίλτατον
κάκιστ' ἀπολοίμην, εἴ τί σ' αἰτήσαιμ' ἔτι
πλὴν ἓν μόνον, τουτὶ μόνον τουτὶ μόνον,
σκάνδικά μοι δός, μητρόθεν δεδεγμένος.

ΕΥΡ. ἁνὴρ ὑβρίζει· κλεῖε πηκτὰ δωμάτων.

ΔΙΚ. ὦ θύμ', ἄνευ σκάνδικος ἐμπορευτέα.
ἆρ' οἶσθ' ὅσον τὸν ἀγῶν' ἀγωνιεῖ τάχα,
μέλλων ὑπὲρ Λακεδαιμονίων ἀνδρῶν λέγειν;
πρόβαινε νῦν, ὦ θυμέ· γραμμὴ δ' αὐτηί.
ἕστηκας; οὐκ εἶ καταπιὼν Εὐριπίδην;
ἐπῄνεσ'· ἄγε νυν, ὦ τάλαινα καρδία,
ἄπελθ' ἐκεῖσε, κᾆτα τὴν κεφαλὴν ἐκεῖ
παράσχες, εἰποῦσ' ἅττ' ἂν αὐτῇ σοὶ δοκῇ.
τόλμησον, ἴθι, χώρησον· ἄγαμαι καρδίας.

EUR. You'll be the death of me. There they are. My dramas are done for!

DIC. I won't ask for anything more, but will be off. I know I'm very troublesome. And yet I'm not generally looked upon as disrespectful to my superiors. But O, unhappy me, I am lost! I forgot my position. My dearest, sweetest Euripides; may I die if ever I ask you for anything more. Grant me this one favour, only this—a sprig of salad from your sainted mother's greengrocery-stall.

EUR. The fellow is insolent. Close the mansion. (EURIPIDES *and* CEPHISOPHON *retire.*)

DIC. So then, my heart, I must go without my sprig of salad; and yet you know what a trial awaits me shortly, when I have to talk about the Lacedaemonians. Forward now, my heart; this is the starting-point. Do you hesitate? And yet have you not been imbibing the spirit of Euripides? So, that's good. Now forward, fluttering heart! Let me go and stake my head on saying what you prompt. Courage! Forward! Well done, heart! (*Exit.*)

ΧΟΡ. τί δράσεις; τί φήσεις; ἀλλ' ἴσθι νυν
ἀναίσχυντος ὢν σιδηροῦς δ' ἀνήρ,
ὅστις παρασχὼν τῇ πόλει τὸν αὐχένα
ἅπασι μέλλεις εἷς λέγειν τἀναντία.
ἁνὴρ οὐ τρέμει τὸ πρᾶγμ'. εἶά νυν,
ἐπειδήπερ αὐτὸς αἱρεῖ, λέγε.

ΔΙΚ. μή μοι φθονήσητ', ἄνδρες οἱ θεώμενοι,
εἰ πτωχὸς ὢν ἔπειτ' ἐν Ἀθηναίοις λέγειν
μέλλω περὶ τῆς πόλεως, τρυγῳδίαν ποιῶν.
τὸ γὰρ δίκαιον οἶδε καὶ τρυγῳδία.
ἐγὼ δὲ λέξω δεινὰ μέν, δίκαια δέ.
οὐ γάρ με νῦν γε διαβαλεῖ Κλέων ὅτι
ξένων παρόντων τὴν πόλιν κακῶς λέγω.
αὐτοὶ γάρ ἐσμεν οὐπὶ Ληναίῳ τ' ἀγών,
κοὔπω ξένοι πάρεισιν· οὔτε γὰρ φόροι
ἥκουσιν οὔτ' ἐκ τῶν πόλεων οἱ ξύμμαχοι·

Scene, the same as the 2nd. DICAEOPOLIS *enters in his tragic costume, and takes his position at the block. Then enter the* CHORUS *resuming their positions around him.*

CHO. Now what will you do? What have you got to say? Why, the man has no feeling. You must be made of iron to stake your head to the city when you are going to speak against everybody else. And yet the fellow does not tremble. Go on, then, and speak, since you elect so to do.

(DICAEOPOLIS *poses, and delivers the following harangue in true tragic style.*)

DIC. You mustn't be angry, spectators, if, beggar though I am, I address the Athenians on state affairs in the course of a comedy. Truth can be told even in a comic play, and my words may be bitter, but they shall be just. Not even Cleon can now twit me that I upbraid the city in the presence of strangers, for this is the Lenaeum,[1] and we are alone. No strangers are with us as yet, either those who come to pay tribute, or our allies

[1] Where the Λήναια, or festival of Bacchus, was held, at which dramatic contests, especially of the comic poets, took place.

ἀλλ' ἔσμὲν αὐτοὶ νῦν γε περιεπτισμένοι·
τοὺς γὰρ μετοίκους ἄχυρα τῶν ἀστῶν λέγω.
ἐγὼ δὲ μισῶ μὲν Λακεδαιμονίους σφόδρα,
καὐτοῖς ὁ Ποσειδῶν, οὑπὶ Ταινάρῳ θεός,
σείσας ἅπασιν ἐμβάλοι τὰς οἰκίας·
κἀμοὶ γάρ ἐστιν ἀμπέλια κεκομμένα.
ἀτάρ, φίλοι γὰρ οἱ παρόντες ἐν λόγῳ,
τί ταῦτα τοὺς Λάκωνας αἰτιώμεθα;
ἡμῶν γὰρ ἄνδρες, οὐχὶ τὴν πόλιν λέγω,
μέμνησθε τοῦθ', ὅτι οὐχὶ τὴν πόλιν λέγω,
ἀλλ' ἀνδράρια μοχθηρά, παρακεκομμένα,
ἄτιμα καὶ παράσημα καὶ παράξενα,
ἐσυκοφάντει Μεγαρέων τὰ χλανίσκια·
κεἴ που σίκυον ἴδοιεν ἢ λαγῴδιον
ἢ χοιρίδιον ἢ σκόροδον ἢ χόνδρους ἅλας,
ταῦτ' ἦν Μεγαρικὰ κἀπέπρατ' αὐθημερόν.
καὶ ταῦτα μὲν δὴ σμικρὰ κἀπιχώρια,
πόρνην δὲ Σιμαίθαν ἰόντες Μέγαράδε

from foreign cities. We are, as it were, winnowed, for strangers I regard as chaff compared with the citizens.

Now I myself cordially hate the Lacedaemonians, and should be glad if Father Poseidon, the God of Taenarus, would get up an earthquake and topple over all their houses; for my vines have been cut down as well as yours. But—I speak freely, since I have a friendly audience—why do we cast all the blame of this crisis on the Lacedaemonians? For some of our people—I do not say the entire populace, mind that, not the populace as a whole—but certain good-for-nothing fellows, base, dishonourable, counterfeit citizens, have dropped down on the cloaks imported by the Megarians;[1] and if they saw such things as a cucumber, a leveret, a sucking-pig, a head of garlic, or some measures of salt, they pounced down upon them, denounced them as contraband and sold them right off. These, however, were but trifles, and might be regarded as mere customs of the country. One day, however, certain young fellows on a tipsy frolic

[1] They were accused of concealing valuables under them.

νεανίαι κλέπτουσι μεθυσοκότταβοι·
κᾆθ' οἱ Μεγαρῆς ὀδύναις πεφυσιγγωμένοι
ἀντεξέκλεψαν Ἀσπασίας πόρνα δύο·
κἀντεῦθεν ἀρχὴ τοῦ πολέμου κατερράγη
Ἕλλησι πᾶσιν ἐκ τριῶν λαικαστριῶν.
ἐντεῦθεν ὀργῇ Περικλέης οὑλύμπιος
ἤστραπτεν, ἐβρόντα, ξυνεκύκα τὴν Ἑλλάδα,
ἐτίθει νόμους ὥσπερ σκόλια γεγραμμένους,
ὡς χρὴ Μεγαρέας μήτε γῇ μήτ' ἐν ἀγορᾷ
μήτ' ἐν θαλάττῃ μήτ' ἐν ἠπείρῳ μένειν.
ἐντεῦθεν οἱ Μεγαρῆς, ὅτε δὴ 'πείνων βάδην,
Λακεδαιμονίων ἐδέοντο τὸ ψήφισμ' ὅπως
μεταστραφείη τὸ διὰ τὰς λαικαστρίας·
οὐκ ἠθέλομεν δ' ἡμεῖς δεομένων πολλάκις.
κἀντεῦθεν ἤδη πάταγος ἦν τῶν ἀσπίδων.
ἐρεῖ τις, οὐ χρῆν· ἀλλὰ τί ἐχρῆν εἴπατε.
φέρ', εἰ Λακεδαιμονίων τις ἐκπλεύσας σκάφει
ἀπέδοτο φήνας κυνίδιον Σεριφίων,
καθῆσθ' ἂν ἐν δόμοισιν; ἦ πολλοῦ γε δεῖ·

carried off from Megara a strumpet named Simaetha, whereupon the Megarians, being nettled, ran away with two harlots from Aspasia's establishment. This was the real origin of the war in which all the Hellenes were involved. It all arose from the abduction of three whores. Hereupon, in his wrath, our Lord of Olympus, Pericles, thundered, lightened and turned Hellas upside down, enacting laws which were more like ribald songs, to the effect, "That the Megarians were to be excluded from our markets, and were not to show themselves on sea or land." Upon this the Megarians, when gradually reduced to famine, besought the Lacedaemonians to get the decree—I mean that one about the three loose ladies—cancelled; but we would listen to no proposals, though they frequently approached us. Then began the clatter of shields. Somebody may urge it was not necessary; but pray tell me what was to be done.

Just look here: if some Lacedaemonian cruiser had denounced and sold a Seriphian[1] puppy, would you have stopped quietly at

[1] Seriphos was an island of little value under the rule of Athens.

[redacted]

καὶ κάρτα μένταν εὐθέως καθεῖλκετε
τριακοσίας ναῦς, ἦν δ' ἂν ἡ πόλις πλέα
θορύβου στρατιωτῶν, περὶ τριηράρχου βοῆς,
μισθοῦ διδομένου, Παλλαδίων χρυσουμένων,
στοᾶς στεναχούσης, σιτίων μετρουμένων,
ἀσκῶν, τροπωτήρων, κάδους ὠνουμένων,
σκορόδων, ἐλαῶν, κρομμύων ἐν δικτύοις,
στεφάνων, τριχίδων, αὐλητρίδων, ὑπωπίων,
τὸ νεώριον δ' αὖ κωπέων πλατουμένων,
τύλων ψοφούντων, θαλαμιῶν τροπουμένων,
αὐλῶν κελευστῶν, νιγλάρων, συριγμάτων.
ταῦτ' οἶδ' ὅτι ἂν ἔδρατε· τὸν δὲ Τήλεφον
οὐκ οἰόμεσθα; νοῦς ἄρ' ἡμῖν οὐκ ἔνι.
ΗΜΙΧ. *ἄληθες, ὦπίτριπτε καὶ μιαρώτατε;*
ταυτὶ σὺ τολμᾷς πτωχὸς ὢν ἡμᾶς λέγειν,
καὶ συκοφάντης εἴ τις ἦν, ὠνείδισας;
ΗΜΙΧ. *νὴ τὸν Ποσειδῶ, καὶ λέγει γ' ἅπερ λέγει*

home? Not a bit of it! You would straightway have launched three hundred warships, the whole city would have been filled with martial din, shouting around the commander, dealing out pay, gilding the figure-heads of Athene. The porticoes would have been full of people, the corn measured out. The place would have been crammed with sacks, thongs, wine-buyers, garlic, olives, nets of onions, garlands, anchovies, singing-girls—and black eyes! The docks would have been choked up with spars, noisy bolts, rowers rigging themselves up, words of command, whistles, pipes and fifes——

All this I know you would have done.

. . . "And think we Telephus would have[1] done otherwise?"

The fact is, you have lost your heads.

SEMICHORUS 1. Really, you hangdog rascal, has it come to this, that you, beggar as you are, should dare to take us to task thus, even if there should be an informer or two about?

SEMICH. 2. By the sea-god Poseidon, but

[1] A quotation from the *Telephus* of Euripides.

[redacted]

δίκαια πάντα κοὐδὲν αὐτῶν ψεύδεται.

ΗΜΙΧ. εἶτ' εἰ δίκαια, τοῦτον εἰπεῖν αὔτ' ἐχρῆι;
ἀλλ' οὔτι χαίρων ταῦτα τολμήσει λέγειν.

ΗΜΙΧ. οὗτος σὺ ποῖ θεῖς, οὐ μενεῖς; ὡς εἰ θενεῖς
τὸν ἄνδρα τοῦτον, αὐτὸς ἀρθήσει τάχα.

ΗΜΙΧ. ἰὼ Λάμαχ', ὦ βλέπων ἀστραπάς,
βοήθησον, ὦ γοργολόφα, φανείς,
ἰὼ Λάμαχ', ὦ φίλ', ὦ φυλέτα·
εἴτ' ἔστι ταξίαρχος ἢ στρατηγὸς ἢ
τειχομάχας ἀνήρ, βοηθησάτω
τις ἀνύσας. ἐγὼ γὰρ ἔχομαι μέσος.

ΛΑΜ. πόθεν βοῆς ἤκουσα πολεμιστηρίας;
ποῖ χρὴ βοηθεῖν; ποῖ κυδοιμὸν ἐμβαλεῖν
τίς Γοργόν' ἐξήγειρεν ἐκ τοῦ σάγματος;

ΗΜΙΧ. ὦ Λάμαχ' ἥρως, τῶν λόφων καὶ τῶν λόχων.

ΗΜΙΧ. ὦ Λάμαχ', οὐ γὰρ οὗτος ἄνθρωπος πάλαι

he says what is true and just, and there's no gainsaying him either.

SEMICH. 1. Even if it is just and true, was he the one to say it? But you shan't make such statements with impunity.

SEMICH. 2. Here, man, where are you running to? Stop where you are, and (*to* SEMICH. 1) if you hit this man you shall swing for it.

SEMICH. 1. O Lamachus, come to our aid with lightnings in your eyes and your Gorgon plume on your head! Come, Lamachus, our friend and fellow-tribesman. Wherever there is a captain or a general or a besieger of forts, let him come quickly to our aid. Somebody has got hold of me by the middle of my person.

Enter the General LAMACHUS, *in full military uniform.*

LAM. Whence heard I that warlike cry? Who wants help? Where is there the chance of a row? What is it that calls my Gorgon-shield from its repose?

SEMICH. Hail, Lamachus, hero of the helmet and host!

ἅπασαν ἡμῶν τὴν πόλιν κακορροθεῖ;

ΛΑΜ. οὗτος σὺ τολμᾷς πτωχὸς ὢν λέγειν τάδε;

ΔΙΚ. ὦ Λάμαχ' ἥρως, ἀλλὰ συγγνώμην ἔχε,
εἰ πτωχὸς ὢν εἶπόν τι κἀστωμυλάμην.

ΛΑΜ. τί δ' εἶπας ἡμᾶς; οὐκ ἐρεῖς; ΔΙΚ. οὐκ οἶδα.
ΛΑΜ. πῶς.

ΔΙΚ. ὑπὸ τοῦ δέους γὰρ τῶν ὅπλων ἰλιγγιῶ.
ἀλλ' ἀντιβολῶ σ', ἀπένεγκέ μου τὴν μορμόνα.

ΛΑΜ. ἰδού. ΔΙΚ. παράθες νυν ὑπτίαν αὐτὴν ἐμοί.

ΛΑΜ. κεῖται. ΔΙΚ. φέρε νυν ἀπὸ τοῦ κράνους μοι τὸ πτερόν.

ΛΑΜ. τουτὶ πτίλον σοι. ΔΙΚ. τῆς κεφαλῆς νύν μου λαβοῦ,
ἵν' ἐξεμέσω· βδελύττομαι γὰρ τοὺς λόφους.

ΛΑΜ. οὗτος, τί δράσεις; τῷ πτίλῳ μέλλεις ἐμεῖν;
πτίλον γάρ ἐστιν—ΔΙΚ. εἰπέ μοι, τίνος ποτὲ
ὄρνιθός ἐστιν; ἆρα κομπολακύθου;

SEMICH. Hail, Lamachus! Hasn't this fellow just been abusing the whole city?

LAM. You beggar, have you dared to do such a thing?

DIC. O hero Lamachus! Pardon me if I have said anything unseasonable.

LAM. What have you been saying about us? Tell me.

DIC. I don't know.

LAM. How so? You don't know?

DIC. I am terrified at the sight of your arms. For goodness' sake take away that terrible monster on your shield.

LAM. Well, there you are.

DIC. Put it down on the ground, do.

LAM. I lay it on the ground.

DIC Now just give me a feather from your plume.

LAM. There's the feather for you.

DIC. Now hold my head. I'm going to be sick; I *am* so frightened at your plume.

LAM. What are you up to? Are you going to tickle your throat with the feather to make yourself vomit?

DIC. What bird does this feather come from? Is it not the chattering jay?

ΛΑΜ. *οἴμ' ὡς τεθνήξεις.* ΔΙΚ. *μηδαμῶς, ὦ Λάμαχε·*
οὐ σὴν κατ' ἰσχύν ἐστιν· εἰ δ' ἰσχυρὸς εἶ,
τί μ' οὐκ ἀπεψώλησας; εὔοπλος γὰρ εἶ.
ΛΑΜ. *ταυτὶ λέγεις σὺ τὸν στρατηγὸν πτωχὸς ὤν;*
ΔΙΚ. *ἐγὼ γάρ εἰμι πτωχός;* ΛΑΜ. *ἀλλὰ τίς γὰρ εἶ;*
ΔΙΚ. *ὅστις; πολίτης χρηστός, οὐ σπουδαρχίδης,*
ἀλλ' ἐξ ὅτου περ ὁ πόλεμος στρατωνίδης,
σὺ δ' ἐξ ὅτου περ ὁ πόλεμος μισθαρχίδης.
ΛΑΜ. *ἐχειροτόνησαν γάρ με.* ΔΙΚ. *κόκκυγές γε τρεῖς.*
ταῦτ' οὖν ἐγὼ βδελυττόμενος ἐσπεισάμην,
ὁρῶν πολιοὺς μὲν ἄνδρας ἐν ταῖς τάξεσιν,
νεανίας δ' οἵος σὺ διαδεδρακότας
τοὺς μὲν ἐπὶ Θρᾴκης μισθοφοροῦντας τρεῖς
δραχμάς,
Τισαμενο Φαινίππους, Πανουργ Ἱππαρχίδας·
ἑτέρους δὲ παρὰ Χάρητι, τοὺς δ' ἐν Χαόσι
Γερητο Θεοδώρους, Διομει Ἀλαζόνας,
τοὺς δ' ἐν Καμαρίνῃ κἀν Γέλᾳ κἀν Καταγέλᾳ.

LAM. I'll kill you. (*He attacks* DICAEOPOLIS, *who successfully wards off his blow.*)

DIC. Not so fast, Lamachus. This is a bit beyond your strength. If you are so strong, why didn't you try to take liberties with me? You are well equipped for that dirty work, we know.

LAM. Dare you address the general thus, beggar as you are?

DIC. A beggar, am I?

LAM. Yes; what else are you?

DIC. What else? Why, a good citizen; not a hunter after command. I have served in the ranks since the war began, whereas, since the war began, you have only drawn your pay.

LAM. They gave me my appointment.

DIC. Who did? Two or three cuckoos. Disgusted at this, I made a truce on my own account, when I saw grey-headed men in the rank and file, and youngsters like you shirking work, some drawing their three drachmas in Thrace — Tisameno - Phaenippi, Panourg-Hipparchidae and others with Chares; and those among the Chaonians, the Gereto-Theodori, the Diomealazones in Camarina, Gela and other places which have become mere laughing-stocks.

ΛΑΜ. ἐχειροτονήθησαν γάρ. ΔΙΚ. αἴτιον δὲ τί
ὑμᾶς μὲν ἀεὶ μισθοφορεῖν ἁμηγέπη,
τωνδὶ δὲ μηδέν'; ἐτεόν, ὦ Μαριλάδη,
ἤδη πεπρέσβευκας σὺ πολιὸς ὢν ἔνη;
ἀνένευσε· καίτοι γ' ἐστὶ σώφρων κἀργάτης.
τί δαὶ Δράκυλλος κεὐφορίδης ἢ Πρινίδης;
εἶδέν τις ὑμῶν τἀκβάταν' ἢ τοὺς Χαόνας;
οὔ φασιν. ἀλλ' ὁ Κοισύρας καὶ Λάμαχος,
οἷς ὑπ' ἐράνου τε καὶ χρεῶν πρώην ποτέ,
ὥσπερ ἀπόνιπτρον ἐκχέοντες ἑσπέρας,
ἅπαντες ἐξίστω παρῄνουν οἱ φίλοι.
ΛΑΜ. ὦ δημοκρατία, ταῦτα δῆτ' ἀνασχετά;
ΔΙΚ. οὐ δῆτ', ἐὰν μὴ μισθοφορῇ γε Λάμαχος.
ΛΑΜ. ἀλλ' οὖν ἐγὼ μὲν πᾶσι Πελοποννησίοις
ἀεὶ πολεμήσω, καὶ ταράξω πανταχῇ,
καὶ ναυσὶ καὶ πεζοῖσι, κατὰ τὸ καρτερόν.

LAM. Well, they all had their appointments given to them.

DIC. But have the goodness to tell me why you should be drawing pay here, there, and everywhere, while none of these men (*pointing to the* CHORUS) have that privilege. Have you, Marilades, though grown grey in the service, ever been appointed to an embassy? He shakes his head; and yet he's a temperate, hard-working man. What about Dracyllus, Euphorides or Prinides, has either of you seen Ecbatana or the Chaonians? "Not a bit of it," they say. But the youthful son of Coesyras, and you Lamachus, were sent out by your friends because you had not paid your debts. They told you to get out of the way, just as a woman does when she empties a chamber-pot out of the window.

LAM. O democracy! Must we put up with such talk as this?

DIC. No, not if Lamachus ceases to draw pay.

LAM. Well, I shall always wage war with the Peloponnesians, and do my best to rout them by sea and land, with all my might and main.

ΔΙΚ. ἐγὼ δὲ κηρύττω γε Πελοποννησίοις
ἅπασι καὶ Μεγαρεῦσι καὶ Βοιωτίοις
πωλεῖν, ἀγοράζειν πρὸς ἐμέ, Λαμάχῳ δὲ μή.

ΧΟΡ. ἀνὴρ νικᾷ τοῖσι λόγοισιν, καὶ τὸν δῆμον μεταπείθει
περὶ τῶν σπονδῶν. ἀλλ' ἀποδύντες τοῖς ἀναπαίστοις ἐπίωμεν.

Ἐξ οὗ γε χοροῖσιν ἐφέστηκεν τρυγικοῖς ὁ διδάσκαλος ἡμῶν,
οὔπω παρέβη πρὸς τὸ θέατρον λέξων ὡς δεξιός ἐστιν·
διαβαλλόμενος δ' ὑπὸ τῶν ἐχθρῶν ἐν Ἀθηναίοις ταχυβούλοις,
ὡς κωμῳδεῖ τὴν πόλιν ἡμῶν καὶ τὸν δῆμον καθυβρίζει,
ἀποκρίνεσθαι δεῖται νυνὶ πρὸς Ἀθηναίους μεταβούλους.
φησὶν δ' εἶναι πολλῶν ἀγαθῶν ἄξιος ὑμῖν ὁ ποιητής,
παύσας ὑμᾶς ξενικοῖσι λόγοις μὴ λίαν ἐξαπατᾶσθαι,

DIC. And I give notice to all the Peloponnesians, Megarians, and Boeotians, that they can come to me to buy and sell. I only exclude Lamachus.

(*Exeunt severally. The* CHORUS *remain.*)

CHO. That man has got the best of it, and convinces the people on the subject of his truce. Now we'll bestir ourselves for our customary anapaestic address.

THE PARABASIS, OR ADDRESS TO THE AUDIENCE.

CHO. Since the time when our author first presided over comic choruses, he has never once presented himself in the theatre to tell you what a clever fellow he is. But he has been accused by his enemies to you hasty Athenians on the grounds that he burlesqued our city and insulted its inhabitants; so he begs leave to answer that impeachment here in presence of yourselves — those same hasty Athenians in question.

Now the poet ventures to submit that he deserves a good turn from you for preventing your being fooled by foreign phrases, or chuck-

μήθ' ἥδεσθαι θωπευομένους μήτ' εἶναι χαυνοπολίτας.
πρότερον δ' ὑμᾶς ἀπὸ τῶν πόλεων οἱ πρέσβεις ἐξαπατῶντες
πρῶτον μὲν ἰοστεφάνους ἐκάλουν· κἀπειδὴ τοῦτό τις εἴποι,
εὐθὺς διὰ τοὺς στεφάνους ἐπ' ἄκρων τῶν πυγιδίων ἐκάθησθε.
εἰ δέ τις ὑμᾶς ὑποθωπεύσας λιπαρὰς καλέσειεν Ἀθήνας,
εὕρετο πᾶν ἂν διὰ τὰς λιπαράς, ἀφύων τιμὴν περιάψας.
ταῦτα ποιήσας πολλῶν ἀγαθῶν αἴτιος ὑμῖν γεγένηται,
καὶ τοὺς δήμους ἐν ταῖς πόλεσιν δείξας, ὡς δημοκρατοῦνται.
τοιγάρτοι νῦν ἐκ τῶν πόλεων τὸν φόρον ὑμῖν ἀπάγοντες
ἥξουσιν, ἰδεῖν ἐπιθυμοῦντες τὸν ποιητὴν τὸν ἄριστον,
ὅστις παρεκινδύνευσ' εἰπεῖν ἐν Ἀθηναίοις τὰ δίκαια.
οὕτω δ' αὐτοῦ περὶ τῆς τόλμης ἤδη πόρρω κλέος ἥκει,
ὅτε καὶ βασιλεύς, Λακεδαιμονίων τὴν πρεσβείαν βασανίζων,
ἠρώτησεν πρῶτα μὲν αὐτοὺς πότεροι ταῖς ναυσὶ κρατοῦσιν·
εἶτα δὲ τοῦτον τὸν ποιητὴν ποτέρους εἴποι κακὰ πολλά·

ling at flattery, or—in one word—being gaping cits. Before this the ambassadors from the different cities used to gull you. First of all, they prated about "Athens with its crown of violets," and directly they trotted out that phrase you sat up erect on your posteriors, fetched by that same violet crown. Then again, if anyone tickled your ears with talking about "sleek Athens," he got all he wanted by means of that epithet "sleek," which is more applicable to herrings than to Athens. Now, by putting you on your guard against this, your poet has done you any amount of good, showing the people in the different cities what a real democratic government is. And now folks will come from those cities, bringing you their tribute, and anxious to catch a glimpse of that consummate poet who dared to say to the Athenians what was just and right.

Thus, for his very daring, his fame has spread far and wide. The Persian king, to wit, when pumping the Lacedaemonian embassy, asked them first of all which of the two powers was superior at sea. Then he went on to enquire about this poet, which of the two people he was most heavily down upon; for,

τούτους γὰρ ἔφη τοὺς ἀνθρώπους πολὺ βελτίους γεγενῆσθαι
κἂν τῷ πολέμῳ πολὺ νικήσειν, τοῦτον ξύμβουλον ἔχοντας.
διὰ ταῦθ' ὑμᾶς Λακεδαιμόνιοι τὴν εἰρήνην προκαλοῦνται,
καὶ τὴν Αἴγιναν ἀπαιτοῦσιν· καὶ τῆς νήσου μὲν ἐκείνης
οὐ φροντίζουσ', ἀλλ' ἵνα τοῦτον τὸν ποιητὴν ἀφέλωνται.
ἀλλ' ὑμεῖς τοι μή ποτ' ἀφῆθ'· ὡς κωμῳδήσει τὰ δίκαια·
φησὶν δ' ὑμᾶς πολλὰ διδάξειν ἀγάθ', ὥστ' εὐδαίμονας εἶναι,
οὐ θωπεύων, οὐδ' ὑποτείνων μισθούς, οὐδ' ἐξαπατύλλων,
οὐδὲ πανουργῶν, οὐδὲ κατάρδων, ἀλλὰ τὰ βέλτιστα διδάσκων.
πρὸς ταῦτα Κλέων καὶ παλαμάσθω
καὶ πᾶν ἐπ' ἐμοὶ τεκταινέσθω.
τὸ γὰρ εὖ μετ' ἐμοῦ καὶ τὸ δίκαιον
ξύμμαχον ἔσται, κοὐ μή ποθ' ἁλῶ
περὶ τὴν πόλιν ὢν ὥσπερ ἐκεῖνος
δειλὸς καὶ λακαταπύγων.
δεῦρο Μοῦσ' ἐλθὲ φλεγυρὰ πυρὸς ἔχουσα μένος, ἔντονος Ἀχαρνική.
οἷον ἐξ ἀνθράκων πρινίνων φέψαλος ἀνήλατ', ἐρεθιζόμενος οὐρίᾳ ῥιπίδι,

he remarked, those people ought to be greatly improved, and to gain most victories in the war, when they had this poet for their fellow-counsellor. On this account the Lacedaemonians ask you to make peace, and to give back Aegina;[1] not that they want the island, no; they only want to mulct your poet, who has a small estate there. But you won't give it up; and so he will go on and treat you justly in his comedies. Yes, he promises to give you any amount of good things, so that you shall be happy ever after. He won't flatter you, fee you, or fool you. He will never play you false or bespatter you with praise, but simply teach you what is best for your interests.

Let Cleon play his trumps, then, and scheme as he will against me. Taking right and justice as my allies, I shall never be convicted by the city—as he has been convicted—of being a coward and a catamite.

Come hither, then, Muse, fiery and full of might, with the real Acharnian ring about thee. Be thou like the spark blown by the bellows from the oaken logs whilst our fish

[1] Thucydides mentions the occupation and colonisation of Aegina as one of the chief causes of the Peloponnesian war.

ἡνίκ' ἂν ἐπανθρακίδες ὦσι παρακείμεναι,
οἱ δὲ Θασίαν ἀνακυκῶσι λιπαράμπυκα,
οἱ δὲ μάττωσιν, οὕτω σοβαρὸν ἐλθὲ μέλος,
εὔτονον, ἀγροικότονον,
ὡς ἐμὲ λαβοῦσα τὸν δημότην.
οἱ γέροντες οἱ παλαιοὶ μεμφόμεσθα τῇ πόλει.
οὐ γὰρ ἀξίως ἐκείνων ὧν ἐναυμαχήσαμεν
γηροβοσκούμεσθ' ὑφ' ὑμῶν, ἀλλὰ δεινὰ πάσχομεν,
οἵτινες γέροντας ἄνδρας ἐμβαλόντες ἐς γραφὰς
ὑπὸ νεανίσκων ἐᾶτε καταγελᾶσθαι ῥητόρων,
οὐδὲν ὄντας, ἀλλὰ κωφοὺς καὶ παρεξηυλημένους,
οἷς Ποσειδῶν Ἀσφάλειός ἐστιν ἡ βακτηρία·
τονθορύζοντες δὲ γήρᾳ τῷ λίθῳ προσέσταμεν,
οὐχ ὁρῶντες οὐδὲν εἰ μὴ τῆς δίκης τὴν ἠλύγην.
ὁ δὲ νεανίας ἑαυτῷ σπουδάσας ξυνηγορεῖν
ἐς τάχος παίει ξυνάπτων στρογγύλοις τοῖς
ῥήμασι·
κᾆτ' ἀνελκύσας ἐρωτᾷ, σκανδάληθρ' ἱστὰς ἐπῶν,
ἄνδρα Τιθωνὸν σπαράττων καὶ ταράττων καὶ
κυκῶν.
ὁ δ' ὑπὸ γήρως μασταρύζει, κᾆτ' ὀφλὼν ἀπέρ-
χεται·
εἶτα λύζει καὶ δακρύει, καὶ λέγει πρὸς τοὺς
φίλους,

lie ready to be fried, and one stirs up the Thasian sauce, whilst others knead the bread: so be the song lively, melodious, and smacking of the breezy country, when thou, O Muse, hast taken me as thy comrade!

Now, we old men have a grievance against the city; for when we have fought our naval battles we are not tended in our declining years in a manner worthy of the victories we have won; but, on the contrary, we are treated most scurvily when we are impeached by the youngsters. You let us be made fun of by the advocates as though we were good-for-nothing deaf old chunks with our shrill piping voice, and for whom the only sea-god of safety now is the poor staff we carry in our aged hands. Tottering with years, we take our place on the stand, seeing only the faintest shadow of justice, while the accuser, urging on the youthful advocates to plead his cause, soon bowls us over with those rounded phrases, and cross-examines us, setting word-traps for us, so that poor old Tithonus is badgered and brow-beaten. Pursing up his lips from very age, he goes off cast in damages, and remarks with tears to his friends, "That fine will swallow up the

οὗ μ' ἐχρῆν σορὸν πρίασθαι, τοῦτ' ὀφλὼν ἀπέρχομαι.
ταῦτα πῶς εἰκότα, γέροντ' ἀπολέσαι πολιὸν ἄνδρα περὶ κλεψύδραν,
πολλὰ δὴ ξυμπονήσαντα, καὶ θερμὸν ἀπομορξάμενον ἀνδρικὸν ἱδρῶτα δὴ καὶ πολύν,
ἄνδρ' ἀγαθὸν ὄντα Μαραθῶνι περὶ τὴν πόλιν;
εἶτα Μαραθῶνι μὲν ὅτ' ἦμεν, ἐδιώκομεν·
νῦν δ' ὑπ' ἀνδρῶν πονηρῶν σφόδρα διωκόμεθα, κᾆτα πρὸς ἁλισκόμεθα.
πρὸς τάδε τίς ἀντερεῖ Μαρψίας;
τῷ γὰρ εἰκὸς ἄνδρα κυφόν, ἡλίκον Θουκυδίδην,
ἐξολέσθαι συμπλακέντα τῇ Σκυθῶν ἐρημίᾳ,
τῷδε τῷ Κηφισοδήμῳ, τῷ λάλῳ ξυνηγόρῳ;
ὥστ' ἐγὼ μὲν ἠλέησα κἀπεμορξάμην ἰδὼν
ἄνδρα πρεσβύτην ὑπ' ἀνδρὸς τοξότου κυκώμενον,
ὃς μὰ τὴν Δήμητρ', ἐκεῖνος ἡνίκ' ἦν Θουκυδίδης,
οὐδ' ἂν αὐτὴν τὴν Ἀχαίαν ῥᾳδίως ἠνέσχετ' ἄν,
ἀλλὰ κατεπάλαισεν ἂν μὲν πρῶτον Εὐάθλους δέκα,
κατεβόησε δ' ἂν κεκραγὼς τοξότας τρισχιλίους,
περιετόξευσεν δ' ἂν αὐτοῦ τοῦ πατρὸς τοὺς ξυγγενεῖς.
ἀλλ' ἐπειδὴ τοὺς γέροντας οὐκ ἐᾶθ' ὕπνου τυχεῖν,

few coins I had saved to buy my coffin!" How can it be right thus to ruin an old grey-bearded man on the word of an orator who talks against time—an old man who has worked hard for you, and often wiped off the manly sweat from his brow on your behalf—a man who fought at Marathon for this city? Then, when we were at Marathon, we were the pursuers; now we are pursued and hunted down by a set of scamps! What can even glib-tongued Marpsias say against this?

Is it right, I ask again, that an old man bent with age, like Thucydides, should die in the Scythian desert of poverty at the hands of a chattering advocate like Cephisodemus? How did I shed tears of pity when I saw that old man hustled by the executive—that Thucydides who, I vow by Demeter, when he was himself, would not have brooked any insult even on the part of Achaea herself, but would have floored ten such fellows as Euathlus[1] first, would have shouted down three thousand Scythian archers like Cephisodemus, and pierced with his arrows all that lineage! But now, since you will not allow old men any rest, at least

[1] An orator and informer.

ψηφίσασθε χωρὶς εἶναι τὰς γραφάς, ὅπως ἂν ᾖ
τῷ γέροντι μὲν γέρων καὶ νωδὸς ὁ ξυνήγορος,
τοῖς νέοισι δ' εὐρύπρωκτος καὶ λάλος χὠ Κλεινίου.
κἀξελαύνειν χρὴ τὸ λοιπόν, κἂν φύγῃ τις, ζημιοῦν
τὸν γέροντα τῷ γέροντι, τὸν νέον δὲ τῷ νέῳ.

ΔΙΚ. ὅροι μὲν ἀγορᾶς εἰσιν οἵδε τῆς ἐμῆς.
ἐνταῦθ' ἀγοράζειν πᾶσι Πελοποννησίοις
ἔξεστι καὶ Μεγαρεῦσι καὶ Βοιωτίοις
ἐφ' ᾧτε πωλεῖν πρὸς ἐμέ, Λαμάχῳ δὲ μή.
ἀγορανόμους δὲ τῆς ἀγορᾶς καθίσταμαι
τρεῖς τοὺς λαχόντας τούσδ' ἱμάντας ἐκ Λεπρῶν.
ἐνταῦθα μήτε συκοφάντης εἰσίτω
μήτ' ἄλλος ὅστις Φασιανός ἐστ' ἀνήρ.
ἐγὼ δὲ τὴν στήλην καθ' ἥν ἐσπεισάμην
μέτειμ', ἵνα στήσω φανερὰν ἐν τἀγορᾷ.

pass a decree by which actions at law shall be equalised, so that for an aged defendant the plaintiff must be old and toothless too, while for the young the prosecutor shall be some broad-bottomed chattering fellow like the son of Clinias.[1] Legal actions there must still be, of course; but if anyone is to be brought to justice, let the old man be punished by an old man, and the young man by a young one.

(*Exeunt.*)

Enter DICAEOPOLIS.

DIC. These, then, are the limits of my market. Here all Peloponnesians, Megarians, and Boeotians may trade, on condition that they sell to me, but not to Lamachus. I appoint three market-masters armed with these Lepraean whips.[2] Hereinto let no informer or other sneaking fellow enter. I myself will fetch hither the pillar on which the terms of my treaty are inscribed, and set it up in my market, plain for all folk to see. (*Exit.*)

[1] Alcibiades.

[2] Lepraeum is the name of a town. There is a pun here; the Megarians, according to the scholiast, being subject to "leprosy."

ΜΕΓ. ἀγορὰ 'ν Ἀθάναις χαῖρε, Μεγαρεῦσιν φίλα
ἐπόθευν τυ ναὶ τὸν φίλιον ᾇπερ ματέρα.
ἀλλ', ὦ πονηρὰ κώρι' ἀθλίου πατρός,
ἄμβατε ποττὰν μάδδαν, αἴ χ' εὕρητέ πα.
ἀκούετον δή, ποτέχετ' ἐμὶν τὰν γαστέρα·
πότερα πεπρᾶσθαι χρῄδδετ', ἢ πεινῆν κακῶς;

ΚΟΡΑ. πεπρᾶσθαι πεπρᾶσθαι.

ΜΕΓ. ἐγώνγα καὐτός φαμι. τίς δ' οὕτως ἄνους
ὃς ὑμέ κα πρίαιτο, φανερὰν ζαμίαν;
ἀλλ' ἔστι γάρ μοι Μεγαρικά τις μαχανά.
χοίρους γὰρ ὑμὲ σκευάσας φασῶ φέρειν.
περίθεσθε τάσδε τὰς ὁπλὰς τῶν χοιρίων.
ὅπως δὲ δοξεῖτ' ἦμεν ἐξ ἀγαθᾶς ὑός·
ὡς ναὶ τὸν Ἑρμᾶν, εἴπερ ἵξεῖτ' οἴκαδις,
τὰ πρᾶτα πειρασεῖσθε τᾶς λιμοῦ κακῶς.
ἀλλ' ἀμφίθεσθε καὶ ταδὶ τὰ ῥυγχία,
κἤπειτεν ἐς τὸν σάκκον ὧδ' ἐσβαίνετε.
ὅπως δὲ γρυλλιξεῖτε καὶ κοΐξετε
χῄσεῖτε φωνὰν χοιρίων μυστηρικῶν.
ἐγὼν δὲ καρυξῶ Δικαιόπολιν ὅπα.
Δικαιόπολι, ἦ λῇς πρίασθαι χοιρία;

Enter MEGARIAN *with two little Girls.*

MEG. Welcome, market-place of Athens, a joyful sight for Megarians! By the gods of peace and quietness! I've longed for you as though you were my mother. And now, unhappy children of a miserable father, come and get your cake—if you can find it. I address your empty stomachs; would you prefer to be sold or to starve?

GIRLS. To be sold! to be sold!

MEG. And so say I. But who will be such a fool as to buy you at a dead loss? I've got a plan though—a real Megarian one. I will dress you up and say I've brought some little pigs for sale. Put on these pig's trotters, that you may look as if you came from a good sow, since, by Hermes! if you go back home, you will perish miserably from hunger. Then put on these snouts and get into my sack. Take care to grunt and squeak and utter sounds like pigs prepared for the sacrifice. Now I'll go and call Dicaeopolis.

Enter DICAEOPOLIS.

Ha! Dicaeopolis; do you want to buy any little pigs?

ΔΙΚ. τί; ἀνὴρ Μεγαρικός; ΜΕΓ. ἀγορασοῦντες ἵκομες.
ΔΙΚ. πῶς ἔχετε; ΜΕΓ. διαπεινᾶμες ἀεὶ ποττὸ πῦρ.
ΔΙΚ. ἀλλ' ἡδύ τοι νὴ τὸν Δί', ἢν αὐλὸς παρῇ.
τί δ' ἄλλο πράττεθ' οἱ Μεγαρῆς νῦν; ΜΕΓ. οἷα δή.
ὅκα μὲν ἐγὼν τηνῶθεν ἐμπορευόμαν,
ἄνδρες πρόβουλοι τοῦτ' ἔπραττον τᾷ πόλει,
ὅπως τάχιστα καὶ κάκιστ' ἀπολοίμεθα.
ΔΙΚ. αὐτίκ' ἄρ' ἀπαλλάξεσθε πραγμάτων. ΜΕΓ. σά μάν;
ΔΙΚ. τί δ' ἄλλο Μεγαροῖ; πῶς ὁ σῖτος ὤνιος;
ΜΕΓ. παρ' ἁμὲ πολυτίματος, ᾇπερ τοὶ θεοί.
ΔΙΚ. ἅλας οὖν φέρεις; ΜΕΓ. οὐχ ὑμὲς αὐτῶν ἄρχετε;
ΔΙΚ. οὐδὲ σκόροδα; ΜΕΓ. ποῖα σκόροδ'; ὑμὲς τῶν ἀεί,
ὅκκ' ἐσβάλητε, τὼς ἀρωραῖοι μύες,
πάσσακι τὰς ἄγλιθας ἐξορύσσετε.

DIC. What is this, a Megarian?

MEG. Yes; come a-marketing.

DIC. How fare you?

MEG. We don't fare at all; we sit by the fire and starve.

DIC. Well, sitting by the fire is pleasant enough, if you've got a piper present. But how fare the Megarians just now in other respects?

MEG. Much as usual. When I left, the authorities in the city were doing their best to ruin us as quickly and as completely as might be.

DIC. Well, you'll soon be out of your troubles then.

MEG. I should like to know how.

DIC. And how go other matters in Megara? How sells corn?

MEG. Precious dear, like the gods.

DIC. Got any salt?

MEG. Haven't you cut us off from our salt-pans?

DIC. Any garlic?

MEG. Garlic! Why you, when you make your incursions, grub it up every time like so many field-mice.

DIC. What have you got there?

ΔΙΚ. τί δαὶ φέρεις; ΜΕΓ. χοίρους ἐγώνγα μυστικάς.
ΔΙΚ. καλῶς λέγεις· ἐπίδειξον. ΜΕΓ. ἀλλὰ μὰν καλαί.
ἄντεινον, αἰ λῇς· ὡς παχεῖα καὶ καλά.
ΔΙΚ. τουτὶ τί ἦν τὸ πρᾶγμα; ΜΕΓ. χοῖρος ναὶ Δία.
ΔΙΚ. τί λέγεις σύ; ποδαπὴ χοῖρος ἥδε; ΜΕΓ. Μεγαρικά.
ἢ οὐ χοῖρός ἐσθ' ἅδ'; ΔΙΚ. οὐκ ἔμοιγε φαίνεται.
ΜΕΓ. οὐ δεινά; θᾶσθε τοῦδε τὰς ἀπιστίας·
οὔ φατι τάνδε χοῖρον ἦμεν. ἀλλὰ μάν,
αἰ λῇς, περίδου μοι περὶ θυμητιδᾶν ἁλῶν,
αἰ μή 'στιν οὗτος χοῖρος Ἑλλάνων νόμῳ.
ΔΙΚ. ἀλλ' ἔστιν ἀνθρώπου γε. ΜΕΓ. ναὶ τὸν Διοκλέα.
ἐμά γα. σὺ δέ νιν εἴμεναι τίνος δοκεῖς;
ἦ λῃς ἀκοῦσαι φθεγγομένας; ΔΙΚ. νὴ τοὺς θεοὺς
ἔγωγε. ΜΕΓ. φώνει δὴ τὺ ταχέως, χοιρίον.

MEG. Pigs, for sacrifice.

DIC. That's well. Let's see 'em.

MEG. Yes, they're very good ones. Feel 'em, if you like; how fat and fine they are.

(DICAEOPOLIS *feels the bag and finds out they are not pigs.*)

DIC. What do you call this thing?

MEG. A pig, by God!

DIC. You don't say so. What breed of pig?

MEG. Pure Megarian. Isn't it a pig?

DIC. It doesn't seem to me like a pig at all.

MEG. Now isn't that odd? Look at the man's unbelief! He says it isn't a pig. But come now, if you like, I'll lay you a wager of salt and thyme that it is a pig according to Hellenic customs.

DIC. It's a pig belonging to a branch of the human family.[1]

MEG. Right you are. It belongs to me. Whose did you think it was? Would you like to hear their voices?

DIC. By God I should!

MEG. (*aside to the Girls*). Now make haste and squeak like a little pig. You'd better not

[1] The same word in Greek stands for a pig and for the female pudenda.

οὐ χρῆσθα σιγῆν, ὦ κάκιστ' ἀπολουμένα;
πάλιν τυ ἀποισῶ ναὶ τὸν Ἑρμᾶν οἴκαδις.
ΚΟΡΑ. κοΐ κοΐ.
ΜΕΓ. αὕτα 'στὶ χοῖρος; ΔΙΚ. νῦν γε χοῖρος φαίνεται.
ἀτὰρ ἐκτραφείς γε κύσθος ἔσται πέντ' ἐτῶν.
ΜΕΓ. σάφ' ἴσθι, ποττὰν ματέρ' εἰκασθήσεται.
ΔΙΚ. ἀλλ' οὐχὶ θύσιμός ἐστιν αὑτηγί. ΜΕΓ. σά μάν;
πᾷ δ' οὐχὶ θύσιμός ἐστι; ΔΙΚ. κέρκον οὐκ ἔχει.
ΜΕΓ. νέα γάρ ἐστιν· ἀλλὰ δελφακουμένα
ἑξεῖ μεγάλαν τε καὶ παχεῖαν κἠρυθράν.
ἀλλ' αἰ τράφεν λῇς, ἅδε τοι χοῖρος καλά.
ΔΙΚ. ὡς ξυγγενὴς ὁ κύσθος αὐτῆς θατέρᾳ.
ΜΕΓ. ὁμοματρία γάρ ἐστι κἠκ τωὐτοῦ πατρός.
αἰ δ' ἂν παχυνθῇ κἀναχνοιανθῇ τριχί,
κάλλιστος ἔσται χοῖρος Ἀφροδίτᾳ θύειν.
ΔΙΚ. ἀλλ' οὐχὶ χοῖρος τἀφροδίτῃ θύεται.
ΜΕΓ. οὐ χοῖρος Ἀφροδίτᾳ; μόνᾳ γα δαιμόνων.

keep silent, you little wretches, or, by Hermes, I'll carry you home again.

GIRLS. Wee, wee!

MEG. There, isn't that a pig?

DIC. Yes, it sounds like a pig now; but if you keep it for about five years it will be something very different.

MEG. Yes, then it will be like its mother.

DIC. But this one isn't fit for—for sacrifice.

MEG. Why not? Why isn't it fit for such business?

DIC. Why, because it hasn't got a tail between its legs.

MEG. Because it's young. When it grows up it will have a big, thick, red tail between its legs. Now if you like to feed it up here's a fine sucking-pig for you.

DIC. How like one little pig is to the other!

MEG. Yes, they come from the same father and mother. When it gets a bit bigger and well covered with hair, it will make a fine sacrifice for Aphrodite, the goddess of love, you know.

DIC. Only the pig isn't sacrificed to Aphrodite.

MEG. Isn't it, though? She's the only deity

καὶ γίνεταί γα τᾶνδε τᾶν χοίρων τὸ κρῆς
ἄδιστον ἂν τὸν ὀδελὸν ἀμπεπαρμένον.

ΔΙΚ. ἤδη δ' ἄνευ τῆς μητρὸς ἐσθίοιεν ἄν;

ΜΕΓ. ναὶ τὸν Ποτειδᾶν, κἂν ἄνευ γα τῶ πατρός.

ΔΙΚ. τί δ' ἐσθίει μάλιστα; ΜΕΓ. πάνθ' ἅ κα διδῷς.
αὐτὸς δ' ἐρώτη. ΔΙΚ. χοῖρε χοῖρε. ΚΟΡΑ. κοΐ
κοΐ.

ΔΙΚ. τρώγοις ἂν ἐρεβίνθους; ΚΟΡΑ. κοΐ κοΐ κοΐ.

ΔΙΚ. τί δαί; φιβάλεως ἰσχάδας; ΚΟΡΑ. κοΐ κοΐ.

[ΔΙΚ. τί δαί; σὺ καὶ τρώγοις ἂν αὐτάς; ΚΟΡΑ. κοΐ κοΐ.]

ΔΙΚ. ὡς ὀξὺ πρὸς τὰς ἰσχάδας κεκράγατε.
ἐνεγκάτω τις ἔνδοθεν τῶν ἰσχάδων
τοῖς χοιριδίοισιν. ἆρα τρώξονται; βαβαί,
οἷον ῥοθιάζουσ', ὦ πολυτίμηθ' Ἡράκλεις.
ποδαπα τὰ χοιρί'; ὡς Τραγασαῖα φαίνεται.
ἀλλ' οὔτι πάσας κατέτραγον τὰς ἰσχάδας.

ΜΕΓ. ἐγὼ γὰρ αὐτῶν τάνδε μίαν ἀνειλόμαν.

ΔΙΚ. νὴ τὸν Δί' ἀστείω γε τὼ βοσκήματε;
πόσου πρίωμαί σοι τὰ χοιρίδια; λέγε.

to whom it is sacrificed; and the flesh of this particular kind of pig is sweetest when its pierced by a spit.

DIC. Can it eat without its mother yet?

MEG. O yes, and even without its father.

DIC. What does it chiefly eat?

MEG. Anything you like to give it. Ask it yourself.

DIC. Piggy, piggy!

GIRL. Wee, wee!

DIC. Could you eat some peas?

GIRL. Wee, wee!

DIC. Some figs?

GIRL. Wee, wee!

DIC. And could you—the other—eat some?

GIRL. Wee, wee!

DIC. How quickly they answered to the figs! (*To servants*). Go, one of you, and bring some figs. I wonder whether they will eat them. Egad, how they gobble them up! Great Hercules, what pigs these are, real goblin pigs! But they can't have eaten all those figs!

MEG. I only took one for myself.

DIC. By God, they're wonderful animals! What shall I give you for these pigs? Tell me.

ΜΕΓ. τὸ μὲν ἅτερον τούτων σκορόδων τροπαλίδος
τὸ δ' ἅτερον, αἰ λῇς, χοίνικος μόνας ἁλῶν.

ΔΙΚ. ὠνήσομαί σοι· περίμεν' αὐτοῦ. ΜΕΓ. ταῦτα δή.
Ἑρμᾶ 'μπολαῖε, τὰν γυναῖκα τὰν ἐμὰν
οὕτω μ' ἀποδόσθαι τάν τ' ἐμαυτοῦ ματέρα.

ΣΥΚ. ὤνθρωπε, ποδαπός; ΜΕΓ. χοιροπώλας Μεγαρικός.

ΣΥΚ. τὰ χοιρίδια τοίνυν ἐγὼ φανῶ ταδὶ
πολέμια καὶ σέ. ΜΕΓ. τοῦτ' ἐκεῖν', ἵκει πάλιν
ὅθενπερ ἀρχὰ τῶν κακῶν ἁμῖν ἔφυ.

ΣΥΚ. κλάων μεγαριεῖς. οὐκ ἀφήσεις τὸν σάκον;

ΜΕΓ. Δικαιόπολι Δικαιόπολι, φαντάζομαι.

ΔΙΚ. ὑπὸ τοῦ; τίς ὁ φαίνων σ' ἐστίν; ἀγορανόμοι,
τοὺς συκοφάντας οὐ θύραζ' ἐξείρξετε;
τί δὴ μαθὼν φαίνεις ἄνευ θρυαλλίδος;

ΣΥΚ. οὐ γὰρ φανῶ τοὺς πολεμίους; ΔΙΚ. κλάων γε σύ,

MEG. For one a bundle of garlic, and for the other, if you like, a measure of salt.

DIC. Well, I'll buy them. Wait here. (*Exit.*)

MEG. So far, so good. Hermes of the Market! Why I'd sell my wife and my mother at the same rate.

Enter SYCOPHANTES, *the Informer.*

SYC. Now then, you fellow, who are you?

MEG. I'm a Megarian pig-dealer.

SYC. Then I denounce you and your pigs as contraband of war.

MEG. There it is again! My luck's got back into the old groove.

SYC. You shall repent these Megarian tricks of yours. Put down that sack.

MEG. O Dicaeopolis! (*Re-enter* DICAEOPOLIS.) Dicaeopolis, I'm dropped down upon.

DIC. By whom? Who has been dropping down upon you? Market-masters, I thought I told you to keep all informers clear of this place. You active and intelligent officer, how did you get to be so brilliant without being wicked?

SYC. Oughtn't I to be sharp on our enemies?

εἰ μὴ 'τέρωσε συκοφαντήσεις τρέχων.

ΜΕΓ. οἷον τὸ κακὸν ἐν ταῖς 'Αθάναις τοῦτ' ἔνι.

ΔΙΚ. θάρρει, Μεγαρίκ'· ἀλλ' ἧς τὰ χοιρίδι' ἀπέδου
τιμῆς, λαβὲ ταυτὶ τὰ σκόροδα καὶ τοὺς ἅλας,
καὶ χαῖρε πόλλ'. ΜΕΓ. ἀλλ' ἁμὶν οὐκ ἐπιχώριον.

ΔΙΚ. πολυπραγμοσύνης· νῦν ἐς κεφαλὴν τρέποιτό μοι.

ΜΕΓ. ὦ χοιρίδια, πειρῆσθε κἄνις τῶ πατρὸς
παίειν ἐφ' ἀλὶ τὰν μάδδαν, αἴ κά τις διδῷ.

ΧΟΡ. εὐδαιμονεῖ γ' ἅνθρωπος. οὐκ ἤκουσας οἷ προβαίνει
τὸ πρᾶγμα τοῦ βουλεύματος; καρπώσεται γὰρ ἀνὴρ
ἐν τἀγορᾷ καθήμενος·
κἂν εἰσίῃ τις Κτησίας,
ἢ συκοφάντης ἄλλος, οἰ-
μώζων καθεδεῖται·
οὐδ' ἄλλος ἀνθρώπων ὑποψωνῶν σε πημανεῖ τι·
οὐδ' ἐξομόρξεται Πρέπις τὴν εὐρυπρωκτίαν σοι,
οὐδ' ὠστιεῖ Κλεωνύμῳ·

DIC. You'll do it at your peril if you don't carry your activity and intelligence to some other quarter. (*Exit* SYCOPHANTES *hastily*.)

MEG. What a nuisance these fellows are in Athens!

DIC. Keep your pecker up, Megarian. Here's the exchange for your little pigs. Take the garlic and the salt; and farewell.

MEG. Ah, we never fare well now; it's gone out of fashion in our parts.

DIC. To be sure. I was so busy I forgot that. Well, may my good wishes recoil on my own head.

MEG. Good-bye, little piggies. Take care to gobble up your salted cakes without your dad—that is, if you get anybody to give them to you. (*Exit* MEGARIAN.)

CHO. This man's affairs are looking up. Don't you hear how his plan succeeds? He'll just sit in his market here and sweep in the coin; and if Ctesias or any other informer puts in an appearance, he'll make him sit down too—but sit howling. Nobody else who comes to buy food shall interfere with you. Prepis shan't wipe his dirty rump on you, nor shall you collide with fat Cleonymus; but you shall

χλαῖναν δ' ἔχων φανὴν δίει·
κοὐ ξυντυχών σ' Ὑπέρβολος
δικῶν ἀναπλήσει·
οὐδ' ἐντυχὼν ἐν τἀγορᾷ πρόσεισί σοι βαδίζων
Κρατῖνος ἀεὶ κεκαρμένος μοιχὸν μιᾷ μαχαίρᾳ,
ὁ περιπόνηρος Ἀρτέμων,
ὁ ταχὺς ἄγαν τὴν μουσικήν,
ὄζων κακὸν τῶν μασχαλῶν
πατρὸς Τραγασαίου·
οὐδ' αὖθις αὖ σε σκώψεται Παύσων ὁ παμπόνηρος,
Λυσίστρατός τ' ἐν τἀγορᾷ, Χολαργέων ὄνειδος,
ὁ περιαλουργὸς τοῖς κακοῖς,
ῥιγῶν τε καὶ πεινῶν ἀεὶ
πλεῖν ἢ τριάκονθ' ἡμέρας
τοῦ μηνὸς ἑκάστου.

ΒΟΙ. ἴττω Ἡρακλῆς, ἔκαμόν γα τὰν τύλαν κακῶς,
κατάθου τὺ τὰν γλάχων' ἀτρέμας, Ἰσμηνία·
ὑμὲς δ', ὅσοι Θείβαθεν αὐληταὶ πάρα,
τοῖς ὀστίνοις φυσῆτε τὸν πρωκτὸν κυνός.

ΔΙΚ. παῦ' ἐς κόρακας. οἱ σφῆκες οὐκ ἀπὸ τῶν θυρῶν;
πόθεν προσέπτανθ' οἱ κακῶς ἀπολούμενοι
ἐπὶ τὴν θύραν μοι Χαιριδεῖς βομβαύλιοι;

just go along in your spic-and-span white tunic, and even when you meet lawyer Hyperbolus, you shall manage to keep clear of his sort of suits. Smooth-shaven Cratinus, looking for all the world like a male strumpet, shall not solicit you, nor that naughty Artemon, the fast musical man, with his armpits stinking like the paternal goat. Nor, again, shall foul-mouthed Pauson foist his filthy jokes upon you, or, in this ideal market, Lysistratus, that ne'er-do-well from Cholargus, who's hungry and dirty for more than thirty days out of every month.

Enter the BOEOTIAN *with his* BOY *and several Pipers.*

BOEO. S'help me Hercules, but my neck is stiff and galled. Ismenias, lay the pennyroyal down gingerly. And you, my Theban pipers, blow up your bone pipes and play me the tune of "The Dog's Backside." (*They strike up.*)

Enter DICAEOPOLIS.

DIC. Go to the deuce! Move on from my door, you buzzers. Have all the bumble-bees of Chaeris—confound them!—come to pay me a visit? (*Exeunt Pipers.*)

ΒΟΙ. νὴ τὸν Ἰόλαον, ἐπιχαρίττω γ', ὦ ξένε·
Θείβαθι γὰρ φυσᾶντες ἐξόπισθέ μου
τἄνθεια τᾶς γλάχωνος ἀπέκιξαν χαμαί.
ἀλλ' εἴ τι βούλει, πρίασο, τῶν ἐγὼ φέρω,
τῶν ὀρταλίχων, ἢ τῶν τετραπτερυλλίδων.
ΔΙΚ. ὦ χαῖρε, κολλικοφάγε Βοιωτίδιον.
τί φέρεις; ΒΟΙ. ὅσ' ἐστὶν ἀγαθὰ Βοιωτοῖς ἁπλῶς
ὀρίγανον, γλαχώ, ψιαθούς, θρυαλλίδας,
νάσσας, κολοιούς, ἀτταγᾶς, φαλαρίδας,
τροχίλους, κολύμβους. ΔΙΚ. ὡσπερεὶ χειμὼν ἄρα
ὀρνιθίας εἰς τὴν ἀγορὰν ἐλήλυθας.
ΒΟΙ. καὶ μὰν φέρω χᾶνας, λαγώς, ἀλώπεκας,
σκάλοπας, ἐχίνως, αἰελούρως, πικτίδας,
ἰκτίδας, ἐνύδριας, ἐγχέλεις Κωπαΐδας.
ΔΙΚ. ὦ τερπνότατον σὺ τέμαχος ἀνθρώποις φέρων,
δός μοι προσειπεῖν, εἰ φέρεις τὰς ἐγχέλεις.
ΒΟΙ. πρέσβειρα πεντήκοντα Κωπᾴδων κορᾶν,
ἔκβαθι τῷδε κἠπιχάριττε τῷ ξένῳ.
ΔΙΚ. ὦ φιλτάτη σὺ καὶ πάλαι ποθουμένη,

Boeo. True, by the hero Ioläus, stranger, and I thank you. These pipers have followed me all the way from Thebes, blowing every bloomin' flower off my pennyroyal, and scattering 'em about the ground. Will you buy some of my chickens, or any other of the quadrupeds I've brought with me?

Dic. Ah, how d'ye do, my little bun-eating Boeotian? What have you got?

Boeo. Why, pretty well all the good things of Boeotia. Here's marjoram and pennyroyal, mats and candlewicks, ducks and jackdaws, quails and waterhens, wrens and pigeons.

Dic. Why, you've come upon our market like a winter storm that brings all the birds of the air down with it!

Boeo. Then I've got geese and hares and foxes, moles and hedgehogs and cats, weasels and water-rats, and last, but not least, eels from Lake Copäis.

Dic. Ah! there you've got a tit-bit, indeed. Let me pay my respects to them, if you've got those eels.

Boeo. Most beautiful of all my fifty nymphs from Copäis, come forth, and salute our host!

Dic. O best-beloved and long-looked-for!

ἦλθες ποθεινὴ μὲν τρυγῳδικοῖς χοροῖς,
φίλη δὲ Μορύχῳ. δμῶες, ἐξενέγκατε
τὴν ἐσχάραν μοι δεῦρο καὶ τὴν ῥιπίδα.
σκέψασθε, παῖδες, τὴν ἀρίστην ἔγχελυν,
ἥκουσαν ἕκτῳ μόλις ἔτει ποθουμένην·
προσείπατ' αὐτήν, ὦ τέκν'· ἄνθρακας δ' ἐγὼ
ὑμῖν παρέξω τῆσδε τῆς ξένης χάριν.
ἀλλ' εἴσφερ' αὐτήν· μηδὲ γὰρ θανὼν ποτε
σοῦ χωρὶς εἴην ἐντετευτλανωμένης.

ΒΟΙ. ἐμοὶ δὲ τιμὰ τᾶσδε πᾶ γενήσεται;

ΔΙΚ. ἀγορᾶς τέλος ταύτην γέ που δώσεις ἐμοί·
ἀλλ' εἴ τι πωλεῖς τῶνδε τῶν ἄλλων, λέγε.

ΒΟΙ. ἰώγα ταῦτα πάντα. ΔΙΚ. φέρε, πόσου λέγεις;
ἢ φορτί' ἕτερ' ἐνθένδ' ἐκεῖσ' ἄξεις; ΒΟΙ. ἰώ,
ὅ τι γ' ἔστ' Ἀθάναις, ἐν Βοιωτοῖσιν δὲ μή.

ΔΙΚ. ἀφύας ἄρ' ἄξεις πριάμενος Φαληρικὰς

You come in answer to the prayers of our comic chorus and a veritable treasure for the gourmand Morychos. You servants, bring out to me here the cooking-stove and a pair of bellows. Look, boys, at this splendid eel that we have been expecting these six years past.[1] Pay your respects to him, my boys. I shan't spare coals to cook this welcome stranger. Carry it in. When it's once properly cooked with beet, nothing but death shall cause a separation between us.

BOEO. But what are you going to pay me for this eel?

DIC. You can give it to me for market-dues. Have you got anything else to sell?

BOEO. Yes, all these things.

DIC. Well, how much do you want for them? Or would you like to exchange them for some of our produce?

BOEO. Ah! yes; I should like something special to Athens — something we Boeotians haven't got.

DIC. Will you have some anchovies from Phalerum—or some pottery?

[1] Commercial relations were broken off between Athens and Boeotia, which sided with the Spartans. Lake Copāis was in Boeotia.

ἢ κέραμον. ΒΟΙ. ἀφύας ἢ κέραμον; ἀλλ' ἐντ' ἐκεῖ·
ἀλλ' ὅ τι παρ' ἁμῖν μή 'στι, τᾷδε δ' αὖ πολύ.
ΔΙΚ. ἐγᾦδα τοίνυν· συκοφάντην ἔξαγε
ὥσπερ κέραμον ἐνδησάμενος. ΒΟΙ. νὴ τὼ σιώ,
λάβοιμι μένταν κέρδος ἀγαγὼν καὶ πολύ,
ᾆπερ πίθακον ἀλιτρίας πολλᾶς πλέων.
ΔΙΚ. καὶ μὴν ὁδὶ Νίκαρχος ἔρχεται φανῶν.
ΒΟΙ. μικκός γα μᾶκος οὗτος. ΔΙΚ. ἀλλ' ἅπαν κακόν.
ΝΙΚ. ταυτὶ τίνος τὰ φορτί' ἐστί; ΒΟΙ. τῶδ' ἐμὰ
Θείβαθεν, ἴττω Δεύς. ΝΙΚ. ἐγὼ τοίνυν ὁδὶ
φαίνω πολέμια ταῦτα. ΒΟΙ. τί δαὶ κακὸν παθὼν
ὀρναπετίοισι πόλεμον ἦρα καὶ μάχαν;
ΝΙΚ. καὶ σέ γε φανῶ πρὸς τοῖσδε. ΒΟΙ. τί ἀδικειμένος;
ΝΙΚ. ἐγὼ φράσω σοι τῶν περιεστώτων χάριν.
ἐκ τῶν πολεμίων γ' εἰσάγεις θρυαλλίδας.

Boeo. Anchovies or pottery? Why we've got those in Boeotia. I want something which you've got and which doesn't exist there.

Dic. I know what to give you, then. Bring out an informer, and pack him just like pottery.

Boeo. Aye, by Castor and Pollux! I'll make money out of him by exhibiting him as a monkey full of tricks.

Dic. And here, in the nick of time, comes Nicarchus to see what he can spot.

Boeo. He's a very small one.

Dic. True, but full of tricks.

Enter Nicarchus, *the Informer.*

Nic. Whose are these goods?

Boeo. Mine. I've brought 'em from Thebes —God be my witness!

Nic. Then I seize them as contraband.

Boeo. But what harm have you suffered that you should wage war on a lot of birds?

Nic. I'll seize you too.

Boeo. What have I done?

Nic. I'll tell you, for the sake of these bystanders. You have imported a lot of wicks from the enemy's country.

ΔΙΚ. ἔπειτα φαίνεις δῆτα διὰ θρυαλλίδα;

ΝΙΚ. αὕτη γὰρ ἐμπρήσειεν ἂν τὸ νεώριον.

ΔΙΚ. νεώριον θρυαλλίς; ΝΙΚ. οἶμαι. ΔΙΚ. τίνι τρόπῳ;

ΝΙΚ. ἐνθεὶς ἂν ἐς τίφην ἀνὴρ Βοιώτιος
ἅψας ἂν εἰσπέμψειεν ἐς τὸ νεώριον
δι' ὑδρορρόας, βορέαν ἐπιτηρήσας μέγαν.
κεἴπερ λάβοιτο τῶν νεῶν τὸ πῦρ ἅπαξ,
σελαγοῖντ' ἂν εὐθύς. ΔΙΚ. ὦ κάκιστ' ἀπολούμενε,
σελαγοῖντ' ἂν ὑπὸ τίφης τε καὶ θρυαλλίδος;

ΝΙΚ. μαρτύρομαι. ΔΙΚ. ξυλλάμβαν' αὐτοῦ τὸ στόμα·
δός μοι φορυτόν, ἵν' αὐτὸν ἐνδήσας φέρω,
[ὥσπερ κέραμον, ἵνα μὴ καταγῇ φορούμενος.]

ΧΟΡ. ἔνδησον, ὦ βέλτιστε, τῷ
ξένῳ καλῶς τὴν ἐμπολὴν
οὕτως ὅπως
ἂν μὴ φέρων κατάξῃ.

ΔΙΚ. ἐμοὶ μελήσει ταῦτ', ἐπεί
τοι καὶ ψοφεῖ λάλον τι καὶ
πυρορραγὲς
κἄλλως θεοῖσιν ἐχθρον.

DIC. Are you going to seize him on account of a candlewick?

NIC. Yes, he might set the whole dockyard on fire.

DIC. What! a single wick set the dockyard on fire?

NIC. Undoubtedly, in my opinion.

DIC. How?

NIC. Why, this Boeotian might fasten the wick on to a beetle, wait for a north wind, let the insect go through a water-pipe, and, if the ships once took fire, the whole place would be in a blaze straight away.

DIC. You stupid ass! Burnt by a beetle with a wick?

NIC. I'm sure of it.

DIC. Stop the fool's mouth. Bring me a cord, and I'll pack him like crockery, so that he mayn't be broken in transit.

CHO. O yes! cord the package carefully for the stranger, there's a good man; it would be such a pity if he should be smashed.

DIC. I'll take care of that. This pot has got a bad ring about it, as if it had been cracked in baking. The creature is in every way an abomination to the gods.

ΧΟΡ. τί χρήσεταί ποτ' αὐτῷ;
ΔΙΚ. πάγχρηστον ἄγγος ἔσται,
κρατὴρ κακῶν, τριπτὴρ δικῶν,
φαίνειν ὑπευθύνους λυχνοῦ-
χος, καὶ κύλιξ
τὰ πράγματ' ἐγκυκᾶσθαι.
ΧΟΡ. πῶς δ' ἂν πεποιθοίη τις ἀγ-
γείῳ τοιούτῳ χρώμενος
κατ' οἰκίαν
τοσόνδ' ἀεὶ ψοφοῦντι;
ΔΙΚ. ἰσχυρόν ἐστιν, ὦγάθ', ὥστ'
οὐκ ἂν καταγείη ποτ', εἴ-
περ ἐκ ποδῶν
κάτω κάρα κρέμαιτο.
ΧΟΡ. ἤδη καλῶς ἔχει σοι.
ΒΟΙ. μέλλω γέ τοι θερίδδειν.
ΧΟΡ. ἀλλ', ὦ ξένων βέλτιστε, συν-
θέριζε καὶ [τοῦτον λαβὼν] πρόβαλλ' ὅποι
βούλει φέρων
πρὸς πάντα συκοφάντην.
ΔΙΚ. μόλις γ' ἐνέδησα τὸν κακῶς ἀπολούμενον.
αἶρου λαβὼν τὸν κέραμον, ὦ Βοιώτιε.
ΒΟΙ. ὑπόκυπτε τὰν τύλαν ἰών, Ἰσμήνιχε.
ΔΙΚ. χὤπως κατοίσεις αὐτὸν εὐλαβούμενος.
πάντως μὲν οἴσεις οὐδὲν ὑγιές, ἀλλ' ὅμως·

CHO. But what use will he be?

DIC. O, he'll do for lots of things. He'll be a cup to compound nastiness in, a mortar to pound up lawsuits, or a lamp to show up the poor devils he informs against; in fact, he'll be a vessel for the general confusion of everybody and everything.

CHO. But however will anyone venture to use him for a household utensil when he has such a bad ring about him?

DIC. Oh, he's strong enough! You wouldn't break him if you hung him up by the heels head downwards.

CHO. Now you've got him packed all right.

BOEO. So I'll be off to attend to my harvesting.

CHO. Lend a hand, most excellent stranger, to take up and pitch wherever you like this out-and-out informer.

DIC. I've had a deal of trouble in packing him; and now you can carry off your crockery, Mr. Boeotian.

BOEO. All right. Bend down your poor galled shoulder once more, Ismenichus.

DIC. And carry him very carefully. He's not nice, I know; but do the best you can

κἂν τοῦτο κερδάνῃς ἄγων τὸ φορτίον,
εὐδαιμονήσεις συκοφαντῶν γ' οὕνεκα.

ΘΕΡ. ΛΑΜ. Δικαιόπολι. ΔΙΚ. τί ἔστι; τί με
βωστρεῖς; ΘΕΡ. ὅ τι;
ἐκέλευσε Λάμαχός σε ταυτησὶ δραχμῆς
εἰς τοὺς Χόας αὐτῷ μεταδοῦναι τῶν κιχλῶν,
τριῶν δραχμῶν δ' ἐκέλευε Κωπᾷδ' ἔγχελυν.

ΔΙΚ. ὁ ποῖος οὗτος Λάμαχος τὴν ἔγχελυν;

ΘΕΡ. ὁ δεινός, ὁ ταλαύρινος, ὃς τὴν Γοργόνα
πάλλει, κραδαίνων τρεῖς κατασκίους λόφους.

ΔΙΚ. οὐκ ἂν μὰ Δί' εἰ δοίη γέ μοι τὴν ἀσπίδα·
ἀλλ' ἐπὶ ταρίχει τοὺς λόφους κραδαινέτω·
ἢν δ' ἀπολιγαίνῃ, τοὺς ἀγορανόμους καλῶ.
ἐγὼ δ' ἐμαυτῷ τόδε λαβὼν τὸ φορτίον

with him. If you *do* make any money by him, you will be the first who ever got any good out of a common informer.

(*Exeunt* BOEOTIAN, *etc., with package.*)

Enter the SERVANT *of* LAMACHUS.

SER. O Dicaeopolis!

DIC. All right. You needn't shout so as to deafen me.

SER. Lamachus hereby orders that, in return for this drachma, you should send him some quails for the Feast of the Cups;[1] and for these other three drachmas he orders you to add the eel from Copäis.

DIC. Does he forsooth? And who is this Lamachus that orders my eel?

SER. Who? Why, the terrible long-suffering hero who brandishes the Gorgon shield and waves the shady plume.

DIC. Is he indeed? But he isn't going to have my eel, not even if he would give me his Gorgon shield. Let him wave his shady plume over a soldier's ration of salt-fish. If he doesn't relish what I say, let him kick up a row, and then I'll call the market-masters to him. I'm going to flit away indoors with my little lot,

[1] The second day of the Anthesteria, or Feast of Flowers, a festival of Dionysus.

εἴσειμ' ὑπαὶ πτερύγων κιχλᾶν καὶ κοψίχων.

ΧΟΡ. εἶδες ὦ εἶδες ὦ πᾶσα πόλι τὸν φρόνιμον ἄνδρα,
τὸν ὑπέρσοφον,
οἷ' ἔχει σπεισάμενος ἐμπορικὰ χρήματα διεμπολᾶν,
ὧν τὰ μὲν ἐν οἰκίᾳ χρήσιμα, τὰ δ' αὖ πρέπει χλιαρὰ κατεσθίειν.
αὐτόματα πάντ' ἀγαθὰ τῷδέ γε πορίζεται.
οὐδέποτ' ἐγὼ Πόλεμον οἴκαδ' ὑποδέξομαι,
οὐδὲ παρ' ἐμοί ποτε τὸν Ἁρμόδιον ᾄσεται
ξυγκατακλινείς, ὅτι παροίνιος ἀνὴρ ἔφυ,
ὅστις ἐπὶ πάντ' ἀγάθ' ἔχοντας ἐπικωμάσας,
εἰργάσατο πάντα κακὰ κἀνέτρεπε κἀξέχει,
κἀμάχετο, καὶ προσέτι πολλὰ προκαλουμένου,
"πῖνε, κατάκεισο, λαβὲ τήνδε φιλοτησίαν,"
τὰς χάρακας ἧπτε πολὺ μᾶλλον ἔτι τῷ πυρί,
ἐξέχει θ' ἡμῶν βίᾳ τὸν οἶνον ἐκ τῶν ἀμπέλων.
****** ταί τ' ἐπὶ τὸ δεῖπνον ἅμα καὶ μεγάλα δὴ φρονεῖ,
τοῦ βίου δ' ἐξέβαλε δεῖγμα τάδε τὰ πτερὰ πρὸ τῶν θυρῶν.
ὦ Κύπριδι τῇ καλῇ καὶ Χάρισι ταῖς φίλαις ξύντροφε Διαλλαγή,
ὡς καλὸν ἔχουσα τὸ πρόσωπον ἄρ' ἐλάνθανες.

on the wings of my thrushes and blackbirds here. (*Exit.*)

CHORUS.

CHO. Now all the city can realise how wise and far-seeing this man is, who, all along of his truce, has managed to trade in these good things, some of them useful about the house, others good for eating and drinking. All these advantages come naturally to him. Never will I receive War as a guest in my house, nor shall anybody at my table sing the song of Harmodius,[1] as a fellow did once when he got a drop of wine in him. Everything went on serenely until he began to bluster and throw all into confusion. We begged him to sit down and drink on to his heart's content; but no; first of all he pitched our vine-poles into the fire and then wasted the wine. . . . Now this man, on the contrary, shows how high-minded he is. Why, the very feathers before his door prove the kind of life he leads.

O Peace, first cousin to the Cyprian Queen and the Graces, how is it that with such charms as yours you lie hid so long? May the

[1] Who, with Aristogeiton, overthrew the tyrant Hipparchus.

πῶς ἂν ἐμὲ καὶ σέ τις Ἔρως ξυναγάγοι λαβών,
ὥσπερ ὁ γεγραμμένος, ἔχων στέφανον ἀνθέμων;
ἢ πανυ γερόντιον ἴσως νενόμικάς με σύ;
ἀλλά σε λαβὼν τρία δοκῶ γ' ἂν ἔτι προσβαλεῖν·
πρῶτα μὲν ἂν ἀμπελίδος ὄρχον ἐλάσαι μακρόν,
εἶτα παρὰ τόνδε νέα μοσχίδια συκίδων,
καὶ τὸ τρίτον ἡμερίδος ὄζον, ὁ γέρων ὁδί,
καὶ περὶ τὸ χωρίον ἐλᾶδας ἅπαν ἐν κύκλῳ,
ὥστ' ἀλείφεσθαι σ' ἀπ' αὐτῶν κἀμὲ ταῖς νουμηνίαις.

ΚΗΡ. ἀκούετε λεῴ· κατὰ τὰ πάτρια τοὺς χόας
πίνειν ὑπὸ τῆς σάλπιγγος· ὃς δ' ἂν ἐκπίῃ
πρώτιστος, ἀσκὸν Κτησιφῶντος λήψεται.

ΔΙΚ. ὦ παῖδες, ὦ γυναῖκες, οὐκ ἠκούσατε;
τί δρᾶτε; τοῦ κήρυκος οὐκ ἀκούετε;
ἀναβράττετ', ἐξοπτᾶτε, τρέπετ', ἀφέλκετε
τὰ λαγῷα ταχέως, τοὺς στεφάνους ἀνείρετε.
φέρε τοὺς ὀβελίσκους, ἵν' ἀναπείρω τὰς κίχλας

ΧΟΡ. ζηλῶ σε τῆς εὐβουλίας,
μᾶλλον δὲ τῆς εὐωχίας,
ἄνθρωπε, τῆς παρούσης.

God of Love grant that I form a compact with you, wearing my crown of roses, as we see it in the picture! Do you think I am too old for this sort of thing? Ah! if I had only once got you, there are, methinks, just three things I should covet: first, a long row of vines, and then, alongside this, a fig-tree—our own vine and fig-tree. And then, there is a third thing this old man wants: an encircling olive-grove, so that you and I should anoint ourselves therefrom at each Feast of the New Moon.

Enter the TOWN-CRIER.

CRIER. Hear, hear, all people. The Feast of the Cups is to be celebrated according to custom. Drinking to be by sound of trumpet, and he who drains his flagon first will be rewarded with a skin of wine as big as Ctesiphon's fat paunch. (*Exit.*)

DIC. There, girls and boys, do you hear that? Did you catch what the crier said? Go ahead, boil, roast, turn the spits, skin the hares in all haste, and weave the garlands. Bring the spits, and I'll skewer the birds myself.

CHO. That's the kind of counsel I approve. Above all I like your arrangements for good cheer.

ΔΙΚ. τι δῆτ', ἐπειδὰν τὰς κίχλας
ὀπτωμένας ἴδητε;
ΧΟΡ. οἶμαί σε καὶ τοῦτ' εὖ λέγειν.
ΔΙΚ. τὸ πῦρ ὑποσκάλευε.
ΚΟΡ. ἤκουσας ὡς μαγειρικῶς
κομψῶς τε καὶ δειπνητικῶς
αὑτῷ διακονεῖται;
ΓΕΩ. οἴμοι τάλας. ΔΙΚ. ὦ Ἡράκλεις, τίς οὑτοσί;
ΓΕΩ. ἀνὴρ κακοδαίμων. ΔΙΚ. κατὰ σεαυτόν νυν τρέπου.
ΓΕΩ. ὦ φίλτατε, σπονδαὶ γάρ εἰσι σοὶ μόνῳ,
μέτρησον εἰρήνης τί μοι, κἂν πέντ' ἔτη.
ΔΙΚ. τί δ' ἔπαθες; ΓΕΩ. ἐπετρίβην ἀπολέσας τὼ βόε.
ΔΙΚ. πόθεν; ΓΕΩ. ἀπὸ Φυλῆς ἔλαβον οἱ Βοιώτιοι.
ΔΙΚ. ὦ τρισκακοδαίμων, εἶτα λευκὸν ἀμπέχει;
ΓΕΩ. καὶ ταῦτα μέντοι νὴ Δί' ὥπερ μ' ἐτρεφέτην
ἐν πᾶσι βολίτοις. ΔΙΚ. εἶτα νυνὶ τοῦ δέει;

DIC. Ah, my boys! but what will you say when you see these birds actually frizzling?

CHO. I shall say you are every inch a good fellow.

DIC. Poke the fire.

CHO. Hark to him! How like a chef he talks, bearing himself proudly, as though on the eve of a heavy feed!

Enter a HUSBANDMAN.

HUS. O lord! O deary me!

DIC. Great Hercules! who's this?

HUS. A poor miserable devil.

DIC. Well, keep your misery to yourself!

HUS. But, my dear, good sir! you are the only one that has made a truce. Just give me a slice of peace—say a five years' portion.

DIC. What's the row?

HUS. I'm about done for. I've lost my two oxen.

DIC. How so?

HUS. The Boeotians bagged them from Phyle.

DIC. Fie, fie! And yet you're not in mourning.

HUS. Why, these beasts kept me in my daily food, if it was only on their dung.

ΓΕΩ. ἀπόλωλα τὠφθαλμὼ δακρύων τὼ βόε.
ἀλλ' εἴ τι κήδει Δερκέτου Φυλασίου,
ὑπάλειψον εἰρήνῃ με τὠφθαλμὼ ταχύ.
ΔΙΚ. ἀλλ', ὦ πονήρ', οὐ δημοσιεύων τυγχάνω.
ΓΕΩ. ἴθ' ἀντιβολῶ σ', ἤν πως κομίσωμαι τὼ βόε.
ΔΙΚ. οὐκ ἔστιν, ἀλλὰ κλᾶε πρὸς τοῦ Πιττάλου.
ΓΕΩ. σὺ δ' ἀλλά μοι σταλαγμὸν εἰρήνης ἕνα
εἰς τὸν καλαμίσκον ἐνστάλαξον τουτονί.
ΔΙΚ. οὐδ' ἂν στριβιλικίγξ· ἀλλ' ἀπιὼν οἴμωζέ που.
ΓΕΩ. οἴμοι κακοδαίμων τοῖν γεωργοῖν βοιδίοιν.
ΧΟΡ. ἀνὴρ ἐνεύρηκέν τι ταῖς
σπονδαῖσιν ἡδύ, κοὐκ ἔοι-
κεν οὐδενὶ μεταδώσειν.
ΔΙΚ. κατάχει σὺ τῆς χορδῆς τὸ μέλι.
τὰς σηπίας στάθευε.
ΧΟΡ. ἤκουσας ὀρθιασμάτων;
ΔΙΚ. ὀπτᾶτε τἀγχέλεια.
ΧΟΡ. ἀποκτενεῖς λιμῷ με καὶ
τοὺς γείτονας κνίσῃ τε καὶ
φωνῇ τοιαῦτα λάσκων.

DIC. Well, what do you want?

HUS. I've cried my two eyes out for these cattle; so if you've any regard for poor Dercetes of Phyle, do anoint my eyes with the balm of peace.

DIC. Why, my good fellow, I'm not the parish doctor.

HUS. But help me to gladden my eyes with my oxen again.

DIC. I can't do it. It's out of my line. Consult Doctor Pittalus.

HUS. Just give me one drop of peace in this here bottle.

DIC. Not a squirt. Carry your grievance somewhere else.

HUS. O dear, O dear! I *am* a poor unlucky devil, all along of those two oxen. (*Exit.*)

CHO. (*aside*). He's got a good thing with that truce of his, and he doesn't seem inclined to share it with anybody else.

DIC. Now flavour the kickshaws with honey, and set the cuttlefish to cook.

CHO. Do you hear his word of command?

DIC. Fry the eels.

CHO. You'll kill me with hunger, choke your neighbours with smoke, and deafen them with your shouting.

ΔΙΚ. *ὀπτᾶτε ταυτὶ καὶ καλῶς ξανθίζετε.*
ΠΑΡ. *Δικαιόπολι.* ΔΙΚ. *τίς οὑτοσὶ τίς οὑτοσί;*
ΠΑΡ. *ἔπεμψέ τίς σοι νυμφίος ταυτὶ κρέα*
ἐκ τῶν γάμων. ΔΙΚ. *καλῶς γε ποιῶν, ὅστις ἦν.*
ΠΑΡ. *ἐκέλευε δ' ἐγχέαι σε, τῶν κρεῶν χάριν,*
ἵνα μὴ στρατεύοιτ', ἀλλὰ βινοίη μένων,
ἐς τὸν ἀλάβαστον κύαθον εἰρήνης ἕνα.
ΔΙΚ. *ἀπόφερ' ἀπόφερε τὰ κρέα καὶ μή μοι δίδου,*
ὡς οὐκ ἂν ἐγχέαιμι χιλιῶν δραχμῶν.
ἀλλ' αὑτηὶ τίς ἐστίν; ΠΑΡ. *ἡ νυμφεύτρια*
δεῖται παρὰ τῆς νύμφης τι σοὶ λέξαι μόνῳ.
ΔΙΚ. *φέρε δή, τί σὺ λέγεις; ὡς γελοῖον, ὦ θεοί,*
τὸ δέημα τῆς νύμφης, ὃ δεῖταί μου σφόδρα,
ὅπως ἂν οἰκουρῇ τὸ πέος τοῦ νυμφίου.
φέρε δεῦρο τὰς σπονδάς, ἵν' αὐτῇ δῶ μόνῃ,
ὁτιὴ γυνή 'στι τοῦ πολέμου τ' οὐκ ἀξία.

DIC. Now roast these; and mind you brown them well.

Enter the GROOMSMAN *and* BRIDESMAID.

GROOM. Hallo, Dicaeopolis!

DIC. Who's this? Who's this?

GROOM. Our bridegroom has sent you these tit-bits from his wedding-feast.

DIC. It's very thoughtful of him, whoever he may be.

GROOM. And he wants you in return to pour him out into this alabaster vase one drop of peace, so that he may not be called off to foreign service, but just stop at home and devote himself to continuous copulation.

DIC. Take back the tit-bits; don't give them to me. I wouldn't part with one drop for a thousand drachmas. But who's this lady?

GROOM. The bridesmaid. She has a message from the Bride to convey to you in private.

DIC. Come here, my dear. What have you got to say? (*The* BRIDESMAID *whispers to him.*) O, it's absurd! Ye gods, it's ridiculous what this Bride asks! She wants to keep her husband's privates for her own sole use at home. Well, take this truce. I only give it to you, my dear, because a woman is not liable

ὕπεχ' ὧδε δεῦρο τοὐξάλειπτρον, ὦ γύναι.
οἶσθ' ὡς ποιεῖτε τοῦτο; τῇ νύμφῃ φράσον,
ὅταν στρατιώτας καταλέγωσι, τουτῳὶ
νύκτωρ ἀλειφέτω τὸ πέος τοῦ νυμφίου.
ἀπόφερε τὰς σπονδάς. φέρε τὴν οἰνήρυσιν,
ἵν' οἶνον ἐγχέω λαβὼν ἐς τοὺς χόας.

ΧΟΡ. καὶ μὴν ὁδί τις τὰς ὀφρῦς ἀνεσπακὼς
ὥσπερ τι δεινὸν ἀγγελῶν ἐπείγεται.

ΑΓ. Α. ἰὼ πόνοι τε καὶ μάχαι καὶ Λάμαχοι.

ΛΑΜ. τίς ἀμφὶ χαλκοφάλαρα δώματα κτυπεῖ;

ΑΓ. Α. ἰέναι σ' ἐκέλευον οἱ στρατηγοὶ τήμερον
ταχέως λαβόντα τοὺς λόχους καὶ τοὺς λόφους·
κἄπειτα τηρεῖν νιφόμενον τὰς εἰσβολάς.
ὑπὸ τοὺς Χόας γὰρ καὶ Χύτρους αὐτοῖσί τις
ἤγγειλε λῃστὰς ἐμβαλεῖν Βοιωτίους.

ΛΑΜ. ἰὼ στρατηγοὶ πλείονες ἢ βελτίονες.

for military service. Bring me your vase, young lady. Now do you know what to do with this? Tell the Bride that when the conscription is made, she is to anoint her husband's cock-a- 7 doodle with it. Then take back the rest of the truce, and bring me the wine-strainer that I may rack off the wine for the Feast of Cups.

(*Exeunt* GROOMSMAN *and* BRIDESMAID.)

CHO. Now here's somebody looking very glum, evidently posting hither with some bad news.

Enter a MESSENGER.

MES. What ho, Lamachus! Alas, for toil and trouble!

Enter LAMACHUS.

LAM. (*bombastically*). Who calls so loudly at my castle gates?

MES. The generals bid you set off to-day, taking your hosts and helmets with you, and keep guard over the passes in the snow. It has been announced that Boeotian marauders contemplate an attack during the Feast of the Cups and Pitchers.

LAM. Hang the generals! There's a damned sight too many of them!

ΔΙΚ. οὐ δεινὰ μὴ 'ξεῖναί με μηδ' ἑορτάσαι;
ἰὼ στράτευμα πολεμολαμαχαϊκόν.
ΛΑΜ. οἴμοι κακοδαίμων, καταγελᾷς ἤδη σύ μου.
ΔΙΚ. βούλει μάχεσθαι Γηρυόνῃ τετραπτίλῳ;
ΛΑΜ. αἰαῖ,
οἵαν ὁ κῆρυξ ἀγγελίαν ἤγγειλέ μοι.
ΔΙΚ. αἰαῖ, τίνα δ' αὖ μοι προστρέχει τις ἀγγελῶν;
ΑΓ. Β. Δικαιόπολι. ΔΙΚ. τί ἔστιν; ΑΓ. Β. ἐπὶ δεῖπνον ταχὺ
βάδιζε, τὴν κίστην λαβὼν καὶ τὸν χόα.
ὁ τοῦ Διονύσου γάρ σ' ἱερεὺς μεταπέμπεται.
ἀλλ' ἐγκόνει· δειπνεῖν κατακωλύεις πάλαι.
τὰ δ' ἄλλα πάντ' ἐστὶν παρεσκευασμένα,
κλῖναι, τράπεζαι, προσκεφάλαια, στρώματα,
στέφανοι, μύρον, τραγήμαθ', αἱ πόρναι πάρα,
ἄμυλοι, πλακοῦντες, σησαμοῦντες, ἴτρια,
ὀρχηστρίδες, τὰ φίλταθ' Ἁρμοδίου, καλαί.
ἀλλ' ὡς τάχιστα σπεῦδε. ΛΑΜ. κακοδαίμων ἐγώ.

DIC. Isn't it hard that a man can't be let get his supper in peace? Curse this warlike preparation, say I.

LAM. I am an unfortunate devil. You've got the laugh at me now.

DIC. (*showing him a locust*). Would you like to have a set-to with the four-winged Geryon?

LAM. O lord, what a message that herald brought me!

DIC. And here's one coming with a message for me now!

Enter a second MESSENGER.

MES. Dicaeopolis!

DIC. Well?

MES. Make haste to supper. Bring your basket and wine-cup with you; the Priest of the wine-god, Dionysus, sends to fetch you. Hurry up, for you're keeping the banquet waiting. Everything is prepared—couches, tables, cushions, coverlets, garlands, perfumes, dainties of every description—concubines included—cakes of all kinds, and dancing-girls that would have delighted the heart of Harmodius. Make as much haste as ever you can. (*Exit.*)

LAM. I repeat, what an unfortunate devil I am!

ΔΙΚ. καὶ γὰρ σὺ μεγάλην ἐπεγράφου τὴν Γοργόνα.
σύγκλειε, καὶ δεῖπνόν τις ἐνσκευαζέτω.
ΛΑΜ. παῖ παῖ, φέρ' ἔξω δεῦρο τὸν γύλιόν ἐμοί.
ΔΙΚ. παῖ παῖ, φέρ' ἔξω δεῦρο τὴν κίστην ἐμοί.
ΛΑΜ. ἅλας θυμίτας οἶσε, παῖ, καὶ κρόμμυα.
ΔΙΚ. ἐμοὶ δὲ τεμάχη· κρομμύοις γὰρ ἄχθομαι.
ΛΑΜ. θρῖον ταρίχους οἶσε δεῦρο, παῖ, σαπροῦ.
ΔΙΚ. κἀμοὶ σὺ δημοῦ θρῖον· ὀπτήσω δ' ἐκεῖ.
ΛΑΜ. ἔνεγκε δεῦρο τὼ πτερὼ τὼ 'κ τοῦ κράνους.
ΔΙΚ. ἐμοὶ δὲ τὰς φάττας γε φέρε καὶ τὰς κίχλας.
ΛΑΜ. καλόν γε καὶ λευκὸν τὸ τῆς στρουθοῦ πτερόν.
ΔΙΚ. καλόν γε καὶ ξανθὸν τὸ τῆς φάττης κρέας.
ΛΑΜ. ὤνθρωπε, παῦσαι καταγελῶν μου τῶν ὅπλων.
ΔΙΚ. ὤνθρωπε, βούλει μὴ βλέπειν εἰς τὰς κίχλας;
ΛΑΜ. τὸ λοφεῖον ἐξένεγκε τῶν τριῶν λόφων.

DIC. You shouldn't have enlisted in the service of the Gorgon. But shut the door, and let somebody get ready the supper.

LAM. Here, boy—boy! I say—bring out my knapsack.

DIC. Here, boy—boy! I say—bring out the basket for the provisions.

LAM. Mind the salt, and don't forget the onions.

DIC. Bring the cutlets. I abominate onions.

LAM. Bring me, boy, a chunk of that stinking salt-fish.

DIC. Bring me a savoury pie. I'll warm it up when I get there.

LAM. Mind the two feathers for my helmet.

DIC. Don't forget the pigeons and the thrushes for me.

LAM. Beautiful is the white plume!

DIC. Beautiful the browned flesh of the pigeon!

LAM. You fellow! don't chaff at my equipment.

DIC. And you, fellow! don't cast sheep's eyes on my thrushes.

LAM. And now bring me out the helmet-case for my triple horse-hair plume.

ΔΙΚ. κἀμοὶ λεκάνιον τῶν λαγῴων δὸς κρεῶν.

ΛΑΜ. ἀλλ' ἦ τριχόβρωτες τοὺς λόφους μου κατέφαγον;

ΔΙΚ. ἀλλ' ἦ πρὸ δείπνου τὴν μίμαρκυν κατέδομαι;

ΛΑΜ. ὤνθρωπε, βούλει μὴ προσαγορεύειν ἐμέ

ΔΙΚ. οὔκ, ἀλλ' ἐγὼ χὼ παῖς ἐρίζομεν πάλαι.
βούλει περιδόσθαι, κἀπιτρέψαι Λαμάχῳ,
πότερον ἀκρίδες ἥδιόν ἐστιν, ἢ κίχλαι;

ΛΑΜ. οἴμ' ὡς ὑβρίζεις. ΔΙΚ. τὰς ἀκρίδας κρίνει πολύ.

ΛΑΜ. παῖ παῖ, καθελών μοι τὸ δόρυ δεῦρ' ἔξω φέρε.

ΔΙΚ. παῖ, παῖ, σὺ δ' ἀφελὼν δεῦρο τὴν χορδὴν φέρε.

ΛΑΜ. φέρε, τοῦ δόρατος ἀφελκύσωμαι τοὔλυτρον.
ἔχ', ἀντέχου, παῖ. ΔΙΚ. καὶ σύ, παῖ, τοῦδ' αντέχου.

ΛΑΜ. τοὺς κιλλίβαντας οἶσε, παῖ, τῆς ἀσπίδος.

ΔΙΚ. καὶ τῆς ἐμῆς τοὺς κριβανίτας ἔκφερε.

DIC. Hare-pie for me. Bring it here.

LAM. I wonder whether the moths have got at my crest?

DIC. I wonder whether I might venture on a snack of this pastry before supper?

LAM. Man! have you got anything to say to me?

DIC. No; only my slave and I have been discussing a matter for some time. (*To the slave.*) Perhaps you would like to try a bit, and leave the decision to Lamachus; it was whether locusts are better eating than thrushes.

LAM. You bumptious fellow!

DIC. Because, you know, my man prefers locusts by far.

LAM. Boy, take down my spear and bring it here.

DIC. Boy, take the roast meat off the spit, and bring it to me.

LAM. Now I want to drag off the sheath from my spear. Hold on, boy.

DIC. And you, boy, hold on to the spit.

LAM. Now bring the wooden supports for my shield.

DIC. Bring the bread—the main support of my chest.

ΛΑΜ. φέρε δεῦρο γοργόνωτον ἀσπίδος κύκλον.

ΔΙΚ. κἀμοὶ πλακοῦντος τυρόνωτον δὸς κύκλον.

ΛΑΜ. ταῦτ' οὐ κατάγελώς ἐστιν ἀνθρώποις πλατύς;

ΔΙΚ. ταῦτ' οὐ πλακοῦς δῆτ' ἐστὶν ἀνθρώποις γλυκύς;

ΛΑΜ. κατάχει σύ, παῖ, τοὔλαιον. ἐν τῷ χαλκίῳ
ἐνορῶ γέροντα δειλίας φευξούμενον.

ΔΙΚ. κατάχει σὺ τὸ μέλι. κἀνθάδ' εὔδηλος γέρων
κλάειν κελεύων Λάμαχον τὸν Γοργάσου.

ΛΑΜ. φέρε δεῦρο, παῖ, θώρακα πολεμιστήριον.

ΔΙΚ. ἔξαιρε, παῖ, θώρακα κἀμοὶ τὸν χόα.

ΛΑΜ. ἐν τῷδε πρὸς τοὺς πολεμίους θωρήξομαι.

ΔΙΚ. ἐν τῷδε πρὸς τοὺς συμπότας θωρήξομαι.

ΛΑΜ. τὰ στρώματ', ὦ παῖ, δῆσον ἐκ τῆς ἀσπίδος.

ΔΙΚ. τὸ δεῖπνον, ὦ παῖ, δῆσον ἐκ τῆς κιστίδος.

ΛΑΜ. ἐγὼ δ' ἐμαυτῷ τὸν γύλιον οἴσω λαβών.

LAM. Now for the circle of my Gorgon shield.

DIC. Now for me the wide circle of a cheese-cake.

LAM. Is not this cheek too much for man to bear?

DIC. Will not this cake for man make dainty fare?

LAM. Now, boy, pour on the oil. Ah! when I look into the brazen shield I see the reflection of an old fellow who will be brought to trial for cowardice.

DIC. Pour on the sauce. Ah! I can plainly see an old man who's going to bring Lamachus and his Gorgon to grief.

LAM. Now bring my warlike breastplate.

DIC. Bring me my breastplate too — my winecup.

LAM. In this I shall withstand all my enemies.

DIC. With this I will beat all my fellow-banqueters in drinking.

LAM. The bedding. Pack that, boy, with the shield.

DIC. Fasten the supper, boy, on the chest.

LAM. I will take my knapsack with me.

ΔΙΚ. ἐγὼ δὲ θοἰμάτιον λαβὼν ἐξέρχομαι.
ΛΑΜ. τὴν ἀσπίδ' αἶρου, καὶ βάδιζ', ὦ παῖ, λαβών.
νίφει. βαβαιάξ· χειμέρια τὰ πράγματα.
ΔΙΚ. αἶρου τὸ δεῖπνον· συμποτικὰ τὰ πράγματα.
ΧΟΡ. ἴτε δὴ χαίροντες ἐπὶ στρατιάν.
ὡς ἀνομοίαν ἔρχεσθον ὁδόν·
τῷ μὲν πίνειν στεφανωσαμένῳ,
σοὶ δὲ ῥιγῶν καὶ προφυλάττειν,
τῷ δὲ καθεύδειν
μετὰ παιδίσκης ὡραιοτάτης,
ἀνατριβομένῳ γε τὸ δεῖνα.
'Αντίμαχον τὸν Ψακάδος τὸν ξυγγραφῆ, τὸν μελέων ποιητήν,
ὡς μὲν ἁπλῷ λόγῳ κακῶς ἐξολέσειεν ὁ Ζεύς·
ὅς γ' ἐμὲ τὸν τλήμονα Λήναια χορηγῶν ἀπέλυσ' ἄδειπνον.
ὃν ἔτ' ἐπίδοιμι τευθίδος
δεόμενον, ἡ δ' ὠπτημένη
σίζουσα πάραλος ἐπὶ τραπέζῃ κειμένη
ὀκέλλοι· κᾆτα μέλλοντος λαβεῖν
αὐτοῦ κύων ἁρπάσασα φεύγοι.
τοῦτο μὲν αὐτῷ κακὸν ἕν· κᾆθ' ἕτερον νυκτερινὸν γένοιτο.

DIC. I'll get my cloak, and come out.

LAM. Take the shield, boy, and carry it with you. It snows. Ah! it looks like a rough night.

DIC. Carry off the supper. It looks like a wet night—a soaking one, in fact.

(*Exeunt severally.*)

CHORUS.

Go your ways to your different expeditions, but by what different roads! One to drink crowned with garlands; the other to shiver on his watch. One to sleep with a pretty wench, while the other must amuse himself—without the wench!

My wish is simply that Zeus, the almighty, may bring to a bad end Antimachus, the son of Psacas, that scribbler of verses, who, when he was choragus[1] at the Lenaean festival, sent unhappy me away supperless. I should just like to see him hungry for a snack of fried fish, and whilst it was cooking, and his attention called off, I should then like to see a ravenous bitch run away with it.

That's one misfortune I should enjoy seeing

[1] Leader of the Chorus.

ἠπιαλῶν γὰρ οἴκαδ' ἐξ ἱππασίας βαδίζων,
εἶτα πατάξειέ τις αὐτοῦ μεθύων τὴν κεφαλὴν
'Ορέστης
μαινόμενος· ὁ δὲ λίθον λαβεῖν
βουλόμενος ἐν σκότῳ λάβοι
τῇ χειρὶ πέλεθον ἀρτίως κεχεσμένον·
ἐπᾴξειεν δ' ἔχων τὸν μάρμαρον,
κἄπειθ' ἁμαρτὼν βάλοι Κρατῖνον.
ΘΕΡ. ὦ δμῶες οἳ κατ' οἶκόν ἐστε Λαμάχου,
ὕδωρ ὕδωρ ἐν χυτριδίῳ θερμαίνετε·
ὀθόνια, κηρωτὴν παρασκευάζετε,
ἔρι' οἰσυπηρά, λαμπάδιον περὶ τὸ σφυρόν.
ἀνὴρ τέτρωται χάρακι διαπηδῶν τάφρον,
καὶ τὸ σφυρὸν παλίνορρον ἐξεκόκκισεν,
καὶ τῆς κεφαλῆς κατέαγε περὶ λίθον πεσών,
[καὶ Γοργόν' ἐξήγειρεν ἐκ τῆς ἀσπίδος.]
πτίλον δὲ τὸ μέγα κομπολακύθου πεσὸν
πρὸς ταῖς πέτραισι δεινὸν ἐξηύδα μέλος·
ὦ κλεινὸν ὄμμα, νῦν πανύστατόν σ' ἰδὼν
λείπω φάος γε τοὐμόν, οὐκέτ' εἴμ' ἐγώ.
τοσαῦτα λέξας εἰς ὑδρορρόαν πεσὼν

him suffer. The next should be a nocturnal adventure. As he was coming home in a state of fever-heat from riding, I should like some mad-drunk Orestes to break his head for him, and then, as he stooped to pick up a stone in the darkness, I should like him to take up a lump of shit recently deposited there; I should like him to take aim with this unsavoury missile, but to miss his mark and hit Cratinus[1] with it.

Enter a MESSENGER.

MES. Now, you flunkeys hanging about the house of Lamachus, stir your stumps. Warm some water in a pipkin; get ready rags, oiled silk, greased wool, and a bandage for his ankle. The hero has been hurt by a stake as he was jumping over a ditch. His ankle was sprained, and he fell over with his head on a rock, knocking all the Gorgon out of his shield. As the plume he boasted of so much went toppling down the rocks, he began to sing out, "O glorious orb of day, now I look upon your light for the last time. I'm done for!"[2] So saying, he tumbled into the ditch. He struggled out,

[1] *Not* the comic poet.

[2] From some tragic poet.

ἀνίσταταί τε καὶ ξυναντᾷ δραπέταις
λῃστὰς ἐλαύνων καὶ κατασπέρχων δορί.
ὁδὶ δὲ καὐτός· ἀλλ' ἄνοιγε τὴν θύραν.

ΛΑΜ. ἀτταταῖ ἀτταταῖ,
στυγερὰ τάδε γε κρυερὰ πάθεα. τάλας ἐγὼ
διόλλυμαι δορὸς ὑπὸ πολεμίου τυπείς.
ἐκεῖνο δ' αἰακτὸν ἂν γένοιτό μοι,
Δικαιόπολις ἂν εἴ μ' ἴδοι τετρωμένον,
κᾆτ' ἐγχάνοι ταῖς ἐμαῖς τύχαισιν.

ΔΙΚ. ἀτταταῖ ἀτταταῖ
τῶν τιτθίων, ὡς σκληρὰ καὶ κυδώνια.
φιλήσατόν με μαλθακῶς, ὦ χρυσίω,
τὸ περιπεταστὸν κἀπιμανδαλωτόν.
τὸν γὰρ χόα πρῶτος ἐκπέπωκα.

ΛΑΜ. ὦ συμφορὰ τάλαινα τῶν ἐμῶν κακῶν.
ἰὼ ἰὼ τραυμάτων ἐπωδύνων.

ΔΙΚ. ἰὴ ἰὴ χαῖρε Λαμαχίππιον.

ΛΑΜ. στυγερὸς ἐγώ.

ΔΙΚ. μογερὸς ἐγώ.

ΛΑΜ. τί με σὺ κυνεῖς;

and meeting some deserters, so far forgot his bad leg as to make after them with his spear. But here he comes; open the door.

Enter LAMACHUS *with his leg bound up, while he is led by two slaves. On the other side enter* DICAEOPOLIS, *drunk, supported by two dancing-girls.*

LAM. O lord! O dear! What pain I am suffering. I'm ready to die of this wound from the enemy's spear. But the worst fate of all for me would be if Dicaeopolis saw my dilapidated condition. He would be sure to laugh at my misfortunes.

DIC. O lord! O dear! What titties you've got, as hard and plump as apples. Kiss me softly, my two golden pippins—a nice biting kiss. I was the first to drink up the cup of wine.

LAM. O cruel fate! O these excruciating wounds!

DIC. Hallo! Is that Lamachus again? How are you, my jockey?

LAM. I'm in such pain.

DIC. I don't feel easy either.

LAM. What are you kissing me for?

ΔΙΚ. τί με σὺ δάκνεις;

ΛΑΜ. τάλας ἐγὼ [τῆς ἐν μάχῃ] ξυμβολῆς βαρείας.

ΔΙΚ. τοῖς Χουσὶ γάρ τις ξυμβολὰς ἐπράττετο;

ΛΑΜ. ἰὼ ἰὼ Παιὰν Παιάν.

ΔΙΚ. ἀλλ' οὐχὶ νυνὶ τήμερον Παιώνια.

ΛΑΜ. λάβεσθέ μου, λάβεσθε τοῦ σκέλους· παπαῖ,
προσλάβεσθ', ὦ φίλοι.

ΔΙΚ. ἐμοῦ δέ γε σφὼ τοῦ πέους ἄμφω μέσου
προσλάβεσθ', ὦ φίλαι.

ΛΑΜ. ἰλιγγιῶ κάρα λίθῳ πεπληγμένος,
καὶ σκοτοδινιῶ.

ΔΙΚ. κἀγὼ καθεύδειν βούλομαι καὶ στύομαι
καὶ σκοτοβινιῶ.

ΛΑΜ. θύραζέ μ' ἐξενέγκατ' ἐς τοῦ Πιττάλου
παιωνίαισι χερσίν.

ΔΙΚ. ὡς τοὺς κριτάς μ' ἐκφέρετε· ποῦ 'στιν ὁ βασιλεύς;
ἀπόδοτέ μοι τὸν ἀσκόν.

ΛΑΜ. λόγχη τις ἐμπέπηγέ μοι δι' ὀστέων ὀδυρτά.

ΔΙΚ. ὁρᾶτε τουτονὶ κενόν. τήνελλα καλλίνικος.

DIC. You needn't bite my nose off.

LAM. That was a terrible charge in which I was wounded.

DIC. Charge! D'you mean to say you were charged anything on the Cup Day?

LAM. O Apollo, God of Healing!

DIC. But this isn't Hospital Day, it's the Cup Day.

LAM. Take me; catch me hold by the leg, friends. Hold me fast.

DIC. And lay hold of me by the leg, my dears; I mean the middle leg. Both of you take hold of that.

LAM. I feel a swimming in my head. Darkness comes over me.

DIC. And I feel a standing in my tail. I should like to go to bed and copulate in the dark.

LAM. Carry me off, please, to Dr. Pittalus for medical treatment.

DIC. Carry me off to the judges. Where is the chief? Let me have the wineskin I have won.

LAM. A horrid spear pierced through my very bones.

DIC. Here's my cup empty. See the Conquering Hero!

ΧΟΡ. *τήνελλα δῆτ', εἴπερ καλεῖς γ', ὦ πρέσβυ, καλλίνικος.*

ΔΙΚ. *καὶ πρός γ' ἄκρατον ἐγχέας ἄμυστιν ἐξέλαψα.*

ΧΟΡ. *τήνελλα νυν, ὦ γεννάδα· χώρει λαβὼν τὸν ἀσκόν.*

ΔΙΚ. *ἕπεσθέ νυν ᾄδοντες ὦ τήνελλα καλλίνικος.*

ΧΟΡ. *ἀλλ' ἑψόμεσθα σὴν χάριν*
τήνελλα καλλίνικον ᾄ-
δοντες σὲ καὶ τὸν ἀσκόν.

CHO. All right, old man. It shall be "See the Conquering Hero!" if you put it so.

DIC. Mind you, it was neat wine, and I drained it at a draught.

CHO. Then you are a Conquering Hero. Come and fetch the wineskin you have won.

DIC. Then follow me, singing "See the Conquering Hero!"

CHO. For your sake, we will follow, and we'll sing "See the Conquering Hero!" to you and your wineskin.

THE KNIGHTS

10

ΙΠΠΗΣ

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ.

ΔΗΜΟΣ. [ΔΗ.]
ΔΗΜΟΣΘΕΝΗΣ. [ΔΗΜ.]
ΝΙΚΙΑΣ.
ΚΛΕΩΝ.
ΑΛΛΑΝΤΟΠΩΛΗΣ *οὗ ὄνομα* ΑΓΟΡΑΚΡΙΤΟΣ.
ΧΟΡΟΣ ΙΠΠΕΩΝ.

ΔΗΜ. *Ἰατταταιὰξ τῶν κακῶν, ἰατταταῖ.*
κακῶς Παφλαγόνα τὸν νεώνητον κακὸν
αὐταῖσι βουλαῖς ἀπολέσειαν οἱ θεοί.
ἐξ οὗ γὰρ εἰσήρρησεν εἰς τὴν οἰκίαν,
πληγὰς ἀεὶ προστρίβεται τοῖς οἰκέταις.

THE KNIGHTS

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

DEMUS, the typical Athenian John Bull.

DEMOSTHENES, } his Slaves.
NICIAS, }

CLEON, the Paphlagonian (his Steward).

THE SAUSAGE-SELLER (afterwards AGORACRITUS).

CHORUS OF ATHENIAN KNIGHTS.

SCENE.—*The House of Demos. Noise of a scuffle within. Enter hastily* DEMOSTHENES *and* NICIAS.[1]

DEM. O lord! here's a pretty state of things! dear me, dear me! May the gods drop down upon that new Paphlagonian[2] purchase and all his new-fangled ways! Since he entered the house, he's always getting us servants into hot water.

[1] Two Athenian Generals in the Peloponnesian war.
[2] Cleon.

ΝΙΚ. κάκιστα δῆθ' οὗτός γε πρῶτος Παφλαγόνων
αὐταῖς διαβολαῖς. ΔΗΜ. ὦ κακόδαιμον, πῶς
ἔχεις;
ΝΙΚ. κακῶς καθάπερ σύ. ΔΗΜ. δεῦρο δὴ πρόσ-
ελθ', ἵνα
ξυναυλίαν κλαύσωμεν Οὐλύμπου νόμον.
ΔΗΜ. ΝΙΚ. μὺ μῦ μὺ μῦ μὺ μῦ μὺ μῦ μὺ μῦ μὺ μῦ.
ΔΗΜ. τί κινυρόμεθ' ἄλλως; οὐκ ἐχρῆν ζητεῖν τινα
σωτηρίαν νῷν, ἀλλὰ μὴ κλάειν ἔτι;
ΝΙΚ. τίς οὖν γένοιτ' ἄν; λέγε σύ. ΔΗΜ. σὺ μὲν οὖν
μοι λέγε,
ἵνα μὴ μάχωμαι. ΝΙΚ. μὰ τὸν 'Απόλλω 'γὼ
μὲν οὔ.
ἀλλ' εἰπὲ θαρρῶν, εἶτα κἀγὼ σοὶ φράσω.
ΔΗΜ. πῶς ἂν σύ μοι λέξειας ἁμὲ χρὴ λέγειν;
ΝΙΚ. ἀλλ' οὐκ ἔνι μοι τὸ θρέττε. πῶς ἂν οὖν ποτε
εἴποιμ' ἂν αὐτὸ δῆτα κομψευριπικῶς;
ΔΗΜ. μή μοί γε, μή μοι, μὴ διασκανδικίσῃς·
ἀλλ' εὑρέ τιν' ἀπόκινον ἀπὸ τοῦ δεσπότου.

NIC. To the deuce with this frothy rascal and his tell-tale tricks!

DEM. You unfortunate devil, how did you come off?

NIC. Much the same as yourself, I fancy. About as badly as I could.

DEM. Let's do a mutual howl, then; something after the fashion of the old Olympian dirge.

BOTH. Boohoo! Boohoo! Boohoo!

DEM. But what's the use of our boohooing? Hadn't we better hunt up some mode of escape more effectual than howling?

NIC. What's your idea? Tell me.

DEM. No; you tell me yours, so that I mayn't clash with it.

NIC. I won't, by Apollo! Tell me your plan first, without beating about the bush; then I'll tell you mine.

DEM. "O that thou wouldst inspire me what to say!" (Hem, Euripides!)

NIC. But I haven't got the pluck. How could I quote Euripides?

DEM. Well, don't. Drop that green-grocery,[1] and just give us something suggestive of bolting from our master.

[1] Euripides's mother was said to have sold vegetables.

[redacted]

ΝΙΚ. *λέγε δὴ μόλωμεν ξυνεχὲς ὡδὶ ξυλλαβών.*

ΔΗΜ. *καὶ δὴ λέγω· μόλωμεν.* ΝΙΚ. *ἐξόπισθε νῦν*
αὐτὸ φαθὶ τοῦ μόλωμεν. ΔΗΜ. *αὐτό.* ΝΙΚ.
πάνυ καλῶς.
ὥσπερ δεφόμενος νῦν ἀτρέμα πρῶτον λέγε
τὸ μόλωμεν, εἶτα δ' αὐτό, κατεπάγων πυκνόν.

ΔΗΜ. *μόλωμεν αὐτὸ μόλωμεν αὐτομολῶμεν.* ΝΙΚ. *ἤν,*
οὐχ ἡδύ; ΔΗΜ. *νὴ Δία· πλήν γε περὶ τῷ δέρματι*
δέδοικα τουτονὶ τὸν οἰωνόν. ΝΙΚ. *τί δαί;*

ΔΗΜ. *ὁτιὴ τὸ δέρμα δεφομένων ἀπέρχεται.*

ΝΙΚ. *κράτιστα τοίνυν τῶν παρόντων ἐστὶ νῷν,*
θεῶν ἰόντε προσπεσεῖν του πρὸς βρέτας.

ΔΗΜ. *ποῖον βρέτας; ἐτεὸν ἡγεῖ γὰρ θεούς;*

ΝΙΚ. *ἔγωγε.* ΔΗΜ. *ποίῳ χρώμενος τεκμηρίῳ;*

ΝΙΚ. *ὁτιὴ θεοῖσιν ἐχθρός εἰμ' οὐκ εἰκότως.*

NIC. I will. Say, first of all—firmly and in one breath—the word "camp."

DEM. I say it—"camp."

NIC. Now utter a big big "D."

DEM. I do—"D."

NIC. Now put the syllables together. Say them quickly, increasing the speed gradually, just as you get the steam up when you are amusing yourself in private—you know what I mean, you rogue!

DEM. Decamp, decamp, decamp!

NIC. Isn't it nice?

DEM. Yes; only, as in that private amusement you spoke of, the skin is apt to suffer.

NIC. How?

DEM. Well, don't you flay yourself in that little private amusement you spoke of?

NIC. If that's the case, then, we'd better say our prayers at the altar of some God or other.

DEM. An altar! Do you really believe in Gods?

NIC. I do.

DEM. What proof have you got of their existence?

NIC. The fact of their treating me so badly when I don't deserve it.

ΔΗΜ. εὖ προσβιβάζεις μ'. ΝΙΚ. ἀλλ' ἑτέρᾳ πῃ σκεπτέον.

ΔΗΜ. βούλει τὸ πρᾶγμα τοῖς θεαταῖσιν φράσω;

ΝΙΚ. οὐ χεῖρον· ἓν δ' αὐτοὺς παραιτησώμεθα,
ἐπίδηλον ἡμῖν τοῖς προσώποισιν ποιεῖν,
ἢν τοῖς ἔπεσι χαίρωσι καὶ τοῖς πράγμασι.

ΔΗΜ. λέγοιμ' ἂν ἤδη. νῷν γάρ ἐστι δεσπότης
ἄγροικος ὀργήν, κυαμοτρώξ, ἀκράχολος,
Δῆμος πυκνίτης, δύσκολον γερόντιον
ὑπόκωφον. οὗτος τῇ προτέρᾳ νουμηνίᾳ
ἐπρίατο δοῦλον, βυρσοδέψην Παφλαγόνα
πανουργότατον καὶ διαβολώτατόν τινα.
οὗτος καταγνοὺς τοῦ γέροντος τοὺς τρόπους
ὁ βυρσοπαφλαγών, ὑποπεσὼν τὸν δεσπότην
ᾔκαλλ', ἐθώπευ', ἐκολάκευ', ἐξηπάτα
κοσκυλματίοις ἄκροισι, τοιαυτὶ λέγων·

DEM. Right you are. I'm converted to your way of thinking.

NIC. Well, we must try something better than saying our prayers.

DEM. Shall I lay the matter before the audience?

NIC. That's not a bad idea. Only tell them one thing. They must signify in the usual way, by their countenances, whether they are satisfied or not with our speech and acting.

DEM. (*to the audience*). So, then, I'll tell you all about it. The fact is, we've got a master who's quick in his temper, like a horse fed on beans—you know—just a bit uncertain. His name is Demus, and he's a member of the Assembly, quick-tempered as I told you, and rather hard of hearing. Well, last New Moon,[1] this old fellow bought a fresh slave, a Paphlagonian tanner, who's the very devil for mischief-making. This blustering tanner soon found out the old man's weak points, fawned upon him, flattered and toadied him, until he regularly wheedled him with his cobbler's chatter. Here's a sample of his twaddle: "O Demus,"

[1] When a great deal of business was transacted.

ὦ Δῆμε, λοῦσαι πρῶτον ἐκδικάσας μίαν,
ἐνθοῦ, ῥόφησον, ἔντραγ', ἔχε τριώβολον.
βούλει παραθῶ σοι δόρπον; εἶτ' ἀναρπάσας
ὅ τι ἄν τις ἡμῶν σκευάσῃ, τῷ δεσπότῃ
Παφλαγὼν κεχάρισται τοῦτο. καὶ πρώην γ' ἐμοῦ
μᾶζαν μεμαχότος ἐν Πύλῳ Λακωνικήν,
πανουργότατά πως παραδραμὼν ὑφαρπάσας
αὐτὸς παρέθηκε τὴν ὑπ' ἐμοῦ μεμαγμένην.
ἡμᾶς δ' ἀπελαύνει, κοὐκ ἐᾷ τὸν δεσπότην
ἄλλον θεραπεύειν, ἀλλὰ βυρσίνην ἔχων
δειπνοῦντος ἑστὼς ἀποσοβεῖ τοὺς ῥήτορας.
ᾄδει δὲ χρησμούς· ὁ δὲ γέρων σιβυλλιᾷ.
ὁ δ' αὐτὸν ὡς ὁρᾷ μεμακκοακότα,
τέχνην πεποίηται. τοὺς γὰρ ἔνδον ἄντικρυς
ψευδῆ διαβάλλει· κᾆτα μαστιγούμεθα
ἡμεῖς· Παφλαγὼν δὲ περιθέων τοὺς οἰκέτας
αἰτεῖ, ταράττει, δωροδοκεῖ, λέγων ταδί·

says he, "just try one case, and then take a bath, have a long drink and a good feed. Let me set supper for you." Then he comes and catches up any little kickshaw we've been preparing for the master, and so this Paphlagonian gets the credit of it. Only yesterday I made a fine Laconian cake at Pylos,[1] when he came and cunningly appropriated what I had compounded, setting that before the master too. He drives us off and won't let anybody but himself wait on the old chunk; but there he stands with his leather fly-flap at supper-time and whisks away the very orators themselves. Then he quotes oracles to him, and the old fool listens to all his hanky-panky; so when the Paphlagonian sees him interested, he goes on and concocts stories. And this isn't the worst. He tells downright lies about the rest of us, and gets us flogged. This Paphlagonian goes round among his fellow-servants, cajoles, confounds, and blackmails them in some such fashion as this: "You see," says he, "what

[1] Referring to the siege of the island of Sphacteria, in front of the harbour of Pylos (modern Navarino), Cleon declared that he would take it in twenty days; he was taken at his word (which he by no means intended), but chance enabled him to carry out his enterprise successfully.

ὁρᾶτε τὸν Ὕλαν δι' ἐμὲ μαστιγούμενον;
εἰ μή μ' ἀναπείσητ', ἀποθανεῖσθε τήμερον.
ἡμεῖς δὲ δίδομεν· εἰ δὲ μή, πατούμενοι
ὑπὸ τοῦ γέροντος ὀκταπλάσια χέζομεν.
νῦν οὖν ἀνύσαντε φροντίσωμεν, ὦγαθέ,
ποίαν ὁδὸν νὼ τρεπτέον καὶ πρὸς τίνα.

ΝΙΚ. κράτιστ' ἐκείνην ἣν μόλωμεν, ὦγαθέ.

ΔΗΜ. ἀλλ' οὐχ οἷόν τε τὸν Παφλαγόν' οὐδὲν λαθεῖν·
ἐφορᾷ γὰρ οὗτος πάντ'. ἔχει γὰρ τὸ σκέλος
τὸ μὲν ἐν Πύλῳ, τὸ δ' ἕτερον ἐν τἠκκλησίᾳ.
τοσόνδε δ' αὐτοῦ βῆμα διαβεβηκότος
ὁ πρωκτός ἐστιν αὐτόχρημ' ἐν Χαόσι,
τὼ χεῖρ' ἐν Αἰτωλοῖς, ὁ νοῦς δ' ἐν Κλωπιδῶν.

ΝΙΚ. κράτιστον οὖν νῷν ἀποθανεῖν. ἀλλὰ σκόπει,
ὅπως ἂν ἀποθάνωμεν ἀνδρικώτατα.

ΔΗΜ. πῶς δῆτα πῶς γένοιτ' ἂν ἀνδρικώτατα;

ΝΙΚ. βέλτιστον ἡμῖν αἷμα ταύρειον πιεῖν.

happened to Hylas,[1] how he got flogged through me. You'd better come to terms with me, if you value your lives." Then we fork out. If not, the old fellow is down upon us until we are fit to dirt ourselves. So now (*to* NICIAS), my good fellow, we really must make up our minds what we shall do, and whom we can get to help us.

NIC. Well, my friend, there's only one course, as I said before; we must decamp—bolt.

DEM. But there's no dodging this Paphlagonian, he's got his eyes everywhere. He keeps one leg in Pylos and the other in the Assembly; while, notwithstanding this stride, his backside is at the same time in Chaonia, his hands among the Aetolians, and his mind with the Clopidians.[2]

NIC. Well, then, we'd better die. Let's consider which is the most plucky way of putting an end to ourselves.

DEM. How can it be plucky to put an end to one's self at all?

NIC. We'd better drink bull's blood. That

[1] Supposed to be the fictitious name of a slave.

[2] Humorously formed from κλέπτω (steal).

[redacted]

ὁ Θεμιστοκλέους γὰρ θάνατος αἱρετώτερος.
ΔΗΜ. μὰ Δί' ἀλλ' ἄκρατον οἶνον ἀγαθοῦ δαίμονος.
ἴσως γὰρ ἂν χρηστόν τι βουλευσαίμεθα.
ΝΙΚ. ἰδού γ' ἄκρατον. περὶ πότου γοῦν ἐστί σοι;
πῶς δ' ἂν μεθύων χρηστόν τι βουλεύσαιτ' ἀνήρ;
ΔΗΜ. ἄληθες, οὗτος; κρουνοχυτρολήραιος εἶ.
οἶνον σὺ τολμᾷς εἰς ἀπόνοιαν λοιδορεῖν;
οἴνου γὰρ εὕροις ἄν τι πρακτικώτερον;
ὁρᾷς; ὅταν πίνωσιν ἄνθρωποι, τότε
πλουτοῦσι, διαπράττουσι, νικῶσιν δίκας,
εὐδαιμονοῦσιν, ὠφελοῦσι τοὺς φίλους.
ἀλλ' ἐξένεγκέ μοι ταχέως οἴνου χόα,
τὸν νοῦν ἵν' ἄρδω καὶ λέγω τι δεξιόν.
ΝΙΚ. οἴμοι, τί ποθ' ἡμᾶς ἐργάσει τῷ σῷ πότῳ;
ΔΗΜ. ἀγάθ'· ἀλλ' ἔνεγκ'· ἐγὼ δὲ κατακλινήσομαι.
ἢν γὰρ μεθυσθῶ, πάντα ταυτὶ καταπάσω
βουλευματίων καὶ γνωμιδίων καὶ νοιδίων.

was the method adopted by Themistocles,[1] and it seems a good one.

DEM. No, by God, no blood. Let's try the strong wine of our good Genius. Perhaps that will inspire us with some practical idea.

NIC. Wine, indeed! What good can come of wine? How could a drunken man devise any practical scheme?

DEM. Say you so, you wretched water-swiller? Do you dare to abuse wine, as if it muddled the mind? Can you point out anything more practical than wine? Don't you see? When men drink, they are rich, they succeed, they win their cases; they are well off themselves, and able to do good to their friends. Go and get me a cup of wine as fast as you can, so that I may whet my wit, and say something to the purpose.

NIC. O dear, what will be the end of this drinking?

DEM. Nothing but good. Go and get the wine. (*Exit* NICIAS.) I'll just lie down; and, if once I get well drunk, I shall overwhelm everybody with my plans, devices, and dodges.

[1] Thucydides does not mention this, and it is probably an invention.

ΝΙΚ. ὡς εὐτυχῶς ὅτι οὐκ ἐλήφθην ἔνδοθεν
κλέπτων τὸν οἶνον. ΔΗΜ. εἰπέ μοι, Παφλαγὼν
τί δρᾷ;

ΝΙΚ. ἐπίπαστα λείξας δημιόπραθ' ὁ βάσκανος
ῥέγκει μεθύων ἐν ταῖσι βύρσαις ὕπτιος.

ΔΗΜ. ἴθι νυν, ἄκρατον ἐγκάναξόν μοι πολὺν
σπονδήν. ΝΙΚ. λαβὲ δὴ καὶ σπεῖσον ἀγαθοῦ
δαίμονος.
ἕλχ' ἕλκε τὴν τοῦ δαίμονος τοῦ Πραμνίου.

ΔΗΜ. ὦ δαῖμον ἀγαθέ, σὸν τὸ βούλευμ', οὐκ ἐμόν.

ΝΙΚ. εἴπ', ἀντιβολῶ, τί ἔστι; ΔΗΜ. τοὺς χρησμοὺς
ταχὺ
κλέψας ἔνεγκε τοῦ Παφλαγόνος ἔνδοθεν,
ἕως καθεύδει. ΝΙΚ. ταῦτ'. ἀτὰρ τοῦ δαίμονος
δέδοιχ' ὅπως μὴ τεύξομαι κακοδαίμονος.

Re-enter NICIAS *with wine.*

NIC. How fortunate I was not caught prigging the wine from within!

DEM. Tell me, what's the Paphlagonian up to?

NIC. The trickster has made a hearty meal of confiscations and forced sales, and now, having gorged himself, he is snoring away with his nose in air as he lies outstretched upon a heap of hides.[1]

DEM. Now, then, pour me out a full draught of neat wine.

NIC. Take it, and offer a libation to your good Genius. Drain the cup in honour of the Pramnian[2] deity.

DEM. (*suddenly inspired*). O my good Genius, the plan is yours, not mine!

NIC. What is it? Tell me.

DEM. Go within and filch the oracles from the Paphlagonian while he is asleep.

NIC. What? I'm afraid this suggestion comes from some evil Genius.

[1] Cleon was a tanner.

[2] The locality is doubtful; some place Mt. Pramne in Icaria, others in Asia Minor. Pramnian wine was famous.

ΔΗΜ. φέρε νυν ἐγὼ 'μαυτῷ προσαγάγω τὸν χόα,
τὸν νοῦν ἵν' ἄρδω καὶ λέγω τι δεξιόν.

ΝΙΚ. ὡς μεγάλ' ὁ Παφλαγὼν πέρδεται καὶ ῥέγκεται,
ὥστ' ἔλαθον αὐτὸν τὸν ἱερὸν χρησμὸν λαβών,
ὅνπερ μάλιστ' ἐφύλαττεν. ΔΗΜ. ὦ σοφώτατε,
φέρ' αὐτόν, ἵν' ἀναγνῶ· σὺ δ' ἔγχεον πιεῖν
ἀνύσας τι. φέρ' ἴδω τί ἄρ' ἔνεστιν αὐτόθι.
ὦ λόγια. δός μοι δὸς τὸ ποτήριον ταχύ.

ΝΙΚ. ἰδού· τί φησ' ὁ χρησμός; ΔΗΜ. ἑτέραν ἔγχεον.

ΝΙΚ. ἐν τοῖς λογίοις ἔνεστιν ἑτέραν ἔγχεον;

ΔΗΜ. ὦ Βάκι. ΝΙΚ. τί ἔστι; ΔΗΜ. δὸς τὸ ποτήριον
ταχύ.

ΝΙΚ. πολλῷ γ' ὁ Βάκις ἐχρῆτο τῷ ποτηρίῳ.

DEM. Meanwhile, I'll take another cup of wine, as I observed just now, that I may whet my wit and say something to the purpose.

(*Exit* NICIAS. DEMOSTHENES *drinks deeply.*)

Re-enter NICIAS *with a packet.*

NIC. There's that Paphlagonian farting and snoring still, so that I had no difficulty in filching this sacred oracle of which he is so specially careful.

DEM. You clever chap! Give it to me and I'll read it. But first pour me out some wine. (*Drinks.*) Ah! now let's see what there is here. Do give me another cup of that wine, and be quick about it. (*Drinks again.*)

NIC. There! Now, what says the oracle?

DEM. Give me another drink.

NIC. Is "Give me another drink" in the oracle? (*He gives it to him.*)

DEM. O Bacis![1]

NIC. What is it?

DEM. Another drink, quick! (*He has another drink.*)

NIC. Bacis must have been a very thirsty soul!

[1] An old Boeotian seer.

ΔΗΜ. *ὦ μιαρὲ Παφλαγών, τοῦτ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἐφυλάττου πάλαι,*
τὸν περὶ σεαυτοῦ χρησμὸν ὀρρωδῶν; ΝΙΚ. *τιή;*
ΔΗΜ. *ἐνταῦθ᾽ ἔνεστιν, αὐτὸς ὡς ἀπόλλυται.*
ΝΙΚ. *καὶ πῶς;* ΔΗΜ. *ὅπως; ὁ χρησμὸς ἄντικρυς λέγει*
ὡς πρῶτα μὲν στυππειοπώλης γίγνεται,
ὃς πρῶτος ἕξει τῆς πόλεως τὰ πράγματα.
ΝΙΚ. *εἷς οὑτοσὶ πώλης. τί τοὐντεῦθεν; λέγε.*
ΔΗΜ. *μετὰ τοῦτον αὖθις προβατοπώλης δεύτερος.*
ΝΙΚ. *δύο τώδε πώλα. καὶ τί τόνδε χρὴ παθεῖν;*
ΔΗΜ. *κρατεῖν, ἕως ἕτερος ἀνὴρ βδελυρώτερος*
αὐτοῦ γένοιτο· μετὰ δὲ ταῦτ᾽ ἀπόλλυται.
ἐπιγίγνεται γὰρ βυρσοπώλης ὁ Παφλαγών,
ἅρπαξ, κεκράκτης, Κυκλοβόρου φωνὴν ἔχων.
ΝΙΚ. *τὸν προβατοπώλην ἦν ἄρ᾽ ἀπολέσθαι χρεὼν*
ὑπὸ βυρσοπώλου; ΔΗΜ. *νὴ Δί᾽.* ΝΙΚ. *οἴμοι*
δείλαιος.

DEM. You rascally Paphlagonian! No wonder you kept this so snug! You dreaded what this oracle said about yourself.

NIC. What does it say?

DEM. Herein is contained the prophecy of his downfall.

NIC. How so?

DEM. How? Why, the oracle says straight out that first of all a seller of hemp[1] shall manage the affairs of the state.

NIC. Well, that's one jobber. Who comes next? Go on.

DEM. After him comes a dealer in sheep.[2]

NIC. Two jobbers. What was to happen to him?

DEM. He was to be in power until a bigger thief than himself came to the front; then he retires. The Paphlagonian hide-seller succeeds, a robber and a roarer, with the voice of a Cycloborus.[3]

NIC. So the sheep-dealer was to be squashed by the leather-seller?

DEM. By the Lord, yes!

[1] Eucrates, the immediate successor of Pericles in authority.

[2] Lysicles, the husband of the famous Aspasia.

[3] A mountain-torrent in Attica.

πόθεν οὖν ἂν ἔτι γένοιτο πώλης εἷς μόνος;

ΔΗΜ. ἔτ' ἐστὶν εἷς, ὑπερφυᾶ τέχνην ἔχων.

ΝΙΚ. εἴπ', ἀντιβολῶ, τίς ἐστιν; ΔΗΜ. εἴπω; ΝΙΚ. νὴ Δία.

ΔΗΜ. ἀλλαντοπώλης ἔσθ' ὁ τοῦτον ἐξελῶν.

ΝΙΚ. ἀλλαντοπώλης; ὦ Πόσειδον τῆς τέχνης.
φέρε ποῦ τὸν ἄνδρα τοῦτον ἐξευρήσομεν;

ΔΗΜ. ζητῶμεν αὐτόν. ΝΙΚ. ἀλλ' ὁδὶ προσέρχεται
ὥσπερ κατὰ θεῖον εἰς ἀγοράν. ΔΗΜ. ὦ μακάριε
ἀλλαντοπῶλα, δεῦρο δεῦρ', ὦ φίλτατε,
ἀνάβαινε σωτὴρ τῇ πόλει καὶ νῷν φανείς.

ΑΛΛ. τί ἔστι; τί με καλεῖτε; ΔΗΜ. δεῦρ' ἔλθ', ἵνα πύθῃ
ὡς εὐτυχὴς εἶ καὶ μεγάλως εὐδαιμονεῖς.

ΝΙΚ. ἴθι δή, κάθελ' αὐτοῦ τοὐλεόν, καὶ τοῦ θεοῦ

NIC. Dear, dear! Then there's no other jobber left for us?

DEM. Yes, there is; one who possesses a yet more excellent craft.

NIC. Tell me, who can that be?

DEM. Shall I say?

NIC. For God's sake, yes!

DEM. It is a sausage-seller who shall put this fellow's nose out of joint.

NIC. A sausage-seller! In the name of the Sea-god Poseidon, what a business! Where in the world shall we find such a man as this?

DEM. We must hunt him up.

NIC. Look! there is one on his way to market. He must have been sent by Providence!

DEM. Hi, hi! You beatified sausage-seller! come hither, come hither, my best of friends! Come up here! You have appeared as a saviour for the city and for ourselves!

Enter the SAUSAGE-SELLER.

SAUS. What's up? What d'ye call me for?

DEM. Come here, and learn what a fortunate fellow you are, and how your luck is looking up!

NIC. Go and relieve him of his table; then

τὸν χρησμὸν ἀναδίδαξον αὐτὸν ὡς ἔχει·
ἐγὼ δ' ἰὼν προσκέψομαι τὸν Παφλαγόνα.

ΔΗΜ. ἄγε δὴ σὺ κατάθου πρῶτα τὰ σκεύη χαμαί·
ἔπειτα τὴν γῆν πρόσκυσον καὶ τοὺς θεούς.

ΑΛΛ. ἰδού· τί ἔστιν; ΔΗΜ. ὦ μακάρι', ὦ πλούσιε,
ὦ νῦν μὲν οὐδείς, αὔριον δ' ὑπέρμεγας·
ὦ τῶν Ἀθηνέων ταγὲ τῶν εὐδαιμόνων.

ΑΛΛ. τί μ', ὦγάθ', οὐ πλύνειν ἐᾷς τὰς κοιλίας
πωλεῖν τε τοὺς ἀλλᾶντας, ἀλλὰ καταγελᾷς;

ΔΗΜ. ὦ μῶρε, ποίας κοιλίας; δευρὶ βλέπε.
τὰς στίχας ὁρᾷς τὰς τῶνδε τῶν λαῶν; ΑΛΛ. ὁρῶ.

ΔΗΜ. τούτων ἁπάντων αὐτὸς ἀρχέλας ἔσει,
καὶ τῆς ἀγορᾶς καὶ τῶν λιμένων καὶ τῆς πυκνός·
βουλὴν πατήσεις καὶ στρατηγοὺς κλαστάσεις,
δήσεις, φυλάξεις, ἐν πρυτανείῳ λαικάσεις.

ΑΛΛ. ἐγώ; ΔΗΜ. σὺ μέντοι· κοὐδέπω γε πάνθ' ὁρᾷς.

tell him what the oracle says about him. I'll be off and keep my eye on the Paphlagonian. (*Exit.*)

DEM. Now put your things down on the ground. Then kiss the ground and return thanks to the gods.

SAUS. All right! But what for?

DEM. You happy fellow! You rich man! To-day you're nobody, but to-morrow you'll be a big swell! O, you ruler of happy Athens!

SAUS. There, leave me to wash my guts and sell my sausages! What are you chaffing me for?

DEM. What guts, you fool? Look! Do you see all those rows of people yonder?

SAUS. Yes, I see 'em.

DEM. Well, you're going to lord it over all of them, over the market-place, over the harbours and the House of Assembly. You shall have the Senate under your feet and make the generals eat humble-pie. You shall put people in prison or in the guard-house, while you shall exercise your own freedom so far as to fornicate in the Town Hall.

SAUS. What, I?

DEM. Yes, you; and you don't see all the

ἀλλ' ἐπανάβηθι κἀπὶ τοὐλεὸν τοδὶ
καὶ κάτιδε τὰς νήσους ἁπάσας ἐν κύκλῳ.
ΑΛΛ. καθορῶ. ΔΗΜ. τί δαί; τἀμπόρια καὶ τὰς ὁλκάδας;
ΑΛΛ. ἔγωγε. ΔΗΜ. πῶς οὖν οὐ μεγάλως εὐδαιμονεῖς;
ἔτι νῦν τὸν ὀφθαλμὸν παράβαλλ' εἰς Καρίαν
τὸν δεξιόν, τὸν δ' ἕτερον εἰς Καρχηδόνα.
ΑΛΛ. εὐδαιμονήσω δ', εἰ διαστραφήσομαι;
ΔΗΜ. οὔκ, ἀλλὰ διὰ σοῦ ταῦτα πάντα πέρναται.
γίγνει γάρ, ὡς ὁ χρησμὸς οὑτοσὶ λέγει,
ἀνὴρ μέγιστος. ΑΛΛ. εἰπέ μοι, καὶ πῶς ἐγὼ
ἀλλαντοπώλης ὢν ἀνὴρ γενήσομαι;
ΔΗΜ. δι' αὐτὸ γάρ τοι τοῦτο καὶ γίγνει μέγας,
ὁτιὴ πονηρὸς κἀξ ἀγορᾶς εἶ καὶ θρασύς.
ΑΛΛ. οὐκ ἀξιῶ 'γὼ 'μαυτὸν ἰσχύειν μέγα.
ΔΗΜ. οἴμοι, τί ποτ' ἔσθ' ὅτι σαυτὸν οὐ φῂς ἄξιον;

good things either. Mount up on the table and see all the islands[1] round about.

SAUS. I see 'em.

DEM. D'you see the markets and the merchant-ships?

SAUS. I do.

DEM. Well, ain't you a lucky trump? Then just cast your eye to Caria on the right, and to Carthage on the left.

SAUS. But I shan't look like a lucky trump if I squint.

DEM. You needn't do that; only mind, all these different places are yours to buy and sell. This oracle here says you are to be a big toff.

SAUS. But how can I, being neither more nor less than a plain sausage-seller, be a big toff?

DEM. For that very reason, because you're a low chap, a man of the market-place, as they say, but at the same time you've got plenty of bluster about you.

SAUS. Um! But I haven't quite enough impudence to go in for being a toff.

DEM. What do you mean by not going in for being a toff? One would think you knew

[1] The Cyclades.

ξυνειδέναι τί μοι δοκεῖς σαυτῷ καλόν.
μῶν ἐκ καλῶν εἶ κἀγαθῶν; ΑΛΛ. μὰ τοὺς θεούς,
εἰ μὴ 'κ πονηρῶν γ'. ΔΗΜ. ὦ μακάριε τῆς τύχης,
ὅσον πέπονθας ἀγαθὸν εἰς τὰ πράγματα.
ΑΛΛ. ἀλλ', ὠγάθ', οὐδὲ μουσικὴν ἐπίσταμαι,
πλὴν γραμμάτων, καὶ ταῦτα μέντοι κακὰ κακῶς.
ΔΗΜ. τουτὶ μόνον σ' ἔβλαψεν, ὅτι καὶ κακὰ κακῶς.
ἡ δημαγωγία γὰρ οὐ πρὸς μουσικοῦ
ἔτ' ἐστὶν ἀνδρὸς οὐδὲ χρηστοῦ τοὺς τρόπους,
ἀλλ' εἰς ἀμαθῆ καὶ βδελυρόν. ἀλλὰ μὴ παρῇς
ἅ σοι διδόασ' ἐν τοῖς λογίοισιν οἱ θεοί.
ΑΛΛ. πῶς δῆτά φησ' ὁ χρησμός; ΔΗΜ. εὖ νὴ τοὺς θεοὺς
καὶ ποικίλως πως καὶ σοφῶς ᾐνιγμένος.
'Αλλ' ὁπόταν μάρψῃ βυρσαίετος ἀγκυλοχήλης
γαμφηλῇσι δράκοντα κοάλεμον αἱματοπώτην,
δὴ τότε Παφλαγόνων μὲν ἀπόλλυται ἡ σκοροδάλμη,
κοιλιοπώλῃσιν δὲ θεὸς μέγα κῦδος ὀπάζει,
αἴ κα μὴ πωλεῖν ἀλλᾶντας μᾶλλον ἕλωνται.
ΑΛΛ. πῶς οὖν πρὸς ἐμὲ ταῦτ' ἐστίν; ἀναδίδασκέ με.

of some good points in yourself. Why, you ain't born of respectable parents, are you?

SAUS. Not I. I'm as low-born as they make 'em.

DEM. You lucky dog. You're the very man for the place.

SAUS. But, my good fellow, I've got no education. I just know my letters, and that very imperfectly.

DEM. Ah, that's against you. You ought not even to know your letters at all. The leadership of the people is no more meant for an educated man than it is for one of good character. It goes naturally to an uneducated blackguard. But don't omit the directions given you in the oracle.

SAUS. What says the oracle?

DEM. Well, it's cleverly put, but there's some little doubt about the meaning. Listen: "When the leathern eagle with crooked claws shall seize in his beak a senseless serpent, the drinker of blood; then the Paphlagonian pickle-garlic shall come to an end, and God shall give glory to gut-sellers, unless those latter prefer to continue their sausage-business."

SAUS. But what on earth has all this to do with me? Tell me!

ΔΗΜ. βυρσαίετος μὲν ὁ Παφλαγών ἐσθ' οὑτοσί.
ΑΛΛ. τί δ' ἀγκυλοχήλης ἐστίν; ΔΗΜ. αὐτό που λέγει,
ὅτι ἀγκύλαις ταῖς χερσὶν ἁρπάζων φέρει.
ΑΛΛ. ὁ δράκων δὲ πρὸς τί; ΔΗΜ. τοῦτο περιφανέστατον.
ὁ δράκων γάρ ἐστι μακρὸν ὅ τ' ἀλλᾶς αὖ μακρόν·
εἶθ' αἱματοπώτης ἔσθ' ὅ τ' ἀλλᾶς χὠ δράκων.
τὸν οὖν δράκοντά φησι τὸν βυρσαίετον
ἤδη κρατήσειν, αἴ κε μὴ θαλφθῇ λόγοις.
ΑΛΛ. τὰ μὲν λόγι' αἰκάλλει με· θαυμάζω δ' ὅπως
τὸν δῆμον οἷός τ' ἐπιτροπεύειν εἴμ' ἐγώ.
ΔΗΜ. φαυλότατον ἔργον· ταῦθ' ἅπερ ποιεῖς ποίει·
τάραττε καὶ χόρδευ' ὁμοῦ τὰ πράγματα
ἅπαντα, καὶ τὸν δῆμον ἀεὶ προσποιοῦ
ὑπογλυκαίνων ῥηματίοις μαγειρικοῖς.
τὰ δ' ἄλλα σοι πρόσεστι δημαγωγικά,
φωνὴ μιαρά, γέγονας κακῶς, ἀγόραιος εἶ·
ἔχεις ἅπαντα πρὸς πολιτείαν ἃ δεῖ·
χρησμοί τε συμβαίνουσι καὶ τὸ Πυθικόν.

DEM. Well, of course, our Paphlagonian here is the leathern eagle.

SAUS. But why "with crooked claws"?

DEM. Because he knows how to curve his hand for a theft or a tip.

SAUS. And who's the serpent?

DEM. That's plain enough. A serpent is a long thing; so is a sausage. Both the sausage and the serpent drink blood. So, then, the oracle says the serpent shall conquer the leathern eagle, unless it allows itself to be flummoxed by words.

SAUS. I rather like these oracles. But what I can't quite make out is, how I am qualified to manage the people.

DEM. Bless you, its the easiest thing in the world. Just do what you're doing now. Jumble up and make a hash of all things. Get the people on your side by basting them well with a few culinary expressions, and there you are. All the other accomplishments of a demagogue you possess—a harsh voice, low birth, and connection with the market-place. You've really got every qualification for political life. The oracles are all in your favour, even the Delphic. Put a chaplet on your head, then

ἀλλὰ στεφανοῦ, καὶ σπένδε τῷ Κοαλέμῳ·
χὤπως ἀμυνεῖ τὸν ἄνδρα. ΑΛΛ. καὶ τίς ξύμμαχος
γενήσεταί μοι; καὶ γὰρ οἵ τε πλούσιοι
δεδίασιν αὐτὸν ὅ τε πένης βδύλλει λεώς.

ΔΗΜ. ἀλλ' εἰσὶν ἱππῆς ἄνδρες ἀγαθοὶ χίλιοι
μισοῦντες αὐτόν, οἳ βοηθήσουσί σοι,
καὶ τῶν πολιτῶν οἱ καλοί τε κἀγαθοί
καὶ τῶν θεατῶν ὅστις ἐστὶ δεξιός,
κἀγὼ μετ' αὐτῶν χὼ θεὸς ξυλλήψεται.
καὶ μὴ δέδιθ'· οὐ γάρ ἐστιν ἐξῃκασμένος.
ὑπὸ τοῦ δέους γὰρ αὐτὸν οὐδεὶς ἤθελε
τῶν σκευοποιῶν εἰκάσαι. πάντως γε μὴν
γνωσθήσεται· τὸ γὰρ θέατρον δεξιόν.

ΝΙΚ. οἴμοι κακοδαίμων, ὁ Παφλαγὼν ἐξέρχεται.

ΚΛ. οὔ τοι μὰ τοὺς δώδεκα θεοὺς χαιρήσετον,
ὁτιὴ 'πὶ τῷ δήμῳ ξυνόμνυτον πάλαι.
τουτὶ τί δρᾷ τὸ Χαλκιδικὸν ποτήριον;
οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως οὐ Χαλκιδέας ἀφίστατον.
ἀπολεῖσθον, ἀποθανεῖσθον, ὦ μιαρωτάτω.

pour a libation to Dulness, and mind you drop down heavily on this fellow.

SAUS. All very fine; but who will help me? The rich people fear him; the poor are in absolute terror of him.

DEM. Ah! but there are a thousand doughty knights who hate him, and will help you. All the respectable citizens, too, and every man in this audience who's got any sense. I'll help you too, and God Almighty will help you. Don't be afraid; you won't see his face. The mask-makers were afraid to make a portrait of him. But you will recognise him. Yes, the audience has got gumption enough for that.

Enter NICIAS, *in a fright.*

NIC. Look out! Here's the Paphlagonian coming.

Enter CLEON.

CLE. By the Dozen Deities, you shall get it! You're plotting against Demus. What's the meaning of this Chalcidian cup? I know; it means you are going to stir up the Chalcidians[1] to revolt. You shall be done for; you shall die, you brace of scoundrels!

(*The* SAUSAGE-SELLER *tries to bolt, but is detained by* DEMOSTHENES.)

[1] Chalcis in Euboea, which had been subdued by the Athenians before the Peloponnesian war.

ΔΗΜ. οὗτος, τί φεύγεις, οὐ μενεῖς; ὦ γεννάδα
ἀλλαντοπῶλα, μὴ προδῷς τὰ πράγματα.
ἄνδρες ἱππῆς, παραγένεσθε· νῦν ὁ καιρός. ὦ Σίμων,
ὦ Παναίτι', οὐκ ἐλᾶτε πρὸς τὸ δεξιὸν κέρας;
ἄνδρες ἐγγύς· ἀλλ' ἀμύνου, κἀπαναστρέφου πάλιν.
ὁ κονιορτὸς δῆλος αὐτῶν ὡς ὁμοῦ προσκειμένων.
ἀλλ' ἀμύνου καὶ δίωκε καὶ τροπὴν αὐτοῦ ποιοῦ.

ΧΟΡ. παῖε παῖε τὸν πανοῦργον καὶ ταραξιππόστρατον
καὶ τελώνην καὶ φάραγγα καὶ Χάρυβδιν ἁρπαγῆς,
καὶ πανοῦργον καὶ πανοῦργον· πολλάκις γὰρ αὔτ' ἐρῶ.
καὶ γὰρ οὗτος ἦν πανοῦργος πολλάκις τῆς ἡμέρας.
ἀλλὰ παῖε καὶ δίωκε καὶ τάραττε καὶ κύκα
καὶ βδελύττου, καὶ γὰρ ἡμεῖς, κἀπικείμενος βόα·
εὐλαβοῦ δὲ μὴ 'κφύγῃ σε· καὶ γὰρ οἶδε τὰς ὁδούς,
ἅσπερ Εὐκράτης ἔφευγεν εὐθὺ τῶν κυρηβίων.

ΚΛ. ὦ γέροντες ἡλιασταί, φράτορες τριωβόλου,

DEM. Here, you fellow, stop, don't bolt. My noble sausage-seller, don't desert our cause. Knights, support us. Simon, Panaetius, to the right wing. The men I told you about are close by. Come back and stand firm. Look what a dust they're kicking up already. You've only got to stand your ground. You'll soon put him to flight.

Enter the CHORUS OF KNIGHTS.

CHO. Hit him hard, the rascal, the disturber of the public peace, the publican, the sink of iniquity, the abyss of fraud, the scoundrel! the scoundrel! I shall go on calling him scoundrel, for he played the scoundrel over and over again every day. Hit him hard, hunt him down, trip him up, maul him, mangle him—that's what we are about—hustle him and howl at him. Mind he doesn't escape, for well he knows all the ways along which Eucrates[1] ran to hide himself in his own meal-tub.

CLE. (*appealing to the audience*). Old fellows, gentlemen of the jury, pals with whom I

[1] The person already mentioned; he is said to have made enough money to buy a flour-mill.

οὓς ἐγὼ βόσκω κεκραγὼς καὶ δίκαια κἄδικα,
παραβοηθεῖθ', ὡς ὑπ' ἀνδρῶν τύπτομαι ξυνωμοτῶν.

ΧΟΡ. ἐν δίκῃ γ', ἐπεὶ τὰ κοινὰ πρὶν λαχεῖν κατεσθίεις,
κἀποσυκάζεις πιέζων τοὺς ὑπευθύνους, σκοπῶν
ὅστις αὐτῶν ὠμός ἐστιν ἢ πέπων ἢ μὴ πέπων,
κἄν τιν' αὐτῶν γνῷς ἀπράγμον' ὄντα καὶ κεχηνότα,
καταγαγὼν ἐκ Χερρονήσου, διαλαβών, ἀγκυρίσας,
εἶτ' ἀποστρέψας τὸν ὦμον αὐτὸν ἐνεκολήβασας·
καὶ σκοπεῖς γε τῶν πολιτῶν ὅστις ἐστὶν ἀμνοκῶν,
πλούσιος καὶ μὴ πονηρὸς καὶ τρέμων τὰ πράγματα.

ΚΛ. ξυνεπίκεισθ' ὑμεῖς; ἐγὼ δ', ἄνδρες, δι' ὑμᾶς τύπτομαι,
ὅτι λέγειν γνώμην ἔμελλον ὡς δίκαιον ἐν πόλει
ἱστάναι μνημεῖον ὑμῶν ἐστιν ἀνδρείας χάριν.

ΧΟΡ. ὡς δ' ἀλαζών, ὡς δὲ μάσθλης· εἶδες οἷ' ὑπέρχεται
ὡσπερεὶ γέροντας ἡμᾶς καὶ κοβαλικεύεται;

earned three obols a day,[1] and whom I feed by my impeachments, just or unjust, come to my aid, for I am being pummelled by this gang of conspirators.

CHO. And justly too; since you devour the public funds before they are voted. You squeeze unhappy delinquents like figs to see which of them is ripe or unripe for your devouring. Then if you find any of them unbusiness-like and gawky, as if newly arrived from some foreign parts—the Chersonese[2] say—you fasten on to him and bring him down; you look out for these sheepish citizens, anybody, in fact, who is rich and unsophisticated and afraid of business.

CLE. What, are you joining the attack on me too? Thus it is, my friends, I am pummelled on your account, just because I was going to state my opinion, that it was only fair you should have a statue set up to commemorate your bravery.

CHO. The fawning rascal! You see how he tries to wheedle us, just as though he were fooling a lot of old dotards. If he succeeds, he

[1] The pay for attending the courts of justice.

[2] The Thracian Chersonese, which was subject to Athens. Cleon is supposed to summon some of its inhabitants to Athens to answer a trumped-up charge.

ἀλλ' ἐὰν ταύτῃ γε νικᾷ, ταυτῃὶ πεπλήξεται·
ἢν δ' ὑπεκκλίνῃ γε δευρί, τὸ σκέλος κυρηβάσει.

ΚΛ. ὦ πόλις καὶ δῆμ', ὑφ' οἵων θηρίων γαστρίζομαι.

ΧΟΡ. καὶ κέκραγας, ὥσπερ ἀεὶ τὴν πόλιν καταστρέφει;

ΑΛΛ. ἀλλ' ἐγώ σε τῇ βοῇ ταύτῃ γε πρῶτα τρέψομαι.

ΧΟΡ. ἀλλ' ἐὰν μὲν τόνδε νικᾷς τῇ βοῇ, τήνελλος εἶ·
ἢν δ' ἀναιδείᾳ παρέλθῃ σ', ἡμέτερος ὁ πυραμοῦς.

ΚΛ. τουτονὶ τὸν ἄνδρ' ἐγὼ 'νδείκνυμι, καὶ φήμ' ἐξ-άγειν
ταῖσι Πελοποννησίων τριήρεσι ζωμεύματα.

ΑΛΛ. ναὶ μὰ Δία κἄγωγε τοῦτον, ὅτι κενῇ τῇ κοιλίᾳ
ἐσδραμὼν ἐς τὸ πρυτανεῖον, εἶτα πάλιν ἐκθεῖ πλέᾳ.

ΔΗΜ. νὴ Δί', ἐξάγων γε τἀπόρρηθ', ἅμ' ἄρτον καὶ κρέας
καὶ τέμαχος, οὗ Περικλέης οὐκ ἠξιώθη πώποτε.

ΚΛ. ἀποθανεῖσθον αὐτίκα μάλα.

ΑΛΛ. τριπλάσιον κεκράξομαί σου.

ΚΛ. καταβοήσομαι βοῶν σε.

ΑΛΛ. κατακεκράξομαί σε κράζων.

will suffer for it; and if he tries to slip away here, he will find he comes into collision with my toe.

CLE. O city! O people! By what a lot of wild beasts am I being disembowelled!

CHO. You dare to invoke the city, when you have always plundered it?

SAUS. (*plucking up courage*). If it comes to shouting, I think I can beat you in that line.

CHO. Bravo! If you beat him in bawling, you'll score a victory. If you beat him in impudence, we take the cake indeed.

CLE. I denounce this man for sending supplies of his messes to the Peloponnesian warships.

SAUS. And by God I denounce this fellow, because he bustled into the Town Hall with an empty belly and came out with a full one.

DEM. Yes, by the Lord, and carried off with him against the regulations—bread, meat, and fish, delicacies which even Pericles never dreamed of.

CLE. I'll be the death of you two.

SAUS. I can shout three times as loud as you.

CLE. You can't, I'll bawl you down.

SAUS. Try it; I'll outbawl you.

ΚΛ. *διαβαλῶ σ', ἐὰν στρατηγῇς.*

ΑΛΛ. *κυνοκοπήσω σου τὸ νῶτον.*

ΚΛ. *περιελῶ σ' ἀλαζονείαις.*

ΑΛΛ. *ὑποτεμοῦμαι τὰς ὁδούς σου.*

ΚΛ. *βλέψον εἴς μ' ἀσκαρδάμυκτος.*

ΑΛΛ. *ἐν ἀγορᾷ κἀγὼ τέθραμμαι.*

ΚΛ. *διαφορήσω σ', εἴ τι γρύξεις.*

ΑΛΛ. *κοπροφορήσω σ', εἰ λαλήσεις.*

ΚΛ. *ὁμολογῶ κλέπτειν· σὺ δ' οὐχί.*

ΑΛΛ. *νὴ τὸν Ἑρμῆν τὸν ἀγοραῖον,*
κἀπιορκῶ γε βλεπόντων.

ΚΛ. *ἀλλότρια τοίνυν σοφίζει,*
καί σε φαίνω τοῖς πρυτάνεσιν,
ἀδεκατεύτους τῶν θεῶν ἱ-
ρὰς ἔχοντα κοιλίας.

ΧΟΡ. *ὦ μιαρὲ καὶ βδελυρὲ καὶ κεκράκτα, [τοῦ] σοῦ θράσους*
πᾶσα μὲν γῆ πλέα, πᾶσα δ' ἐκκλησία,

CLE. I'll denounce you if you are elected a general.

SAUS. I'll tan your hide for you.

CLE. I'll take the nonsense out of you.

SAUS. I'll put a stopper on your little games.

CLE. Look at me, if you can, without winking.

SAUS. Look at you! Wasn't I brought up in the market-place?

CLE. I'll tear you in pieces if you mutter at me!

SAUS. And I'll cover you with shit if you talk to me.

CLE. If I steal, I confess it; you don't.

SAUS. By Hermes[1] of the Market, I do! I can perjure myself too, whoever may be looking on.

CLE. So, then, you appropriate gifts of which I claim a monopoly. I shall denounce you to the Prytanes for having in your possession entrails sacred to the gods, on which no tithe has been paid.

CHO. You nasty, filthy fellow! you blatant bellower! The whole land is full of your im-

[1] The God of Thieves, and also of the Market-place, where there was a statue of him.

καὶ τέλη καὶ γραφαὶ καὶ δικαστήρι', ὦ
βορβοροτάραξι καὶ
τὴν πόλιν ἅπασαν ἡμῶν ἀνατετυρβακώς,
ὅστις ἡμῶν τὰς Ἀθήνας ἐκκεκώφηκας βοῶν,
κἀπὸ τῶν πετρῶν ἄνωθεν τοὺς φόρους θυννοσκοπῶν.

ΚΛ. οἶδ' ἐγὼ τὸ πρᾶγμα τοῦθ' ὅθεν πάλαι καττύεται.

ΑΛΛ. εἰ δὲ μὴ σύ γ' οἶσθα κάττυμ', οὐδ' ἐγὼ χορδεύματα,
ὅστις ὑποτέμνων ἐπώλεις δέρμα μοχθηροῦ βοὸς
τοῖς ἀγροίκοισιν πανούργως, ὥστε φαίνεσθαι παχύ,
καὶ πρὶν ἡμέραν φορῆσαι, μεῖζον ἦν δυοῖν δοχμαῖν.

ΔΗΜ. νὴ Δία κἀμὲ τοῦτ' ἔδρασε ταυτόν, ὥστε κατάγελων
πάμπολυν τοῖς δημόταισι καὶ φίλοις παρασχεθεῖν.
πρὶν γὰρ εἶναι Περγασῆσιν, ἔνεον ἐν ταῖς ἐμβάσιν.

ΧΟΡ. ἆρα δῆτ' οὐκ ἀπ' ἀρχῆς ἐδήλους ἀναίδειαν, ἥπερ μόνη προστατεῖ τῶν ῥητόρων;
ᾗ σὺ πιστεύων ἀμέλγει τῶν ξένων τοὺς καρπίμους,
πρῶτος ὤν· ὁ δ' Ἱπποδάμου λείβεται θεώμενος.

pudence; the whole Assembly, offices,[1] suits, and court of law, all reek with it. You stirrer-up of mud, you have thrown the whole city into confusion and deafened our Athens with your shouting. You watch for plunder just like an angler sitting on the rocks and waiting for a bite.

CLE. I know well enough where all this business has been faked up.

SAUS. You ought to understand all about faking up, just as well as I understand sausages. It was you, by-the-way, who fraudulently sold to some country bumpkins the skin of a diseased ox, faking it up so as to appear thick, and before the poor beggars had worn it a day it stretched about two palms' breadth.

DEM. Yes, by God! and I had a taste of his faking-up too. He made me a laughing-stock to my fellow-demesmen and friends, for before I got to Pergasae my shoes were so big I could swim in 'em.

CHO. No doubt you were from the very first trained to impudence, which is the prime qualification for rhetoricians. By the aid of this accomplishment you milk the most productive of the citizens. You are first in your trade, and the son of Hippodamus[2] can only shed tears

[1] Of the "publicans."

[2] Archeptolemus, the pattern of an honest man.

ἀλλ' ἐφάνη γὰρ ἀνὴρ ἕτερος πολὺ
σοῦ μιαρώτερος, ὥστε με χαίρειν,
ὅς σε παύσει καὶ πάρεισι, δῆλός ἐστιν, αὐτόθεν,
πανουργίᾳ τε καὶ θράσει
καὶ κοβαλικεύμασιν.
ἀλλ' ὦ τραφεὶς ὅθενπέρ εἰσιν ἄνδρες οἵπερ εἰσίν,
νῦν δεῖξον ὡς οὐδὲν λέγει τὸ σωφρόνως τραφῆναι.

ΑΛΛ. καὶ μὴν ἀκούσαθ' οἷός ἐστιν οὑτοσὶ πολίτης.

ΚΛ. οὐκ αὖ μ' ἐάσεις; ΑΛΛ. μὰ Δί', ἐπεὶ κἀγὼ πονηρός εἰμι.

ΧΟΡ. ἐὰν δὲ μὴ ταύτῃ γ' ὑπείκῃ, λέγ' ὅτι κἀκ πονηρῶν.

ΚΛ. οὐκ αὖ μ' ἐάσεις; ΑΛΛ. μὰ Δία. ΚΛ. ναὶ μὰ Δία. ΑΛΛ. μὰ τὸν Ποσειδῶ,
ἀλλ' αὐτὸ περὶ τοῦ πρότερος εἰπεῖν πρῶτα διαμαχοῦμαι.

ΚΛ. οἴμοι, διαρραγήσομαι. ΑΛΛ. καὶ μὴν ἐγὼ οὐ παρήσω.

ΧΟΡ. πάρες πάρες πρὸς τῶν θεῶν αὐτῷ διαρραγῆναι.

ΚΛ. τῷ καὶ πεποιθὼς ἀξιοῖς ἐμοῦ λέγειν ἔναντα;

of envy when he sees your success. But now there has come upon the carpet a far more abandoned character than yourself; and I rejoice to say he will put an extinguisher upon you, since clearly he beats you hollow in boldness and trickeries. And now (*to the* SAUSAGE-SELLER) you, who have been brought up in a school where men are made—well, what they generally *are* made—please prove to us that a liberal education counts for just nothing at all.

SAUS. Listen, and I'll tell you what kind of a citizen this fellow is.

CLE. Let me speak first.

SAUS. By the Lord! but I won't, though. Why, I'm as big a blackguard as yourself.

CHO. If that doesn't settle him, say your parents were blackguards like yourself.

CLE. So you won't give place to me?

SAUS. No, by God!

CLE. By God, you shall!

SAUS. By the Sea-god Poseidon, I won't.

CLE. O Lord! I shall burst.

SAUS. You shan't.

CHO. O, let him burst! Don't, for Heaven's sake, prevent him, if he wants to.

CLE. What in the world emboldens you to speak against me?

ΑΛΛ. ὁτιὴ λέγειν οἷός τε κἀγὼ καὶ καρυκοποιεῖν.
ΚΛ. ἰδοὺ λέγειν. καλῶς γ' ἂν οὖν σὺ πρᾶγμα προσπεσόν σοι
ὠμοσπάρακτον παραλαβὼν μεταχειρίσαιο χρηστῶς.
ἀλλ' οἶσθ' ὅπερ πεπονθέναι δοκεῖς; ὅπερ τὸ πλῆθος.
εἴ που δικίδιον εἶπας εὖ κατὰ ξένου μετοίκου,
τὴν νύκτα θρυλῶν καὶ λαλῶν ἐν ταῖς ὁδοῖς σεαυτῷ,
ὕδωρ τε πίνων, κἀπιδεικνὺς τοὺς φίλους τ' ἀνιῶν,
ᾤου δυνατὸς εἶναι λέγειν. ὦ μῶρε τῆς ἀνοίας.
ΑΛΛ. τί δαὶ σὺ πίνων τὴν πόλιν πεποίηκας, ὥστε νυνὶ
ὑπὸ σοῦ μονωτάτου κατεγλωττισμένην σιωπᾶν;
ΚΛ. ἐμοὶ γὰρ ἀντέθηκας ἀνθρώπων τίν'; ὅστις εὐθὺς
θύννεια θερμὰ καταφαγών, κᾆτ' ἐπιπιὼν ἀκράτου
οἴνου χόα κασαλβάσω τοὺς ἐν Πύλῳ στρατηγούς.
ΑΛΛ. ἐγὼ δέ γ' ἤνυστρον βοὸς καὶ κοιλίαν ὑείαν
καταβροχθίσας, κᾆτ' ἐπιπιὼν τὸν ζωμὸν ἀναπόνιπτος
λαρυγγιῶ τοὺς ῥήτορας καὶ Νικίαν ταράξω.
ΧΟΡ. τὰ μὲν ἄλλα μ' ἤρεσας λέγων· ἓν δ' οὐ προσίεταί με,
τῶν πραγμάτων ὁτιὴ μόνος τὸν ζωμὸν ἐκροφήσεις.
ΚΛ. ἀλλ' οὐ λάβρακας καταφαγὼν Μιλησίους κλονήσεις.

SAUS. Why, the fact that I can speak, and season my speech like my sausages.

CLE. Speak, forsooth! I should like to see you take a rotten case in hand; a fine hash you'd make of it. It's just the way with you tap-room orators. You take up some trumpery case against a foreigner, mumble over your speech all night, and as you go along the streets, you sup water and bore your friends, and then you pose as an orator. Out upon such tomfoolery!

SAUS. And I wonder what liquid you imbibe, which has the effect of shutting up all the rest of the city to listen to your twaddle.

CLE. Whom will you pit against me? Give me a slice of fish and a glass of good wine, and I'll talk down all the generals in Pylos.

SAUS. Give me some beef tripe, or a taste of pig's guts, and let me sop up the gravy with my dirty fingers, I'll throttle the orators and turn Nicias inside out.

CHO. That's all very well; but there's one part of your plan I don't approve—you monopolise the gravy.

CLE. You couldn't bluster after dining on mullets of Miletus.

ΑΛΛ. ἀλλὰ σχελίδας ἐδηδοκὼς ὠνήσομαι μέταλλα.

ΚΛ. ἐγὼ δ' ἐπεισπηδῶν γε τὴν βουλὴν βίᾳ κυκήσω.

ΑΛΛ. ἐγὼ δὲ κινήσω γέ σου τὸν πρωκτὸν ἀντὶ φύσκης.

ΚΛ. ἐγῶ δέ γ' ἐξελῶ σε τῆς πυγῆς θύραζε κύβδα.

ΧΟΡ. νὴ τὸν Ποσειδῶ κἀμέ τἄρ', ἤνπερ γε τοῦτον ἕλκῃς.

ΚΛ. οἷόν σε δήσω 'ν τῷ ξύλῳ.

ΑΛΛ. διώξομαί σε δειλίας.

ΚΛ. ἡ βύρσα σου θρανεύσεται.

ΑΛΛ. δερῶ σε θύλακον κλοπῆς.

ΚΛ. διαπατταλευθήσει χαμαί.

ΑΛΛ. περικόμματ' ἐκ σοῦ σκευάσω.

ΚΛ. τὰς βλεφαρίδας σου παρατιλῶ.

ΑΛΛ. τὸν πρηγορεῶνά σοὐκτεμῶ.

ΔΗΜ. καὶ νὴ Δί' ἐμβαλόντες αὐ-
τῷ πάτταλον μαγειρικῶς
εἰς το στόμ', εἶτα δ' ἔνδοθεν
τὴν γλῶτταν ἐξείραντες αὐ-
τοῦ σκεψόμεσθ' εὖ κἀνδρικῶς

SAUS. Couldn't I? I could make a hearty dinner on shin of beef and straightway negotiate for farming the silver mines.[1]

CLE. After my meal, I could burst into the Council Chamber and turn everything upside down.

SAUS. After mine, I could kick your arse and use it for stuffing with sausage-meat.

CLE. Arse, do you say? I would seize you by yours and put you headforemost out of doors.

CHO. By Poseidon! you shall do the same to me, if you can put him out.

CLE. I'll have you pilloried!

SAUS. I'll pillory you as a coward!

CLE. I'll tan your hide for chair-cushions!

SAUS. And I'll curry yours into a thief's purse!

CLE. I'll pin you to the ground!

SAUS. And I'll make you into mincemeat!

CLE. I'll pluck out your eyebrows!

SAUS. I'll slit your gullet!

DEM. For God's sake put a peg into his mouth, after the fashion of cooks! Pull out his tongue, and then we'll examine him care-

[1] Of Laurium in Attica.

κεχηνότος
τὸν πρωκτόν, εἰ χαλαζᾷ.

ΧΟΡ. ἦν ἄρα πυρός γ' ἕτερα θερμότερα, καὶ λόγων
ἐν πόλει τῶν ἀναιδῶν ἀναιδέστεροι·
καὶ τὸ πρᾶγμ' ἦν ἄρ' οὐ φαῦλον ὧδ' * * *
ἀλλ' ἔπιθι καὶ στρόβει,
μηδὲν ὀλίγον ποίει. νῦν γὰρ ἔχεται μέσος·
ὡς ἐὰν νυνὶ μαλάξῃς αὐτὸν ἐν τῇ προσβολῇ,
δειλὸν εὑρήσεις· ἐγὼ γὰρ τοὺς τρόπους ἐπίστα-
μαι.

ΑΛΛ. ἀλλ' ὅμως οὗτος τοιοῦτος ὢν ἅπαντα τὸν βίον,
κᾆτ' ἀνὴρ ἔδοξεν εἶναι, τἀλλότριον ἀμῶν θέρος.
νῦν δὲ τοὺς στάχυς ἐκείνους, οὓς ἐκεῖθεν ἤγαγεν,
ἐν ξύλῳ δήσας ἀφαύει κἀποδόσθαι βούλεται.

ΚΛ. οὐ δέδοιχ' ὑμᾶς, ἕως ἂν ζῇ τὸ βουλευτήριον
καὶ τὸ τοῦ δήμου πρόσωπον μακκοᾷ καθήμενον.

ΧΟΡ. ὡς δὲ πρὸς πᾶν ἀναιδεύεται κοὐ μεθί-
στησι τοῦ χρώματος τοῦ παρεστηκότος.

ΚΛ. εἰ σὲ μὴ μισῶ, γενοίμην ἐν Κρατίνου κῴδιον,
καὶ διδασκοίμην προσᾴδειν Μορσίμου τραγῳδίαν.

ΧΟΡ. ὦ περὶ πάντ' ἐπὶ πᾶσί τε πράγμασι
δωροδόκοισιν ἐπ' ἄνθεσιν ἵζων,
εἴθε φαύλως, ὥσπερ εὗρες, ἐκβάλοις τὴν ἔνθεσιν.

fully from head to arse to see whether he's diseased.

Cho. There are things hotter than fire; and so too, in this city, there is impudence even more shameless than his. That fact is worth making a note of. Go for him, and turn him up. Don't stand at trifles; you've got him round the middle now, and if you let him off easily, you'll find him a coward. I know his ways.

Saus. Yes; the fellow all his life has posed as a hero at other folks' expense; and now he wants to sell the harvest, which he has got cut and dried.

Cle. I defy you, so long as the Senate exists, and that old fool Demus sits like the ass he is.

Chor. His impudence is sublime! he doesn't change colour in the least.

Cle. I do hate you! If I don't, may I turn into the mattress Cratinus[1] piddles over, or may I have to act in a tragedy by Morsimus![2]

Cho. You blooming receiver of bribes, if you could only be made to disgorge your plunder as easily as you got it, then we'd sing

[1] The comic poet Cratinus was a great drinker.
[2] A feeble poet.

ᾄσαιμι γὰρ τότ' ἂν μόνον·
πῖνε πῖν' ἐπὶ συμφοραῖς·
τὸν Ἰουλίου τ' ἂν οἴομαι, γέροντα πυροπίπην,
ἡσθέντ' ἰηπαιωνίσαι καὶ Βακχέβακχον ᾆσαι.

ΚΛ. οὔ τοί μ' ὑπερβαλεῖσθ' ἀναιδείᾳ μὰ τὸν Ποσειδῶ,
ἢ μή ποτ' ἀγοραίου Διὸς σπλάγχνοισι παραγενοίμην.

ΑΛΛ. ἔγωγε νὴ τοὺς κονδύλους, οὓς πολλὰ δὴ 'πὶ πολλοῖς
ἠνεσχόμην ἐκ παιδίου, μαχαιρίδων τε πληγάς,
ὑπερβαλεῖσθαί σ' οἴομαι τούτοισιν, ἢ μάτην γ' ἂν
ἀπομαγδαλίας σιτούμενος τοσοῦτος ἐκτραφείην.

ΚΛ. ἀπομαγδαλίας ὥσπερ κύων; ὦ παμπόνηρε, πῶς οὖν
κυνὸς βορὰν σιτούμενος μαχεῖ σὺ Κυνοκεφάλλῳ;

ΑΛΛ. καὶ νὴ Δί' ἄλλα γ' ἐστί μου κόβαλα παιδὸς ὄντος.
ἐξηπάτων γὰρ τοὺς μαγείρους ἐπιλέγων τοιαυτί·
σκέψασθε, παῖδες· οὐχ ὁρᾶθ'; ὥρα νέα, χελιδών.
οἱ δ' ἔβλεπον, κἀγὼ 'ν τοσούτῳ τῶν κρεῶν ἔκλεπτον.

ΧΟΡ. ὦ δεξιώτατον κρέας, σοφῶς γε προὐνοήσω·
ὥσπερ ἀκαλήφας ἐσθίων πρὸ χελιδόνων ἔκλεπτες.

to the tune of "Drink to me only" in celebration of the event; and the son of Julius, who has to keep his eye on the victuals, would be ready to chant, "Io Paean" and "Bacchus, Bacchus!"

CLE. By Father Poseidon, the sea-god, if you lick me in impudence I'll never again dare to take part in the functions of *Zeus*, the presiding deity of the market.

SAUS. By all the blows and bastings I got in my boyhood, I believe I can beat you; if not, I shall have grown up to no purpose on the offal I devoured.

CLE. Yes, offal—like a dog as you are. And how can you, thus fed on dogs' meat, hope to go in for a fight with a dog-faced baboon?

SAUS. (*retrospectively*). Yes, and there were other tricks I used to practise when I was a boy. Didn't I swindle the cookshop-keepers! "Look, my boys," I used to sing out, "don't you see, there's a swallow; spring is coming." Then they would gawk, and I would nick a piece of meat.

CHO. Clever lad! you did begin early to attend to your swallow. You must have been brought up on early nettles.

ΑΛΛ. καὶ ταῦτα δρῶν ἐλάνθανόν γ'· εἰ δ' οὖν ἴδοι τις αὐτῶν,
ἀποκρυπτόμενος εἰς τὰ κοχώνα τοὺς θεοὺς ἀπώμνυν·
ὥστ' εἶπ' ἀνὴρ τῶν ῥητόρων ἰδών με τοῦτο δρῶντα·
οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως ὁ παῖς ὅδ' οὐ τὸν δῆμον ἐπιτροπεύσει.

ΧΟΡ. εὖ γε ξυνέβαλεν αὔτ'· ἀτὰρ δῆλόν γ' ἀφ' οὗ ξυνέγνω·
ὁτιὴ 'πιώρκεις θ' ἡρπακὼς καὶ κρέας ὁ πρωκτὸς εἶχεν.

ΚΛ. ἐγώ σε παύσω τοῦ θράσους, οἶμαι δὲ μᾶλλον ἄμφω.
ἔξειμι γάρ σοι λαμπρὸς ἤδη καὶ μέγας καθιείς,
ὁμοῦ ταράττων τήν τε γῆν καὶ τὴν θάλατταν εἰκῇ.

ΑΛΛ. ἐγὼ δὲ συστείλας γε τοὺς ἀλλᾶντας εἶτ' ἀφήσω
κατὰ κῦμ' ἐμαυτὸν οὔριον, κλάειν σε μακρὰ κελεύσας.

ΔΗΜ. κἄγωγ', ἐάν τι παραχαλᾷ, τὴν ἀντλίαν φυλάξω.

ΚΛ. οὔ τοι μὰ τὴν Δήμητρα καταπροίξει τάλαντα πολλὰ
κλέψας 'Αθηναίων. ΔΗΜ. ἄθρει, καὶ τοῦ ποδὸς παρίει·
ὡς οὗτος ἤδη καικίας ἢ συκοφαντίας πνεῖ.

ΑΛΛ. σὲ δ' ἐκ Ποτιδαίας ἔχοντ' εὖ οἶδα δέκα τάλαντα.

SAUS. They never caught me. Or if they did, I would hide the meat between my thighs, and swear by all the gods I hadn't got it; so much so, that one of our orators, who saw my little dodge, said, "That lad will get on; he will boss the people one of these days."

CHO. He was a seer indeed. It is clear how he prognosticated—you stole, you perjured yourself, and—you had a meaty backside.

CLE. I'll soon stop your nonsense—aye, I'll settle the pair of you too. I'll swoop down like a strong wind, and throw sea and land into confusion.

SAUS. Whereas I shall quietly furl my sales—that is, my sausages—let myself drift with the gale, and so comfortably bring you to grief.

DEM. Whilst I, in anticipation of a leak, will take care of the hold. (*Exit.*)

CLE. Now, look here, so help me Demeter! you robbed the Athenians of ten talents, and you ain't going to get off scot-free. . . .

DEM. Slack sail; here's the strong wind swooping down. He's going in for his favourite game of informing.

SAUS. I know you potted ten talents from the Potideans.

ΚΛ. τί δῆτα; βούλει τῶν ταλάντων ἓν λαβὼν σιωπᾶν;

ΧΟΡ. ἀνὴρ ἂν ἡδέως λάβοι. τοὺς τερθρίους παρίει,
τὸ πνεῦμ' ἔλαττον γίγνεται.

ΚΛ. φεύξει γραφὰς ἑκατονταλάντους τέτταρας.

ΑΛΛ. σὺ δ' ἀστρατείας γ' εἴκοσιν,
κλοπῆς δὲ πλεῖν ἢ χιλίας.

ΚΛ. ἐκ τῶν ἀλιτηρίων σέ φη-
μι γεγονέναι τῶν τῆς θεοῦ.

ΑΛΛ. τὸν πάππον εἶναί φημί σου
τῶν δορυφόρων. ΚΛ. ποίων; φράσον.

ΑΛΛ. τῶν Βυρσίνης τῆς Ἱππίου.

ΚΛ. κόβαλος εἶ. ΑΛΛ. πανοῦργος εἶ.

ΧΟΡ. παῖ' ἀνδρικῶς. ΚΛ. ἰοὺ ἰού,
τύπτουσί μ' οἱ ξυνωμόται.

ΧΟΡ. παῖ' αὐτὸν ἀνδρικώτατα, καὶ
γάστριζε καὶ τοῖς ἐντέροις
καὶ τοῖς κόλοις,
χὤπως κολᾷ τὸν ἄνδρα.
ὦ γεννικώτατον κρέας ψυχήν τ' ἄριστε πάντων,
καὶ τῇ πόλει σωτὴρ φανεὶς ἡμῖν τε τοῖς πολίταις,

CLE. Hallo! (*Aside, in a stage whisper.*) Will you take one talent to hold your tongue?

CHO. Take it, man, and be thankful. Now we can loosen the ropes. The wind slackens.

CLE. (*aloud*). I'll bring four actions against you, damages a hundred talents in each.

SAUS. Four! I'll bring twenty against you for shirking military service, and more than a thousand for peculation.

CLE. I've been looking into your antecedents, and I find you come of a cursed lot.

SAUS. I've looked up yours, too. Your grandfather held office.

CLE. Under whom?

SAUS. Byrsina, the wife of the tyrant Hippias.

CLE. You're a fraud!

SAUS. You're another!

CHO. Hit him hard.

CLE. Murder! I'm being pounded by these conspirators.

CHO. Hit him harder. Pound his guts out; give him colic!

Most noble embodiment of physical force, surpassing all the rest in pluck: you have appeared as a saviour indeed to the city and to

ὡς εὖ τὸν ἄνδρα ποικίλως θ' ὑπῆλθες ἐν λόγοισιν.
πῶς ἄν σ' ἐπαινέσαιμεν οὕτως ὥσπερ ἡδόμεσθα;

ΚΛ. ταυτί μὰ τὴν Δήμητρά μ' οὐκ ἐλάνθανεν
τεκταινόμενα τὰ πράγματ', ἀλλ' ἠπιστάμην
γομφούμεν' αὐτὰ πάντα καὶ κολλώμενα.

ΑΛΛ. οὔκουν μ' ἐν Ἀργείοις ἃ πράττει λανθάνει.
πρόφασιν μὲν Ἀργείους φίλους ἡμῖν ποιεῖ·
ἰδίᾳ δ' ἐκεῖ Λακεδαιμονίοις ξυγγίγνεται.

ΧΟΡ. οἴμοι, σὺ δ' οὐδὲν ἐξ ἁμαξουργοῦ λέγεις;

ΑΛΛ. καὶ ταῦτ' ἐφ' οἷσίν ἐστι συμφυσώμενα
ἐγᾦδ'· ἐπὶ γὰρ τοῖς δεδεμένοις χαλκεύεται.

ΧΟΡ. εὖ γ' εὖ γε, χάλκευ' ἀντὶ τῶν κολλωμένων.

ΑΛΛ. καὶ ξυγκροτοῦσιν ἄνδρες αὔτ' ἐκεῖθεν αὖ,
καὶ ταῦτά μ' οὔτ' ἀργύριον οὔτε χρυσίον
διδοὺς ἀναπείσεις, οὔτε προσπέμπων φίλους,
ὅπως ἐγὼ ταῦτ' οὐκ Ἀθηναίοις φράσω.

ΚΛ. ἐγὼ μὲν οὖν αὐτίκα μάλ' εἰς βουλὴν ἰὼν
ὑμῶν ἁπάντων τὰς ξυνωμοσίας ἐρῶ,
καὶ τὰς ξυνόδους τὰς νυκτερινὰς ἐν τῇ πόλει,

us citizens. How cleverly you talked the fellow down! How shall we congratulate you so as adequately to show our delight?

CLE. By Mother Demeter! this jobbery has not escaped my notice. I knew you were fixing it up.

SAUS. And I spotted his little plans with the Argives. He pretended to make them our friends, and all the while he was coquetting with the Lacedaemonians.

CHO. Yes; but can't you give him a few of his own similes from the waggon-building business?

SAUS. O yes, I saw him blowing up the fire about the prisoners.

CHO. Good! The blacksmith's business matches the carpenter's.

SAUS. In that quarter, too, people are hammering to the same tune as yourself, and it's no use to bribe me with silver or gold, or to send friends to me begging me not to tell the Athenians.

CLE. Very well. Then I'll go off to the Senate myself and peach upon you. I'll tell them about all your little plots, your nocturnal meetings in the city, and all your hanky-panky

καὶ πάνθ' ἃ Μήδοις καὶ βασιλεῖ ξυνώμνυτε,
καὶ τὰκ Βοιωτῶν ταῦτα συντυρούμενα.

ΑΛΛ. πῶς οὖν ὁ τυρὸς ἐν Βοιωτοῖς ὤνιος;

ΚΛ. ἐγώ σε νὴ τὸν Ἡρακλέα παραστορῶ.

ΧΟΡ. ἄγε δὴ σὺ τίνα νοῦν ἢ τίνα γνώμην ἔχεις;
νυνὶ διδάξεις, εἴπερ ἀπεκρύψω τότε
εἰς τὰ κοχώνα τὸ κρέας, ὡς αὐτὸς λέγεις.
θεύσει γὰρ ᾄξας εἰς τὸ βουλευτήριον,
ὡς οὗτος εἰσπεσὼν ἐκεῖσε διαβαλεῖ
ἡμᾶς ἅπαντας καὶ κράγον κεκράξεται.

ΑΛΛ. ἀλλ' εἶμι· πρῶτον δ', ὡς ἔχω, τὰς κοιλίας
καὶ τὰς μαχαίρας ἐνθαδὶ καταθήσομαι.

ΔΗΜ. ἔχε νυν, ἄλειψον τὸν τράχηλον τουτῳί,
ἵν' ἐξολισθάνειν δύνῃ τὰς διαβολάς.

ΑΛΛ. ἀλλ' εὖ λέγεις καὶ παιδοτριβικῶς ταυταγί.

ΔΗΜ. ἔχε νυν, ἐπέγκαψον λαβὼν ταδί. ΑΛΛ. τί δαί;

ΔΗΜ. ἵν' ἄμεινον, ὦ τάν, ἐσκοροδισμένος μάχῃ.
καὶ σπεῦδε ταχέως. ΑΛΛ. ταῦτα δρῶ. ΔΗΜ. μέμνησό νυν

with the Medes and the Persian king, as well as your cheese-press business with the Boeotians.

SAUS. Cheese, forsooth! How is cheese-selling among the Boeotians at present?

CLE. I'll lay you out, my friend, by Hercules! but I will. (*Exit.*)

CHO. Now then, you must show what nous and judgment you've got, if, as you say, you used to hide the filched meat in your buttocks. You must rush off to the Senate-house, since that fellow will burst in upon it, impeach every mother's son of us, and scream till he gets a hearing.

SAUS. I'm off. But I'll leave my sausages and my knives here.

DEM. Hold hard. Anoint your neck with this ointment, so that you may be able to slip out of his impeachments.

SAUS. Right you are! just like the wrestlers in the gymnasium.

DEM. Swallow this garlic too.

SAUS. What for?

DEM. It will put your pecker up, as it does with the game-cocks. Now stir your stumps!

SAUS. I will.

DEM. Remember, then! Bite him, go for

δάκνειν, διαβάλλειν, τοὺς λόφους κατεσθίειν,
χὤπως τὰ κάλλαι' ἀποφαγὼν ἥξεις πάλιν.

ΧΟΡ. ἀλλ' ἴθι χαίρων, καὶ πράξειας
κατὰ νοῦν τὸν ἐμὸν, καί σε φυλάττοι
Ζεὺς ἀγοραῖος· καὶ νικήσας
αὖθις ἐκεῖθεν πάλιν ὡς ἡμᾶς
ἔλθοις στεφάνοις κατάπαστος.
ὑμεῖς δ' ἡμῖν προσέχετε τὸν νοῦν
τοῖς ἀναπαίστοις,
ὦ παντοίας ἤδη μούσης
πειραθέντες καθ' ἑαυτούς.
εἰ μέν τις ἀνὴρ τῶν ἀρχαίων κωμῳδοδιδάσκαλος ἡμᾶς
ἠνάγκαζεν λέξοντας ἔπη πρὸς τὸ θέατρον παραβῆναι,
οὐκ ἂν φαύλως ἔτυχεν τούτου· νῦν δ' ἄξιός ἐσθ' ὁ ποιητής,
ὅτι τοὺς αὐτοὺς ἡμῖν μισεῖ, τολμᾷ τε λέγειν τὰ δίκαια,
καὶ γενναίως πρὸς τὸν Τυφῶ χωρεῖ καὶ τὴν ἐριώλην.
ἃ δὲ θαυμάζειν ὑμῶν φησιν πολλοὺς αὐτῷ προσιόντας,
καὶ βασανίζειν, ὡς οὐχὶ πάλαι χορὸν αἰτοίη καθ' ἑαυτόν,
ἡμᾶς ὑμῖν ἐκέλευε φράσαι περὶ τούτου. φησὶ γὰρ ἀνὴρ

him, peck at his crest, and, when you've quite demolished his cock's comb, come back to us again. (*Exeunt all but* CHORUS.)

Be off, and farewell; fare as I would have you fare, and Zeus of the Market befriend you! Then, when you have won the victory, may you return to us covered with chaplets.

And (*to the audience*) do you give us your ears for our anapaests—you who have listened to every form of our Muse.

THE PARABASIS, OR CHORAL ADDRESS TO THE AUDIENCE.

If any of the old comedy-writers had suggested that we should face the audience and say a few words to them, he would not easily have carried his point. But now the poet is worthy of such a concession, because he hates the same people as we do, and dares to say what is just and proper, while he nobly comes forward to dare the whirlwind and the hurricane. But with regard to the wonder expressed and the questions asked by such of you as have interviewed him, as to why he didn't ask for a chorus on his own account, he bade us say this for him. He says that he does

οὐχ ὑπ' ἀνοίας τοῦτο πεπονθὼς διατρίβειν, ἀλλὰ νομίζων
κωμῳδοδιδασκαλίαν εἶναι χαλεπώτατον ἔργον ἁπάντων·
πολλῶν γὰρ δὴ πειρασάντων αὐτὴν ὀλίγοις χαρίσασθαι·
ὑμᾶς τε πάλαι διαγιγνώσκων ἐπετείους τὴν φύσιν ὄντας,
καὶ τοὺς προτέρους τῶν ποιητῶν ἅμα τῷ γήρᾳ προδιδόντας·
τοῦτο μὲν εἰδὼς ἅπαθε Μάγνης ἅμα ταῖς πολιαῖς κατιούσαις,
ὃς πλεῖστα χορῶν τῶν ἀντιπάλων νίκης ἔστησε τροπαῖα·
πάσας δ' ὑμῖν φωνὰς ἱεὶς καὶ ψάλλων καὶ πτερυγίζων
καὶ λυδίζων καὶ ψηνίζων καὶ βαπτόμενος βατραχείοις
οὐκ ἐξήρκεσεν, ἀλλὰ τελευτῶν ἐπὶ γήρως, οὐ γὰρ ἐφ' ἥβης,
ἐξεβλήθη πρεσβύτης ὤν, ὅτι τοῦ σκώπτειν ἀπελείφθη·
εἶτα Κρατίνου μεμνημένος, ὃς πολλῷ ῥεύσας ποτ' ἐπαίνῳ
διὰ τῶν ἀφελῶν πεδίων ἔρρει, καὶ τῆς στάσεως παρασύρων
ἐφόρει τὰς δρῦς καὶ τὰς πλατάνους καὶ τοὺς ἐχθροὺς προθελύμνους

not delay through any foolish diffidence, but simply because he deems comedy-writing the hardest of all occupations. Many woo the comic Muse, but few gain her favours. He found, too, that you long ago proved yourselves somewhat capricious and changeable towards your former dramatic poets when they grew old. He knew what happened to Magnes[1] when his hair turned grey. He used to carry off a large number of victorious trophies from his rivals and gave you all sorts of different styles in his choruses, harping, fluttering, acting the Lydian, imitating the fig-insect, and adapting the complexion of frogs; but it was all of no use. Directly he got into years and left his youth behind him, he was dropped in his old age because he had ceased to be funny. Then he bethought him of Cratinus, who formerly sailed on the full stream of your applause through the level plains carrying away with him, like a torrent, oaks and plane-trees, and all his competitors quite uprooted. Then no songs were heard at the banquet but his Bribery Song and his Sycophant Hymn, such a blooming bard

[1] A poet of the Old Comedy.

ᾆσαι δ' οὐκ ἦν ἐν ξυμποσίῳ πλήν, Δωροῖ συκοπέδιλε,
καί, τέκτονες εὐπαλάμων ὕμνων· οὕτως ἤνθησεν ἐκεῖνος.
νυνὶ δ' ὑμεῖς αὐτὸν ὁρῶντες παραληροῦντ' οὐκ ἐλεεῖτε,
ἐκπιπτουσῶν τῶν ἠλέκτρων, καὶ τοῦ τόνου οὐκ ἔτ' ἐνόντος,
τῶν θ' ἁρμονιῶν διαχασκουσῶν· ἀλλὰ γέρων ὢν περιέρρει,
ὥσπερ Κοννᾶς, στέφανον μὲν ἔχων αὖον, δίψῃ δ' ἀπολωλώς,
ὃν χρῆν διὰ τὰς προτέρας νίκας πίνειν ἐν τῷ πρυτανείῳ,
καὶ μὴ ληρεῖν, ἀλλὰ θεᾶσθαι λιπαρὸν παρὰ τῷ Διονύσῳ.
οἵας δὲ Κράτης ὀργὰς ὑμῶν ἠνέσχετο καὶ στυφελιγμούς·
ὃς ἀπὸ σμικρᾶς δαπάνης ὑμᾶς ἀριστίζων ἀπέπεμπεν,
ἀπὸ κραμβοτάτου στόματος μάττων ἀστειοτάτας ἐπινοίας·
χοὖτος μέντοι μόνος ἀντήρκει, τοτὲ μὲν πίπτων, τοτὲ δ' οὐχί.
ταῦτ' ὀρρωδῶν διέτριβεν ἀεί, καὶ πρὸς τούτοισιν ἔφασκεν
ἐρέτην χρῆναι πρῶτα γενέσθαι, πρὶν πηδαλίοις ἐπιχειρεῖν,
κᾆτ' ἐντεῦθεν πρῳρατεῦσαι, καὶ τοὺς ἀνέμους διαθρῆσαι,
κᾆτα κυβερνᾶν αὐτὸν ἑαυτῷ. τούτων οὖν εἵνεκα πάντων,
ὅτι σωφρονικῶς κοὐκ ἀνοήτως ἐσπηδήσας ἐφλυάρει,
αἴρεσθ' αὐτῷ πολὺ τὸ ῥόθιον, παραπέμψατ' ἐφ' ἕνδεκα κώπαις,

was he. But now, when you see him in his dotage, you have no pity for him, for his pegs are all lowered, his strings loosened, his tone gone down and his harmonies out of joint. He is an old man, and therefore deserted, just like the piper Connas, with his withered garland and himself dying of thirst when he ought, on account of his former victories, to be drinking in the Prytaneum, and no longer to be obliged to play the fool, but to have a seat in the theatre as a joyful spectator close by the altar of Dionysus. Then what caprices and ill-treatment Crates experienced from you, though he used to give you great entertainment at slight expense, and sent you all away happy, uttering as he did the wittiest ideas with his delicate lips, and yet his success was only occasional and partial. Thus he was always in a state of anxiety, and moreover used to say, that a man should first be an oarsman before he went to the helm, but then should guide the prow and watch the winds, acting as his own pilot.

For all these reasons, because he was prudent and did not jump up to talk a lot of nonsense, give our poet a hearty round of applause, a good Lenaean round like the plash

θόρυβον χρηστὸν ληναΐτην,
ἵν' ὁ ποιητὴς ἀπίῃ χαίρων,
κατὰ νοῦν πράξας,
φαιδρὸς λάμποντι μετώπῳ.
ἵππι' ἄναξ Πόσειδον, ᾧ
χαλκοκρότων ἵππων κτύπος
καὶ χρεμετισμὸς ἁνδάνει,
καὶ κυανέμβολοι θοαὶ
μισθοφόροι τριήρεις,
μειρακίων θ' ἅμιλλα λαμ-
πρυνομένων ἐν ἅρμασιν
καὶ βαρυδαιμονούντων,
δεῦρ' ἔλθ' ἐς χορόν, ὦ χρυσοτρίαιν', ὦ
δελφίνων μεδέων, Σουνιάρατε,
ὦ Γεραίστιε παῖ Κρόνου,
Φορμίωνί τε φίλτατ', ἐκ
τῶν ἄλλων τε θεῶν 'Αθη-
ναίοις πρὸς τὸ παρεστός.
εὐλογῆσαι βουλόμεσθα τοὺς πατέρας ἡμῶν, ὅτι
ἄνδρες ἦσαν τῆσδε τῆς γῆς ἄξιοι καὶ τοῦ πέπλου,
οἵτινες πεζαῖς μάχαισιν ἔν τε ναυφράκτῳ στρατῷ
πανταχοῦ νικῶντες ἀεὶ τήνδ' ἐκόσμησαν πόλιν·
οὐ γὰρ οὐδεὶς πώποτ' αὐτῶν τοὺς ἐναντίους ἰδὼν
ἠρίθμησεν, ἀλλ' ὁ θυμὸς εὐθὺς ἦν ἀμυνίας·

of eleven oars, so that he may go off with his best wishes fulfilled and with a smile beaming on his brow.

O King Poseidon, God of the Knights, thou who delightest in the clash of the brazen-hoofed horses, and in their neighings and whinnyings: thou who lovest the swift merchant-ships and the contests of those fast youths in the chariot-race, where they so often come to grief; come hither to our Chorus, thou of the golden trident, O thou monarch of the dolphins worshipped in Sunium![1] Geraestian,[2] son of Kronos, friendly to our Admiral Phormio, and best-disposed of all the deities to Athens in her present crisis!

We would celebrate our fathers, too, because they were worthy of this land of the peplus[3] of Athene. Whenever and wherever they fought, by land or sea, they won the victory, and ever adorned this city. Never, when they faced the enemy, did they stay to count the numbers of the foe, for their martial ardour was their mainstay. If any one of them

[1] A promontory in Attica.
[2] A promontory in the island of Euboea.
[3] A woman's full robe or shawl.

εἰ δέ που πέσοιεν ἐς τὸν ὦμον ἐν μάχῃ τινί,
τοῦτ' ἀπεψήσαντ' ἄν, εἶτ' ἠρνοῦντο μὴ πεπτωκέναι,
ἀλλὰ διεπάλαιον αὖθις. καὶ στρατηγὸς οὐδ' ἂν εἷς
τῶν πρὸ τοῦ σίτησιν ᾔτησ' ἐρόμενος Κλεαίνετον·
νῦν δ' ἐὰν μὴ προεδρίαν φέρωσι καὶ τὰ σιτία,
οὐ μαχεῖσθαί φασιν. ἡμεῖς δ' ἀξιοῦμεν τῇ πόλει
προῖκα γενναίως ἀμύνειν καὶ θεοῖς ἐγχωρίοις.
καὶ πρὸς οὐκ αἰτοῦμεν οὐδέν, πλὴν τοσουτονὶ μόνον·
ἤν ποτ' εἰρήνη γένηται καὶ πόνων παυσώμεθα,
μὴ φθονεῖθ' ἡμῖν κομῶσι μηδ' ἀπεστλεγγισμένοις.
ὦ πολιοῦχε Παλλάς, ὦ
τῆς ἱερωτάτης, ἁπα-
σῶν πολέμῳ τε καὶ ποιη-
ταῖς δυνάμει θ' ὑπερφερού-
σης μεδέουσα χώρας,
δεῦρ' ἀφικοῦ λαβοῦσα τὴν
ἐν στρατιαῖς τε καὶ μάχαις
ἡμετέραν ξυνεργὸν
Νίκην, ἣ χορικῶν ἐστιν ἑταίρα,
τοῖς τ' ἐχθροῖσι μεθ' ἡμῶν στασιάζει.
νῦν οὖν δεῦρο φάνηθι· δεῖ
γὰρ τοῖς ἀνδράσι τοῖσδε πά-
σῃ τέχνῃ πορίσαι σε νί-
κην εἴπερ ποτὲ καὶ νῦν.
ἃ ξύνισμεν τοῖσιν ἵπποις, βουλόμεσθ' ἐπαινέσαι.

fell in a combat, he would just wipe off the dust from his shoulders and vow he had never fallen at all, and so would he go back to the struggle again. Nor did any of the former generals ever ask Cleaenetus[1] for maintenance. But now, unless they get the chief seat and full rations, they refuse to fight. We, however, feel it right to defend our city and the gods of the country without reward, claiming only that, when peace is proclaimed and we rest from our labours, we shall not be grudged if we let our hair grow long and pay some attention to our personal appearance.

Pallas, guardian of our city, thou who swayest this most sacred land, making it famous for arms, for art and material power; come hither, and bring with thee as thy comrade in our armaments and battles that Victory which has ever stood by us, which is the friend of all actors, and joins with us to rout our foes. Show thyself now; for now, if ever, we knights need victory.

Nor would we omit to praise the noble deeds of our horses, which we know so well,

[1] Author of a resolution restricting the distribution of provisions.

ἄξιοι δ' εἴσ' εὐλογεῖσθαι· πολλὰ γὰρ δὴ πράγματα
ξυνδιήνεγκαν μεθ' ἡμῶν, εἰσβολάς τε καὶ μάχας.
ἀλλὰ τὰν τῇ γῇ μὲν αὐτῶν οὐκ ἄγαν θαυμάζομεν,
ὡς ὅτ' εἰς τὰς ἱππαγωγοὺς εἰσεπήδων ἀνδρικῶς,
πριάμενοι κώθωνας, οἱ δὲ καὶ σκόροδα καὶ κρόμμυα·
εἶτα τὰς κώπας λαβόντες ὥσπερ ἡμεῖς οἱ βροτοὶ
ἐμβαλόντες ἀνεβρύαξαν, ἱππαπαῖ, τίς ἐμβαλεῖ;
ληπτέον μᾶλλον. τί δρῶμεν; οὐκ ἐλᾷς, ὦ σαμφόρα;
ἐξεπήδων τ' ἐς Κόρινθον· εἶτα δ' οἱ νεώτατοι
ταῖς ὁπλαῖς ὤρυττον εὐνὰς καὶ μετῇσαν στρώματα·
ἤσθιον δὲ τοὺς παγούρους ἀντὶ ποίας Μηδικῆς,
εἴ τις ἐξέρποι θύραζε, κἀκ βυθοῦ θηρώμενοι·
ὥστ' ἔφη Θέωρος εἰπεῖν καρκίνον Κορίνθιον·
δεινά γ', ὦ Πόσειδον, εἰ μηδ' ἐν βυθῷ δυνήσομαι,
μήτε γῇ μήτ' ἐν θαλάττῃ διαφυγεῖν τοὺς ἱππέας.

ΧΟΡ. ὦ φίλτατ' ἀνδρῶν καὶ νεανικώτατε,
ὅσην ἀπὼν παρέσχες ἡμῖν φροντίδα·

and richly do they deserve our laudation. They have taken their share with us in our incursions and engagements. But it is not so much their doings on land we admire; for when, just like the brave fellows they are, they leapt on board the horse-transports, after provisioning themselves with wine, garlic, and onions, they took each an oar, just like us ordinary mortals, crying out as they sat to work, "Gee-up! Put your back to it! Go at it! What are you about? Heave ahead, Samphora!" Then they disembarked at Corinth, and the youngsters went digging beds and attending to the bedclothes. They caught crabs, and substituted these for Median pastures, whenever one of these creatures came out of the water, or even dredged the deep sea for them; so much so that Theorus[1] tells us the Corinthian crab complained, "It's rough on us, Sea-god Poseidon, if we cannot escape these Knights either in the abyss of ocean, or on earth, or among the waves!"

Re-enter the SAUSAGE-SELLER.

CHO. Best and bravest of men, how anxious we've been on your account! And now, since

[1] A poor and needy poet.

καὶ νῦν ἐπειδὴ σῶς ἐλήλυθας πάλιν,
ἄγγειλον ἡμῖν πῶς τὸ πρᾶγμ' ἠγωνίσω.

ΑΛΛ. τί δ' ἄλλο γ' εἰ μὴ νικόβουλος ἐγενόμην;

ΧΟΡ. νῦν ἄρ' ἄξιόν γε πᾶσίν ἐστιν ἐπολολύξαι.
ὦ καλὰ λέγων, πολὺ δ' ἀμείνον' ἔτι τῶν λόγων
ἐργασάμεν', εἴθ' ἐπέλ-
θοις ἅπαντά μοι σαφῶς·
ὡς ἐγώ μοι δοκῶ
κἂν μακρὰν ὁδὸν διελθεῖν
ὥστ' ἀκοῦσαι. πρὸς τάδ', ὦ βέλ-
τιστε, θαρρήσας λέγ', ὡς ἅ-
παντες ἡδόμεσθά σοι.

ΑΛΛ. καὶ μὴν ἀκοῦσαί γ' ἄξιον τῶν πραγμάτων.
εὐθὺς γὰρ αὐτοῦ κατόπιν ἐνθένδ' ἱέμην·
ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἔνδον ἐλασίβροντ' ἀναρρηγνὺς ἔπη
τερατευόμενος ἤρειδε κατὰ τῶν ἱππέων,
κρημνοὺς ἐρείδων καὶ ξυνωμότας λέγων
πιθανώταθ'· ἡ βουλὴ δ' ἅπασ' ἀκροωμένη
ἐγένεθ' ὑπ' αὐτοῦ ψευδατραφάξυος πλέα,
κἄβλεψε νᾶπυ, καὶ τὰ μέτωπ' ἀνέσπασεν.
κἄγωγ' ὅτε δὴ 'γνων ἐνδεχομένην τοὺς λόγους
καὶ τοῖς φενακισμοῖσιν ἐξαπατωμένην,
ἄγε δὴ Σκίταλοι καὶ Φένακες, ἦν δ' ἐγώ,
Βερέσχεθοί τε καὶ Κόβαλοι καὶ Μόθων,

you've come back again safely, just tell us how you have succeeded.

SAUS. In one word, you may call me Nicobulus—the Conqueror of the Council.

CHO. Bravo! Then we can congratulate you, O brave speaker, but rather in deeds than in words. Tell me everything clearly, for I'd go a long day's journey to hear your story. Speak plainly, then, best of fellows, for we are all well pleased with you.

SAUS. (*in the loftiest style of Greek tragedy*). My story is well worth hearing, I assure you. Well, you know I went straight away after that fellow; and I found him in the Council-chamber thundering out his words in the most wonderful way against the Knights. He heaved rocks at 'em, calling 'em conspirators, and in a general way lying like truth. The whole Senate sat there listening, whilst his lies grew as fast as mushrooms. Those grave and reverend elders looked as angry as mustard, and began to knit their brows. As soon as ever I saw they were being humbugged and taken in by his tricks, I fell to saying my prayers. "Come to my aid," I said, "ye gods of roguery, rascality, impudence, ignorance, and blackguardism. Spirit

ἀγορά τ', ἐν ᾗ παῖς ὢν ἐπαιδεύθην ἐγώ,
νῦν μοι θράσος καὶ γλῶτταν εὔπορον δότε
φωνήν τ' ἀναιδῆ. ταῦτα φροντίζοντί μοι
ἐκ δεξιᾶς ἀπέπαρδε καταπύγων ἀνήρ.
κἀγὼ προσέκυσα· κᾆτα τῷ πρωκτῷ θενὼν
τὴν κιγκλίδ' ἐξήραξα, κἀναχανὼν μέγα
ἀνέκραγον· ὦ βουλή, λόγους ἀγαθοὺς φέρων
εὐαγγελίσασθαι πρῶτος ὑμῖν βούλομαι·
ἐξ οὗ γὰρ ἡμῖν ὁ πόλεμος κατερράγη,
οὐπώποτ' ἀφύας εἶδον ἀξιωτέρας.
τῶν δ' εὐθέως τὰ πρόσωπα διεγαλήνισεν·
εἶτ' ἐστεφάνουν μ' εὐαγγέλια· κἀγὼ 'φρασα
αὐτοῖς ἀπόρρητον ποιησάμενος, ταχὺ
ἵνα τὰς ἀφύας ὠνοῖντο πολλὰς τοὐβολοῦ,
τῶν δημιουργῶν ξυλλαβεῖν τὰ τρύβλια.
οἱ δ' ἀνεκρότησαν καὶ πρὸς ἔμ' ἐκεχήνεσαν.
ὁ δ' ὑπονοήσας, ὁ Παφλαγών, εἰδώς θ' ἅμα
οἷς ἥδεθ' ἡ βουλὴ μάλιστα ῥήμασιν,
γνώμην ἔλεξεν· ἄνδρες, ἤδη μοι δοκεῖ
ἐπὶ συμφοραῖς ἀγαθαῖσιν εἰσηγγελμέναις
εὐαγγέλια θύειν ἑκατὸν βοῦς τῇ θεῷ.
ἐπένευσεν εἰς ἐκεῖνον ἡ βουλὴ πάλιν.

of the market-place in which I was born and bred, inspire me with pluck and ready jaw and shameless jabber." As I was meditating thus, some bugger broke wind on my right. I took this as a happy omen, and did reverence to him. Then I put my backside against the railings, forced them open, and sang out: "O Senators! I come, first in the field, to give you good tidings. Sprats have never been cheaper since the beginning of the war." Then their countenances grew calm, and they crowned me for my good news; whereupon I told them of a secret plan which I made up at the moment, whereby they might purchase the largest possible number of sprats for a penny, collecting all the potters' dishes to carry them. Thereupon they renewed their applause, and gazed at me with their mouths wide open. But the Paphlagonian, seeing the turn things were taking, and knowing exactly the kind of proposal which pleased the Council, trotted out his plan. "Senators," said he, "I think we ought, in recognition of the good news just received, to sacrifice a hundred oxen to the goddess." Then the Council gave their assent to him once more; but I wasn't going to be

κἄγωγ' ὅτε δὴ 'γνων τοῖς βολίτοις ἡττημένος,
διακοσίαισι βουσὶν ὑπερηκόντισα·
τῇ δ' Ἀγροτέρᾳ κατὰ χιλίων παρῄνεσα
εὐχὴν ποιήσασθαι χιμάρων εἰσαύριον,
αἱ τριχίδες εἰ γενοίαθ' ἑκατὸν τοὐβολοῦ.
ἐκαραδόκησεν εἰς ἔμ' ἡ βουλὴ πάλιν.
ὁ δὲ ταῦτ' ἀκούσας ἐκπλαγεὶς ἐφληνάφα.
κᾆθ' εἷλκον αὐτὸν οἱ πρυτάνεις χοἰ τοξόται.
οἱ δ' ἐθορύβουν περὶ τῶν ἀφύων ἑστηκότες·
ὁ δ' ἠντιβόλει γ' αὐτοὺς ὀλίγον μεῖναι χρόνον·
ἵν' ἅτθ' ὁ κῆρυξ οὑκ Λακεδαίμονος λέγει
πύθησθ'· ἀφῖκται γὰρ περὶ σπονδῶν λέγων.
οἱ δ' ἐξ ἑνὸς στόματος ἅπαντες ἀνέκραγον·
νυνὶ περὶ σπονδῶν; ἐπειδή γ', ὦ μέλε,
ᾔσθοντο τὰς ἀφύας παρ' ἡμῖν ἀξίας;
οὐ δεόμεθα σπονδῶν· ὁ πόλεμος ἑρπέτω.
ἐκεκράγεσάν τε τοὺς πρυτάνεις ἀφιέναι·
εἶθ' ὑπερεπήδων τοὺς δρυφάκτους πανταχῇ.
ἐγὼ δὲ τὰ κορίανν' ἐπριάμην ὑποδραμὼν
ἅπαντα τά τε γήτει' ὅσ' ἦν ἐν τἀγορᾷ·
ἔπειτα ταῖς ἀφύαις ἐδίδουν ἡδύσματα
ἀποροῦσιν αὐτοῖς προῖκα, κἀχαριζόμην.
οἱ δ' ὑπερεπῄνουν ὑπερεπύππαζόν τέ με
ἅπαντες οὕτως ὥστε τὴν βουλὴν ὅλην

done with his dirty cow-dung, so I shot ahead and suggested a sacrifice of two hundred, proposing also to throw in a thousand kids to the Goddess of the Chase, Artemis, if anchovies fell next day so low as a hundred for a penny. That fetched the Council back to me again. The Paphlagonian was fairly knocked out of the running by my proposal, and began to talk rot, whereupon he was promptly expelled by the Prytanes and officials. The rest of them were still discussing the anchovy question when he begged them to pause awhile, since an envoy had come from Lacedaemon to treat for peace. That settled him. With one consent, they all cried out, "What have we to do with a truce? They have found out, you wretch, how cheap sprats are with us. We don't want peace; let the war drag on." Then they yelled out to the Prytanes to dismiss the Assembly, and straightway leapt over the barriers in all directions. For my part, I bolted off and bought up all the coriander-seed and onions in the market. These I gave them gratis to season their sprats, and they *were* delighted. They loaded me with praises and applause; and so, Knights, I have come back

ὀβολοῦ κοριάννοις ἀναλαβὼν ἐλήλυθα.

ΧΟΡ. πάντα τοι πέπραγας οἷα χρὴ τὸν εὐτυχοῦντα·
εὗρε δ' ὁ πανοῦργος ἕτερον πολὺ πανουργίαις
μείζοσι κεκασμένον,
καὶ δόλοισι ποικίλοις,
ῥήμασίν θ' αἱμύλοις.
ἀλλ' ὅπως ἀγωνιεῖ φρόν-
τιζε τἀπίλοιπ' ἄριστα·
συμμάχους δ' ἡμᾶς ἔχων εὔ-
νους ἐπίστασαι πάλαι.

ΑΛΛ. καὶ μὴν ὁ Παφλαγὼν οὑτοσὶ προσέρχεται,
ὠθῶν κολόκυμα καὶ ταράττων καὶ κυκῶν,
ὡς δὴ καταπιόμενός με. μορμὼ τοῦ θράσους.

ΚΛ. εἰ μή σ' ἀπολέσαιμ', εἴ τι τῶν αὐτῶν ἐμοὶ
ψευδῶν ἐνείη, διαπέσοιμι πανταχῇ.

ΑΛΛ. ἥσθην ἀπειλαῖς, ἐγέλασα ψολοκομπίαις,
ἀπεπυδάρισα μόθωνα, περιεκόκκασα.

ΚΛ. οὔ τοι μὰ τὴν Δήμητρά γ', εἰ μή σ' ἐκφάγω
ἐκ τῆσδε τῆς γῆς, οὐδέποτε βιώσομαι.

ΑΛΛ. εἰ μὴ 'κφάγῃς μ'; ἐγὼ δέ γ', εἰ μή σ' ἐκπίω,
κᾆτ' ἐκροφήσας αὐτὸς ἐπιδιαρραγῶ.

ΚΛ. ἀπολῶ σε νὴ τὴν προεδρίαν τὴν ἐκ Πύλου.

to you after capturing the whole Council with an obol's worth of coriander!

CHO. You have acted in all respects as one of fortune's favourites. That rascal has found one more perfectly equipped with rascality than himself, more fertile in dodges and tricky speeches. Take care that you contend with him as successfully in future, and be sure that you have us for faithful allies.

SAUS. Here comes the Paphlagonian bent on a final struggle, fussing and fuming as though he were going to trounce me at last. What ideal impudence!

Enter CLEON.

CLE. If I don't polish you off now—provided my stock of lying fail me not—may I perish miserably!

SAUS. I like your threats. I laugh at your empty bluster, kick up my heels and cry cuckoo at your spirit of impudence.

CLE. By Mother Demeter! may I die if I don't eat you up off the surface of the earth.

SAUS. Die if you don't eat me up? So may I, if I don't gulp you down at one swallow, and then—burst.

CLE. I'll do for you. I vow it by the proud

ΑΛΛ. ἰδοὺ προεδρίαν· οἷον ὄψομαί σ' ἐγὼ
ἐκ τῆς προεδρίας ἔσχατον θεώμενον.
ΚΛ. ἐν τῷ ξύλῳ δήσω σε νὴ τὸν οὐρανόν.
ΑΛΛ. ὡς ὀξύθυμος. φέρε τί σοι δῶ καταφαγεῖν;
ἐπὶ τῷ φάγοις ἥδιστ' ἄν; ἐπὶ βαλλαντίῳ;
ΚΛ. ἐξαρπάσομαί σου τοῖς ὄνυξι τἄντερα.
ΑΛΛ. ἀπονυχιῶ σου τἀν πρυτανείῳ σιτία.
ΚΛ. ἕλξω σε πρὸς τὸν δῆμον, ἵνα δῷς μοι δίκην.
ΑΛΛ. κἀγὼ δέ σ' ἕλξω καὶ διαβαλῶ πλείονα.
ΚΛ. ἀλλ', ὦ πονηρέ, σοὶ μὲν οὐδὲν πείθεται·
ἐγὼ δ' ἐκείνου καταγελῶ γ' ὅσον θέλω.
ΑΛΛ. ὡς σφόδρα σὺ τὸν δῆμον σεαυτοῦ νενόμικας.
ΚΛ. ἐπίσταμαι γὰρ αὐτὸν οἷς ψωμίζεται.
ΑΛΛ. κᾆθ' ὥσπερ αἱ τιτθαί γε σιτίζεις κακῶς.
μασώμενος γὰρ τῷ μὲν ὀλίγον ἐντίθης,

pre-eminence I gained through my success at Pylos.

SAUS. Pre-eminence, forsooth! May I live to see you brought down from your "proud pre-eminence" to a back seat at the show.

CLE. I'll pillory you; by Heaven I will!

SAUS. How irate you are, to be sure! What would you like to take in the way of refreshment? Will you try . . .

CLE. I'm going to claw your bowels out with my nails.

SAUS. No you ain't, because I shall cut your nails to stop your clawing up the public rations.

CLE. I'll drag you before Demus and charge you . . .

SAUS. You won't, because I shall drag *you* before Demus, and bring more charges against you.

CLE. Why, you scamp, he cares nothing about you; whilst I can laugh at him as much as I like.

SAUS. So you have come to look upon Demus as your own private property.

CLE. Yes, because I know how to feed him up.

SAUS. You feed him as bad nurses do little babies; you chew the victuals and give him a

αὐτὸς δ' ἐκείνου τριπλάσιον κατέσπακας.

ΚΛ. καὶ νὴ Δί' ὑπό γε δεξιότητος τῆς ἐμῆς
δύναμαι ποιεῖν τὸν δῆμον εὐρὺν καὶ στενόν.

ΑΛΛ. χὠ πρωκτὸς οὑμὸς τουτογὶ σοφίζεται.

ΚΛ. οὐκ, ὦγάθ', ἐν βουλῇ με δόξεις καθυβρίσαι.
ἴωμεν εἰς τὸν δῆμον. ΑΛΛ. οὐδὲν κωλύει·
ἰδού, βάδιζε, μηδὲν ἡμᾶς ἰσχέτω.

ΚΛ. ὦ Δῆμε, δεῦρ' ἔξελθε. ΑΛΛ. νὴ Δί', ὦ πάτερ,
ἔξελθε δῆτ'. ΚΛ. ὦ Δημίδιον ὦ φίλτατον,
ἔξελθ', ἵν' εἰδῇς οἷα περιυβρίζομαι.

ΔΗ. τίνες οἱ βοῶντες; οὐκ ἄπιτ' ἀπὸ τῆς θύρας;
τὴν εἰρεσιώνην μου κατεσπαράξατε.
τίς, ὦ Παφλαγών, ἀδικεῖ σε; ΚΛ. διὰ σὲ τύπτομαι
ὑπὸ τουτουὶ καὶ τῶν νεανίσκων. ΔΗ. τιή;

ΚΛ. ὁτιὴ φιλῶ σ', ὦ Δῆμ', ἐραστής τ' εἰμὶ σός.

ΔΗ. σὺ δ' εἶ τίς ἐτεόν; ΑΛΛ. ἀντεραστὴς τουτουί,

little bit, swallowing three times as much yourself.

CLE. By God, I'm so clever that I can make Demus, so to say, open and shut as I will.

SAUS. What of that? I can do the same with my arse.

CLE. My good fellow, don't suppose you are going to put me down in the Council. Let's appeal to Demus.

SAUS. By all means. Come on. There's nothing to prevent it.

CLE. Demus, come out.

SAUS. Yes, for God's sake, Father Demus, do come out and see how I'm being insulted.

Enter DEMUS.

DEM. Who are you fellows kicking up this row? Be off from my doors. You've knocked down my olive-branch. Now, Paphlagonian, who's injuring you?

CLE. I'm being thrashed on your account by this man and a lot of young fellows.

DEM. Why?

CLE. Just because I'm fond of you, Demus; because I am your admirer.

DEM. And pray who are you?

ἐρῶν πάλαι σου, βουλόμενός τέ σ' εὖ ποιεῖν,
ἄλλοι τε πολλοὶ καὶ καλοί τε κἀγαθοί.
ἀλλ' οὐχ οἷοί τ' ἐσμὲν διὰ τουτονί. σὺ γὰρ
ὅμοιος εἶ τοῖς παισὶ τοῖς ἐρωμένοις·
τοὺς μὲν καλούς τε κἀγαθοὺς οὐ προσδέχει,
σαυτὸν δὲ λυχνοπώλαισι καὶ νευρορράφοις
καὶ σκυτοτόμοις καὶ βυρσοπώλαισιν δίδως.

ΚΛ. εὖ γὰρ ποιῶ τὸν δῆμον. ΑΛΛ. εἰπέ μοι, τί δρῶν;

ΚΛ. ὅτι τῶν στρατηγῶν ὑποδραμὼν τῶν ἐκ Πύλου,
πλεύσας ἐκεῖσε, τοὺς Λάκωνας ἤγαγον.

ΑΛΛ. ἐγὼ δὲ περιπατῶν γ' ἀπ' ἐργαστηρίου
ἕψοντος ἑτέρου τὴν χύτραν ὑφειλόμην.

ΚΛ. καὶ μὴν ποιήσας αὐτίκα μάλ' ἐκκλησίαν,
ὦ Δῆμ', ἵν' εἰδῇς ὁπότερος νῷν ἐστί σοι
εὐνούστερος, διάκρινον, ἵνα τοῦτον φιλῇς.

ΑΛΛ. ναὶ ναὶ διάκρινον δῆτα, πλὴν μὴ 'ν τῇ πυκνί.

ΔΗ. οὐκ ἂν καθεζοίμην ἐν ἄλλῳ χωρίῳ·
ἀλλ' ὡς τὸ πρόσθε χρὴ παρεῖν' ἐς τὴν πύκνα.

ΑΛΛ. οἴμοι κακοδαίμων, ὡς ἀπόλωλ'. ὁ γὰρ γέρων

SAUS. Well, not exactly an admirer of him. I have long admired you, and wished to do you a service, and a good many other respectable people too; but we are all prevented by him. You are just like one of those young chaps who go in for sodomy, giving up respectable society to mix with lamp-sellers,[1] cordwainers, cobblers, and—tanners.

CLE. But I do good service to Demus.

SAUS. Tell me how.

CLE. I circumvented the generals at Pylos, and sailed hither with the Lacedaemonians as prisoners.

SAUS. And once upon a time too I, in like manner, coming back from the workshop, saw a fellow cooking his dinner, and I prigged it.

CLE. Well, Demus, you had better convoke the Assembly at once, find out which of us is more kindly disposed towards yourself, and take him into favour.

SAUS. By all means, decide it—but not in the Pnyx.

DEM. Yes, I can't sit in any other place; so forward you go, to the Pnyx.

SAUS. Then I'm done for. This old chunk,

[1] Hyperbolus, another demagogue.

οἴκοι μὲν ἀνδρῶν ἐστι δεξιώτατος,
ὅταν δ' ἐπὶ ταυτησὶ καθῆται τῆς πέτρας,
κέχηνεν ὥσπερ ἐμποδίζων ἰσχάδας.

ΧΟΡ. νῦν δή σε πάντα δεῖ κάλων ἐξιέναι σεαυτοῦ,
καὶ λῆμα θούριον φορεῖν καὶ λόγους ἀφύκτους,
ὅτοισι τόνδ' ὑπερβαλεῖ. ποικίλος γὰρ ἀνὴρ
κἀκ τῶν ἀμηχάνων πόρους εὐμήχανος πορίζειν.
πρὸς ταῦθ' ὅπως ἔξει πολὺς καὶ λαμπρὸς ἐς τὸν ἄνδρα.
ἀλλὰ φυλάττου, καὶ πρὶν ἐκεῖνον προκεῖσθαί σοι, πρότερος σὺ
τοὺς δελφῖνας μετεωρίζου καὶ τὴν ἄκατον παραβάλλου.

ΚΛ. τῇ μὲν δεσποίνῃ Ἀθηναίᾳ, τῇ τῆς πόλεως μεδεούσῃ,
εὔχομαι, εἰ μὲν περὶ τὸν δῆμον τὸν Ἀθηναίων γεγένημαι
βέλτιστος ἀνὴρ μετὰ Λυσικλέα καὶ Κύνναν καὶ Σαλαβακχώ,
ὥσπερ νυνὶ μηδὲν δράσας δειπνεῖν ἐν τῷ πρυτανείῳ·
εἰ δέ σε μισῶ καὶ μὴ περὶ σοῦ μάχομαι μόνος ἀντιβεβηκώς,
ἀπολοίμην καὶ διαπρισθείην κατατμηθείην τε λέπαδνα.

ΑΛΛ. κἄγωγ', ὦ Δῆμ', εἰ μή σε φιλῶ καὶ μὴ στέργω, κατατμηθεὶς
ἑψοίμην ἐν περικομματίοις· κεἰ μὴ τούτοισι πέποιθας,
ἐπὶ ταυτησὶ κατακνησθείην ἐν μυττωτῷ μετὰ τυροῦ

when he's at home, is the cleverest of men, but directly he gets his rump on that rock he gapes like little boys bobbing for figs.

CHO. Now you must let out all your cable. Assume a bumptious air, use big words, and so trounce this rascal. He's up to all sorts of tricks and can get out of any scrape. Go for him at once, and mind you make a brilliant opening. Only take care; before he can get at you, use your weapons of assault, bring your craft alongside and board him.

CLE. Now I say my prayers to Athene, the protectress of the city. If I be the best friend of Demus next after Lysicles, and those lively young ladies Cynna and Salabaccho,[1] then may I, as at present, do nothing at all and feed in the Town Hall. But if I hate you, and do not fight for you or stand in the gap on your behalf, may I perish miserably, be sawn asunder and cut up into thongs.

SAUS. And as for me, Demus, if I don't love and adore you, may I be cut up into mince-meat and cooked. If that isn't enough to inspire and with confidence in me, may I, furthermore, be scraped like cheese and made

[1] Well-known courtesans.

καὶ τῇ κρεάγρᾳ τῶν ὀρχιπέδων ἑλκοίμην ἐς Κεραμεικόν.

ΚΛ. καὶ πῶς ἂν ἐμοῦ μᾶλλόν σε φιλῶν, ὦ Δῆμε, γένοιτο πολίτης;
ὃς πρῶτα μέν, ἡνίκ' ἐβούλευόν σοι, χρήματα πλεῖστ' ἀπέδειξα
ἐν τῷ κοινῷ, τοὺς μὲν στρεβλῶν, τοὺς δ' ἄγχων, τοὺς δὲ μεταιτῶν,
οὐ φροντίζων τῶν ἰδιωτῶν οὐδενός, εἰ σοὶ χαριοίμην.

ΑΛΛ. τοῦτο μέν, ὦ Δῆμ', οὐδὲν σεμνόν· κἀγὼ γὰρ τοῦτό σε δράσω.
ἁρπάζων γὰρ τοὺς ἄρτους σοι τοὺς ἀλλοτρίους παραθήσω.
ὡς δ' οὐχὶ φιλεῖ σ' οὐδ' ἔστ' εὔνους, τοῦτ' αὐτό σε πρῶτα διδάξω,
ἀλλ' ἢ διὰ τοῦτ' αὔθ' ὁτιή σου τῆς ἀνθρακιᾶς ἀπολαύει.
σὲ γάρ, ὃς Μήδοισι διεξιφίσω περὶ τῆς χώρας Μαραθῶνι,
καὶ νικήσας ἡμῖν μεγάλως ἐγγλωττοτυπεῖν παρέδωκας,
ἐπὶ ταῖσι πέτραις οὐ φροντίζει σκληρῶς σε καθήμενον οὕτως,
οὐχ ὥσπερ ἐγὼ ῥαψάμενός σοι τουτὶ φέρω. ἀλλ' ἐπαναίρου,
κᾆτα καθίζου μαλακῶς, ἵνα μὴ τρίβῃς τὴν ἐν Σαλαμῖνι.

into an omelette, and then may I be dragged off by my testicles with a flesh-hook to burial in the Ceramicus.[1]

CLE. And, Demus, how could any citizen better prove his devotion for you than I have? First of all, when I shared your counsels, I always showed a surplus in the exchequer. Some people I tortured, others I strangled; of others, again, I begged, never regarding the interests of individuals so that I might do you a favour.

SAUS. Why, Demus, there's nothing remarkable in that. I, too, can filch other folk's bread and set it before you. But I will show you that all his love and affection for you is due to the fact that he warms himself at your fireside. Though you fought for us at Marathon against the Medes, and by your victory made us famous, yet he takes no thought for you sitting as you are on this hard rock; whilst I have cobbled up this soft cushion which I now present to you. Rise up, and then sit down comfortably, that you may not have the sore bottom you had at Salamis.

[1] There were two places of this name: one, a public burying-place in the suburbs; the other, within the city, a favourite haunt of courtesans.

ΔΗ. ἄνθρωπε, τίς εἶ; μῶν ἔκγονος εἶ τῶν Ἁρμοδίου τις ἐκείνων;
τουτό γέ τοί σου τοὔργον ἀληθῶς γενναῖον καὶ φιλόδημον.

ΚΛ. ὡς ἀπὸ μικρῶν εὔνους αὐτῷ θωπευματίων γεγένησαι.

ΑΛΛ. καὶ σὺ γὰρ αὐτὸν πολὺ μικροτέροις τούτων δελεάσμασιν εἷλες.

ΚΛ. καὶ μὴν εἴ πού τις ἀνὴρ ἐφάνη τῷ δήμῳ μᾶλλον ἀμύνων
ἢ μᾶλλον ἐμοῦ σε φιλῶν, ἐθέλω περὶ τῆς κεφαλῆς περιδόσθαι.

ΑΛΛ. καὶ πῶς σὺ φιλεῖς, ὃς τοῦτον ὁρῶν οἰκοῦντ' ἐν ταῖς πιθάκναισι
καὶ γυπαρίοις καὶ πυργιδίοις ἔτος ὄγδοον οὐκ ἐλεαίρεις,
ἀλλὰ καθείρξας αὐτὸν βλίττεις· Ἀρχεπτολέμου δὲ φέροντος
τὴν εἰρήνην ἐξεσκέδασας, τὰς πρεσβείας τ' ἀπελαύνεις
ἐκ τῆς πόλεως ῥαθαπυγίζων, αἳ τὰς σπονδὰς προκαλοῦνται.

ΚΛ. ἵνα γ' Ἑλλήνων ἄρξῃ πάντων. ἔστι γὰρ ἐν τοῖς λογίοισιν
ὡς τοῦτον δεῖ ποτ' ἐν Ἀρκαδίᾳ πεντωβόλου ἡλιάσασθαι,

DEM. Why, man, who are you? You must be a descendant of the patriot Harmodius; this attention of yours is so truly noble and democratic.

CLE. You have managed to gain his favour by backdoor means!

SAUS. You hooked him with a smaller bait still.

CLE. And yet, Demus, I'll wager my head no man ever loved you better than I did.

SAUS. You love him, when you've seen him for the last eight years living in cellars and slums and about the ramparts, and yet felt no compunction! On the contrary, you have crowded him out and smoke-dried him; and when Archeptolemus[1] came to propose terms of peace, you kicked the backsides of the ambassadors who brought the treaty, and you turned them out of the city.

CLE. Yes I did, but only in order that you should rule over all the Hellenes. It is written in the oracles that this Demus shall sit in Arcadia[2] and get five obols[3] a day for it, if he

[1] Perhaps one of the ambassadors sent by the Lacedaemonians to Athens after the capture of Sphacteria.

[2] Put for the whole of the Peloponnesus.

[3] The usual fee was *three* obols.

ἣν ἀναμείνῃ· πάντως δ' αὐτὸν θρέψω 'γὼ καὶ θεραπεύσω,
ἐξευρίσκων εὖ καὶ μιαρῶς ὁπόθεν τὸ τριώβολον ἕξει.

ΑΛΛ. οὐχ ἵνα γ' ἄρχῃ μὰ Δί' Ἀρκαδίας προνοούμενος, ἀλλ' ἵνα μᾶλλον
σὺ μὲν ἁρπάζῃς καὶ δωροδοκῇς παρὰ τῶν πόλεων· ὁ δὲ δῆμος
ὑπὸ τοῦ πολέμου καὶ τῆς ὁμίχλης ἃ πανουργεῖς μὴ καθορᾷ σου,
ἀλλ' ὑπ' ἀνάγκης ἅμα καὶ χρείας καὶ μισθοῦ πρός σε κεχήνῃ.
εἰ δέ ποτ' εἰς ἀγρὸν οὗτος ἀπελθὼν εἰρηναῖος διατρίψῃ,
καὶ χῖδρα φαγὼν ἀναθαρρήσῃ καὶ στεμφύλῳ ἐς λόγον ἔλθῃ,
γνώσεται οἵων ἀγαθῶν αὐτὸν τῇ μισθοφορᾷ παρεκόπτου,
εἶθ' ἥξει σοι δριμὺς ἄγροικος, κατὰ σοῦ τὴν ψῆφον ἰχνεύων.
ἃ σὺ γιγνώσκων τόνδ' ἐξαπατᾷς, καὶ ὀνειροπολεῖς περὶ σαυτοῦ.

ΑΚ. οὔκουν δεινὸν ταυτί σε λέγειν δῆτ' ἔστ' ἐμὲ καὶ διαβάλλειν
πρὸς Ἀθηναίους καὶ τὸν δῆμον, πεποιηκότα πλείονα χρηστὰ
νὴ τὴν Δήμητρα Θεμιστοκλέους πολλῷ περὶ τὴν πόλιν ἤδη;

only holds out. So I will do all I can to keep him going, by fair means or foul, and enable him to get for the time being his daily three obols.

SAUS. No, by the Lord, you had no such Arcadian aspirations! You only wanted to plunder and blackmail the cities. You think, if Demus is plunged in war and confusion, he will not perceive your misdeeds, but, being oppressed by debt and need of pay for his forces, will look only to you. Mark me, however, if once this old gentleman gets back to his country-seat and enjoys the blessings of peace, and regains his good spirits by eating frumenty and attending to his olive-crop, then he will realise the blessings from which you cut him off in order to raise pay. Then he will drop down on you as a sturdy rustic, and hunt about for a pebble to blackball you with. All this you know well; so you go on cajoling him and trumping up all sorts of hanky-panky about yourself.

CLE. Is it not too bad of you to say such things and malign me to the Athenians and to Demus, when you know I have done far more good to the city—so help me Demeter!—than even Themistocles himself?

ΑΛΛ. ὦ πόλις Ἄργους, κλύεθ' οἷα λέγει. σὺ Θεμιστοκλεῖ ἀντιφερίζεις;
ὃς ἐποίησεν τὴν πόλιν ἡμῶν μεστὴν εὑρὼν ἐπιχειλῆ,
καὶ πρὸς τούτοις ἀριστώσῃ τὸν Πειραιᾶ προσέμαξεν,
ἀφελών τ' οὐδὲν τῶν ἀρχαίων ἰχθῦς καινοὺς παρέθηκεν.
σὺ δ' Ἀθηναίους ἐζήτησας μικροπολίτας ἀποφῆναι
διατειχίζων καὶ χρησμῳδῶν, ὁ Θεμιστοκλεῖ ἀντιφερίζων.
κἀκεῖνος μὲν φεύγει τὴν γῆν, σὺ δ' Ἀχιλλείων ἀπομάττει.

ΚΛ. οὔκουν ταυτὶ δεινὸν ἀκούειν, ὦ Δῆμ', ἐστίν μ' ὑπὸ τούτου,
ὁτιή σε φιλῶ; ΔΗ. παῦ παῦ, οὗτος, καὶ μὴ σκέρβολλε πονηρά.
πολλοῦ δὲ πολύν με χρόνον καὶ νῦν ἐλελήθεις ἐγκρυφιάζων.

ΑΛΛ. μιαρώτατος, ὦ Δημακίδιον, καὶ πλεῖστα πανοῦργα δεδρακώς,
ὁπόταν χασμᾷ, καὶ τοὺς καυλοὺς
τῶν εὐθυνῶν ἐκκαυλίζων

SAUS. (*with a tragic quotation*). "City of Argos! Hear you what he says?"

Do you dare to compare yourself with Themistocles? He found the city well supplied indeed, but he filled it to overflowing. In addition to this, he prepared the Piraeus[1] as a kind of extra dish. Without depriving it of its former dainties, he served up fresh fish for it. You, on the other hand, have only tried to minimise the Athenian citizens with your cross-walls and your oracles, and then you venture to compare yourself with Themistocles. He, moreover, was exiled from his country, whereas you feast on Achillean dainties.[2]

CLE. Isn't it hard, Demus, that I should be vilified by this fellow, all on account of my affection for you?

DEM. Shut up, you fellow, and don't be abusive. I've been your dupe long enough.

SAUS. He's an awful rascal, my dear Demus, and gets up to all kinds of mischief, while you're in a state of blissful ignorance. He cabbages all he can from folks in trouble, and

[1] Themistocles fortified the three ports of Athens,—Phalerum, Munychia, and Piraeus.

[2] Supposed to be cakes of fine barley.

καταβροχθίζει, κἀμφοῖν χειροῖν
μυστιλᾶται τῶν δημοσίων.

ΚΛ. οὐ χαιρήσεις, ἀλλά σε κλέπτονθ'
αἱρήσω 'γὼ τρεῖς μυριάδας.

ΑΛΛ. τί θαλαττοκοπεῖς καὶ πλατυγίζεις,
μιαρώτατος ὢν περὶ τὸν δῆμον
τὸν 'Αθηναίων; καί σ' ἐπιδείξω
νὴ τὴν Δήμητρ', ἢ μὴ ζῴην,
δωροδοκήσαντ' ἐκ Μιτυλήνης
πλεῖν ἢ μνᾶς τετταράκοντα.

ΧΟΡ. ὦ πᾶσιν ἀνθρώποις φανεὶς μέγιστον ὠφέλημα,
ζηλῶ σε τῆς εὐγλωττίας. εἰ γὰρ ὧδ' ἐποίσει,
μέγιστος Ἑλλήνων ἔσει, καὶ μόνος καθέξεις
τἀν τῇ πόλει, τῶν ξυμμάχων τ' ἄρξεις ἔχων τρίαιναν,
ᾗ πολλὰ χρήματ' ἐργάσει σείων τε καὶ ταράττων.
καὶ μὴ μεθῇς τὸν ἄνδρ', ἐπειδή σοι λαβὴν δέδωκεν·
κατεργάσει γὰρ ῥᾳδίως, πλευρὰς ἔχων τοιαύτας.

helps himself with both hands to the public money.

CLE. You ain't going to get off scot-free. I shall prove that you have pocketed thirty thousand drachmae.

SAUS. Why flounder and splash about so, when you know you have swindled the Athenian Demus? As I live, I can prove, so help me Demeter! that you received bribes from Mitylene[1] alone to the tune of more than forty minae.

CHO. You have indeed appeared as a benefactor to all of us, and I envy you your ready speech. If you go on thus, you will be the greatest of all the Hellenes; you alone will have the chief seat in the city, and will rule the allies with your trident, like the Sea-god himself, exacting money by shaking and upturning everything. Don't let go this fellow, since he has given you such a hold upon him. You can easily do for him with those lungs of yours.

[1] The Athenians had despatched Chares with instructions to put to death all the inhabitants of Mitylene in Lesbos. After his departure, they changed their minds, but the lives of the Mitylenaeans were only saved by the strenuous exertions of some of their fellow-countrymen at Athens, who fitted out a vessel and sent the news of the countermanding of the original instructions.

ΚΛ. οὐκ, ὦγαθοί, ταῦτ' ἐστί πω ταύτῃ μὰ τὸν Ποσειδῶ.
ἐμοὶ γάρ ἐστ' εἰργασμένον τοιοῦτον ἔργον ὥστε
ἀπαξάπαντας τοὺς ἐμοὺς ἐχθροὺς ἐπιστομίζειν,
ἕως ἂν ᾖ τῶν ἀσπίδων τῶν ἐκ Πύλου τι λοιπόν.

ΑΛΛ. ἐπίσχες ἐν ταῖς ἀσπίσιν· λαβὴν γὰρ ἐνδέδωκας.
οὐ γάρ σ' ἐχρῆν, εἴπερ φιλεῖς τὸν δῆμον, ἐκ προνοίας
ταύτας ἐᾶν αὐτοῖσι τοῖς πόρπαξιν ἀνατεθῆναι.
ἀλλ' ἐστὶ τοῦτ', ὦ Δῆμε, μηχάνημ', ἵν', ἢν σὺ βούλῃ
τὸν ἄνδρα κολάσαι τουτονί, σοὶ τοῦτο μὴ 'κγένηται.
ὁρᾷς γὰρ αὐτῷ στῖφος οἷόν ἐστι βυρσοπωλῶν
νεανιῶν· τούτους δὲ περιοικοῦσι μελιτοπῶλαι
καὶ τυροπῶλαι· τοῦτο δ' εἰς ἓν ἐστι συγκεκυφός.
ὥστ' εἰ σὺ βριμήσαιο καὶ βλέψειας ὀστρακίνδα,
νύκτωρ κατασπάσαντες ἂν τὰς ἀσπίδας θέοντες
τὰς εἰσβολὰς τῶν ἀλφίτων ἂν καταλάβοιεν ἡμῶν.

ΔΗ. οἴμοι τάλας· ἔχουσι γὰρ πόρπακας; ὦ πονηρέ,
ὅσον με παρεκόπτου χρόνον τοιαῦτα κρουσιδημῶν.

Cle. Not so, my fine fellows, not so, I swear it by the Sea-god himself. I have done such a deed as at once and for ever to stop the mouths of my enemies, so long as there remains a single one of the shields captured at Pylos.

Saus. Hold hard there at those shields! they, in fact, afford a handle against you. If you are so fond of Demus it was not right of you deliberately and of set purpose to let them hang up those shields with their straps on them.[1] That's his little game, Demus, so that, if you want to drop down on him, you mayn't be able. You see what a surrounding of young tanners he's got. Around these dwell the dealers in honey and the cheesemongers. They all pull together; so that, if you roar at any one of them and threaten him with transportation, they will make a raid by night, take down the shields and cut us off from our supplies.

Dem. Good gracious! Are the straps on the shields? O, you scoundrel! What a long time you've fooled me with your demoniacal tricks!

[1] In which case they would be ready for use in the hands of evilly-disposed persons. When shields or other weapons were consecrated and hung up in temples, it was the usual thing to take off their handles and straps.

ΚΛ. ὦ δαιμόνιε, μὴ τοῦ λέγοντος ἴσθι, μηδ' οἰηθῇς
ἐμοῦ ποθ' εὑρήσειν φίλον βελτίον'· ὅστις εἷς ὢν
ἔπαυσα τοὺς ξυνωμότας, καί μ' οὐ λέληθεν οὐδὲν
ἐν τῇ πόλει ξυνιστάμενον, ἀλλ' εὐθέως κέκραγα.

ΑΛΛ. ὅπερ γὰρ οἱ τὰς ἐγχέλεις θηρώμενοι πέπονθας.
ὅταν μὲν ἡ λίμνη καταστῇ, λαμβάνουσιν οὐδέν·
ἐὰν δ' ἄνω τε καὶ κάτω τὸν βόρβορον κυκῶσιν,
αἱροῦσι· καὶ σὺ λαμβάνεις, ἢν τὴν πόλιν ταράττῃς.
ἓν δ' εἰπέ μοι τοσουτονί· σκύτη τοσαῦτα πωλῶν,
ἔδωκας ἤδη τουτῳὶ κάττυμα παρὰ σεαυτοῦ
ταῖς ἐμβάσιν, φάσκων φιλεῖν; ΔΗ. οὐ δῆτα μὰ τὸν Ἀπόλλω.

ΑΛΛ. ἔγνωκας οὖν δῆτ' αὐτὸν οἷός ἐστιν; ἀλλ' ἐγώ σοι
ζεῦγος πριάμενος ἐμβάδοιν τουτὶ φορεῖν δίδωμι.

ΔΗ. κρίνω σ' ὅσων ἐγᾦδα περὶ τὸν δῆμον ἄνδρ' ἄριστον
εὐνούστατόν τε τῇ πόλει καὶ τοῖσι δακτύλοισιν.

ΚΛ. οὐ δεινὸν οὖν δῆτ' ἐμβάδας τοσουτονὶ δύνασθαι,
ἐμοῦ δὲ μὴ μνείαν ἔχειν ὅσων πέπονθας; ὅστις

CLE. My dear sir, pay no heed to this chatterer. Be quite sure you'll never find a better friend than myself; since single-handed I have put down conspiracies. No sedition has ever been hatched in the city but I have detected it and at once given you the alarm.

SAUS. Yes, you're for all the world like fellows hunting for eels. So long as the water keeps calm, they catch nothing. They stir up the mud, and then they succeed. So you make a haul when you contrive to turn the city topsy-turvy. Just tell me this. You sell a lot of hides, don't you? But have you ever given Demus a piece of leather to make him shoes?

DEM. So help me Apollo! he never has.

SAUS. Then you know what sort of a fellow he is. Look here, I've brought a nice ready-made pair of shoes for you, and I herewith present them to you for your wear.

DEM. Then, so far as I can see, you're the right sort of man for Demus; best disposed towards the State in general and the state of my toes in particular.

CLE. Isn't it strange that a pair of shoes should avail so much, and that all the good turns I've done you should count for nothing? Why,

ἔπαυσα τοὺς βινουμένους, τὸν Γρύττον ἐξ-
αλείψας.

ΑΛΛ. οὔκουν σε δῆτα ταῦτα δεινόν ἐστι πρωκτοτηρεῖν,
παῦσαί τε τοὺς βινουμένους; κοὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως
ἐκείνους
οὐχὶ φθονῶν ἔπαυσας, ἵνα μὴ ῥήτορες γένοιντο.
τονδὶ δ' ὁρῶν ἄνευ χιτῶνος ὄντα τηλικοῦτον,
οὐπώποτ' ἀμφιμασχάλου τὸν Δῆμον ἠξίωσας,
χειμῶνος ὄντος· ἀλλ' ἐγώ σοι τουτονὶ δίδωμι.

ΔΗ. τοιουτονὶ Θεμιστοκλῆς οὐπώποτ' ἐπενόησεν.
καίτοι σοφὸν κἀκεῖν' ὁ Πειραιεύς· ἔμοιγε μέντοι
οὐ μεῖζον εἶναι φαίνετ' ἐξεύρημα τοῦ χιτῶνος.

ΚΛ. οἴμοι τάλας, οἵοις πιθηκισμοῖς με περιελαύνεις.

ΑΛΛ. οὔκ, ἀλλ' ὅπερ πίνων ἀνὴρ πέπονθ' ὅταν χεσείῃ,
τοῖσιν τρόποις τοῖς σοῖσιν ὥσπερ βλαυτίοισι
χρῶμαι.

I put a stopper on all the sodomites when I got rid of Gryttus.

SAUS. Wasn't it a bit suspicious that you should take so much care of their precious backsides, and be so anxious to suppress sodomy? You were afraid, no doubt, they would turn out orators. And yet, at the same time, you took no thought for the back of Demus. You saw him, at his time of life, sitting without a great coat, but it never occurred to you that you might present him with one, though it was winter. Well, I present him with this one.

DEM. Why, Themistocles himself was never so thoughtful as this. True, he gave us the Piraeus—that was a happy thought of his; but so far as I am personally concerned, that doesn't seem to me a happier thought than this great coat.

CLE. Hang it! You *are* circumventing me with these monkey-tricks of yours!

SAUS. Not at all. I only do the same as tipplers do when they want to shit and take somebody else's shoes to go out behind with. I'm just borrowing your dodges as they do the shoes.

ΚΛ. ἀλλ᾽ οὐχ ὑπερβαλεῖ με θωπείαις· ἐγὼ γὰρ αὐτὸν
προσαμφιῶ τοδί· σὺ δ᾽ οἴμωζ᾽, ὦ πονήρ᾽.
ΔΗ. ἰαιβοῖ.
οὐκ ἐς κόρακας ἀποφθερεῖ, βύρσης κάκιστον ὄζων;

ΑΛΛ. καὶ τοῦτό γ᾽ ἐπίτηδές σε περιήμπισχεν, ἵν᾽ ἀποπνίξῃ·
καὶ πρότερον ἐπεβούλευσέ σοι. τὸν καυλὸν οἶσθ᾽ ἐκεῖνον
τοῦ σιλφίου τὸν ἄξιον γενόμενον; ΔΗ. οἶδα μέντοι.

ΑΛΛ. ἐπίτηδες οὗτος αὐτὸν ἔσπευσ᾽ ἄξιον γενέσθαι,
ἵν᾽ ἐσθίοιτ᾽ ὠνούμενοι, κᾄπειτ᾽ ἐν Ἡλιαίᾳ
βδέοντες ἀλλήλους ἀποκτείνειαν οἱ δικασταί.

ΔΗ. νὴ τὸν Ποσειδῶ καὶ πρὸς ἐμὲ τοῦτ᾽ εἶπ᾽ ἀνὴρ Κόπρειος.

ΑΛΛ. οὐ γὰρ τόθ᾽ ὑμεῖς βδεόμενοι δήπου ᾽γένεσθε πυρροί;

ΔΗ. καὶ νὴ Δί᾽ ἦν γε τοῦτο Πυρράνδρου τὸ μηχάνημα.

CLE. Anyhow, you won't beat me in the way of fawning and flattery. Why, I give him my own coat. Look at that and weep, you pettifogger!

DEM. Faugh! Go to the devil with your coat. It stinks of leather.

SAUS. If he had wanted to suffocate you, he couldn't have gone a better way to work. It's not the first time he has plotted against you either. You recollect, no doubt, how he ran down the price of assafoetida—which produces such disagreeable effects—until he got it sold at next to nothing.

DEM. I remember he did.

SAUS. He did that purposely, so that you judges should buy and eat it, and then, when you went into Court you should kill one another with your farts.[1]

DEM. True, by Poseidon! and a dung-merchant made the very same remark to me.

SAUS. I hope when you farted you didn't paint your under-garments.

DEM. By God! it was a dirty trick, worthy of the sycophant Pyrrhandrus himself.[2]

[1] This was supposed to be the effect of assafoetida.
[2] Meaning Cleon.

ΚΛ. οἷοισί μ', ὦ πανοῦργε, βωμολοχεύμασιν ταράττεις.

ΑΛΛ. ἡ γὰρ θεός μ' ἐκέλευσε νικῆσαί σ' ἀλαζονείαις.

ΚΛ. ἀλλ' οὐχὶ νικήσεις. ἐγὼ γάρ φημί σοι παρέξειν,
ὦ Δῆμε, μηδὲν δρῶντι μισθοῦ τρύβλιον ῥοφῆσαι.

ΑΛΛ. ἐγὼ δὲ κυλίχνιόν γέ σοι καὶ φάρμακον δίδωμι
τἀν τοῖσιν ἀντικνημίοις ἑλκύδρια περιαλείφειν.

ΚΛ. ἐγὼ δὲ τὰς πολιάς γέ σου κλέγων νέον ποιήσω.

ΑΛΛ. ἰδοὺ δέχου κέρκον λαγὼ τὠφθαλμιδίω περιψῆν.

ΚΛ. ἀπομυξάμενος ὦ Δῆμέ μου πρὸς τὴν κεφαλὴν ἀποψῶ.

ΑΛΛ. ἐμοῦ μὲν οὖν. ΚΛ. ἐμοῦ μὲν οὖν.
ἐγώ σε ποιήσω τριη-
ραρχεῖν, ἀναλίσκοντα τῶν
σαυτοῦ, παλαιὰν ναῦν ἔχοντ',
εἰς ἣν ἀναλῶν οὐκ ἐφέ-
ξεις οὐδὲ ναυπηγούμενος·
διαμηχανήσομαί θ' ὅπως
ἂν ἱστίον σαπρὸν λάβῃς.

CLE. You cad! You sicken me with your vulgarity.

SAUS. Yes, the goddess herself bade me try and beat you on your own ground—at vulgarity to wit.

CLE. But you won't. Demus, I'll give you a tit-bit as a reward, though you sit still and do nothing.

SAUS. I'll do more than that; I'll give you a gallipot of medicine, and some ointment for your poor feet.

CLE. I'll pull out your grey hairs, and make you look young.

SAUS. And here's a hare's tail for you to make up your eyes.

CLE. And, O Demus, when you've got a dirty nose, wipe it on my head, do.

SAUS. No, on mine.

CLE. On mine, I say. (*To the* SAUSAGE-SELLER.) As for you, I'll get you appointed trierarch at your own expense.[1] You shall fit out an old hulk, which will entail no end of money spent on her, and I'll take care she has a rotten sail.

[1] In which case he would have to fit out a vessel for the public service.

ΑΛΛ. ἀνὴρ παφλάζει, παῦε παῦ'
ὑπερζέων· ὑφελκτέον
τῶν δαδίων, ἀπαρυστέον
τε τῶν ἀπειλῶν ταυτηί.

ΚΛ. δώσεις ἐμοὶ καλὴν δίκην,
ἰπούμενος ταῖς εἰσφοραῖς.
ἐγὼ γὰρ εἰς τοὺς πλουσίους
σπεύσω σ' ὅπως ἂν ἐγγραφῇς.

ΑΛΛ. ἐγὼ δ' ἀπειλήσω μὲν οὐ-
δέν, εὔχομαι δέ σοι ταδί·
τὸ μὲν τάγηνον τευθίδων
ἐφεστάναι σίζον· σὲ δὲ
γνώμην ἐρεῖν μέλλοντα περὶ
Μιλησίων καὶ κερδανεῖν
τάλαντον, ἢν κατεργάσῃ,
σπεύδειν ὅπως τῶν τευθίδων
ἐμπλήμενος φθαίης ἔτ' εἰς
ἐκκλησίαν ἐλθεῖν· ἔπει-
τα πρὶν φαγεῖν, ἀνὴρ μεθή-
κοι, καὶ σὺ τὸ τάλαντον λαβεῖν
βουλόμενος ἐ-
σθίων ἐναποπνιγείης.

ΧΟΡ. εὖ γε νὴ τὸν Δία καὶ τὸν Ἀπόλλω καὶ τὴν
Δήμητρα.

ΔΗ. κἀμοὶ δοκεῖ καὶ τἄλλα γ' εἶναι καταφανῶς
ἀγαθὸς πολίτης, οἷος οὐδείς πω χρόνου
ἀνὴρ γεγένηται τοῖσι πολλοῖς τοὐβολοῦ.

SAUS. Look at his froth. Take care you don't boil over. Better remove some of his combustibles, and draw off a portion of his threats.

CLE. You shall smart for this, when you find yourself weighed down with liabilities. I'll have you registered among the rich, and let you see what that means.

SAUS. Well, I won't threaten, except so far as to say I should like to see you stand over a fizzing pan of cuttle-fish, when you were forcing through the Assembly a Milesian bill,[1] which would bring you in, say a talent, if it passed. You would, of course, be in a hurry to bolt your fish before going to the House. I should like to see a fellow fetch you, and you yourself bustle off so fast to pocket your talent that you choked yourself in the attempt.

CHO. Good, good! by Zeus, Apollo, and Demeter!

DEM. This seems about the best public servant I've had for a long time for my three obols; whereas you, my Paphlagonian friend,

[1] The inhabitants of Miletus (Athenian colonists) had apparently bribed Cleon to procure them some favour from Athens.

σὺ δ', ὦ Παφλαγών, φάσκων φιλεῖν μ' ἐσκορόδισας.
καὶ νῦν ἀπόδος τὸν δακτύλιον, ὡς οὐκ ἔτι
ἐμοὶ ταμιεύσεις. ΚΛ. ἔχε· τοσοῦτον δ' ἴσθ' ὅτι,
εἰ μή μ' ἐάσεις ἐπιτροπεύειν, ἕτερος αὖ
ἐμοῦ πανουργότερός τις ἀναφανήσεται.

ΔΗ. οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως ὁ δακτύλιός ἐσθ' οὑτοσὶ
οὑμός· τὸ γοῦν σημεῖον ἕτερον φαίνεται,
ἀλλ' ἢ οὐ καθορῶ. ΑΛΛ. φέρ' ἴδω, τί σοι σημεῖον ἦν;

ΔΗ. δημοῦ βοείου θρῖον ἐξωπτημένον.

ΑΛΛ. οὐ τοῦτ' ἔνεστιν. ΔΗ. οὐ τὸ θρῖον; ἀλλὰ τί;

ΑΛΛ. λάρος κεχηνὼς ἐπὶ πέτρας δημηγορῶν.

ΔΗ. αἰβοῖ τάλας. ΑΛΛ. τί ἔστιν; ΔΗ. ἀπόφερ' ἐκποδών.
οὐ τὸν ἐμὸν εἶχεν, ἀλλὰ τὸν Κλεωνύμου.
παρ' ἐμοῦ δὲ τουτονὶ λαβὼν ταμίευέ μοι.

ΚΛ. μὴ δῆτά πώ γ', ὦ δέσποτ', ἀντιβολῶ σ' ἐγώ,
πρὶν ἄν γε τῶν χρησμῶν ἀκούσῃς τῶν ἐμῶν.

ΑΛΛ. καὶ τῶν ἐμῶν νυν. ΚΛ. ἀλλ' ἐὰν τούτῳ πίθῃ,
μολγὸν γενέσθαι δεῖ σε. ΑΛΛ. κἂν γε τουτῳί,

when you proposed to salute me, only succeeded in getting my dander up, as though I had been a garlicked game-cock. Now hand me back your official ring; for you shall no longer be my steward.

CLE. Take it; but I can tell you thus much, that if you dismiss me from my office, you will get somebody worse than myself, who will quickly do for you.

DEM. This isn't my ring. The impression is quite different, unless my eyes deceive me.

SAUS. What was the impression on yours?

DEM. A fat joint of beef, well cooked.

SAUS. There's nothing of that sort here.

DEM. No joint! What is there then?

SAUS. A gaping cormorant haranguing upon a rock.

DEM. O Lord!

SAUS. What's the matter?

DEM. Take it away. He was wearing the ring of Cleonymus, not mine at all. Take this one from me, and act henceforth as my steward.

CLE. Good master, make no change until you have heard my oracles.

SAUS. And mine too.

CLE. If you entrust your private affairs to him, you'll find yourself obliged to lick him.

ψωλὸν γενέσθαι δεῖ σε μέχρι τοῦ μυρρίνου.

ΚΛ. ἀλλ' οἵ γ' ἐμοὶ λέγουσιν ὡς ἄρξαι σε δεῖ
χώρας ἁπάσης ἐστεφανωμένον ῥόδοις.

ΑΛΛ. οὑμοὶ δέ γ' αὖ λέγουσιν ὡς ἁλουργίδα
ἔχων κατάπαστον καὶ στεφάνην ἐφ' ἅρματος
χρυσοῦ διώξεις Σμικύθην καὶ κύριον.

ΔΗ. καὶ μὴν ἔνεγκ' αὐτοὺς ἰών, ἵν' οὑτοσὶ
αὐτῶν ἀκούσῃ. ΑΛΛ. πάνυ γε. ΔΗ. καὶ σύ
νυν φέρε.

ΚΛ. ἰδού. ΑΛΛ. ἰδοὺ νὴ τὸν Δί'· οὐδὲν κωλύει.

ΧΟΡ. ἥδιστον φάος ἡμέρας
ἔσται τοῖσι παροῦσι καὶ
τοῖσιν ἀφικνουμένοισιν
ἢν Κλέων ἀπόληται.
καίτοι πρεσβυτέρων τινῶν
οἵων ἀργαλεωτάτων
ἐν τῷ δείγματι τῶν δικῶν
ἤκουσ' ἀντιλεγόντων,
ὡς εἰ μὴ 'γένεθ' οὗτος ἐν
τῇ πόλει μέγας, οὐκ ἂν ἤ-
στην σκεύη δύο χρησίμω,
δοίδυξ οὐδὲ τορύνη.

SAUS. If he once gets your privates into his hand, he'll skin you from top to bottom.

CLE. My oracles say that you are to be crowned with roses and to rule the whole of this country.

SAUS. While mine assert that, clad in a purple and gold-bedizened robe and chaplet, you shall pursue, in a gilded chariot, Smicythes the King of Thrace and his decidedly better half.

DEM. Go and get them. Let this fellow hear them.

SAUS. That I will.

DEM. (*to* CLEON). Get yours too.

CLE. Right you are.

SAUS. Agreed, by God! Why not?

(*Exeunt* CLEON *and* SAUSAGE-SELLER.)

CHORUS.

Sweet will be the light of this day, both to those who are present and to those who shall come after. Some old-fashioned fogies, with their usual snarls, as they looked down the cause-lists in the courts, vowed that, if Cleon were cast, the State would lack two useful articles—a pestle and a mortar. But what I

ἀλλὰ καὶ τόδ' ἔγωγε θαυ-
μάζω τῆς ὑομουσίας
αὐτοῦ· φασὶ γὰρ αὐτὸν οἱ
παῖδες οἳ ξυνεφοίτων
τὴν Δωριστὶ μόνην ἂν ἁρ-
μόττεσθαι θαμὰ τὴν λύραν,
ἄλλην δ' οὐκ ἐθέλειν μαθεῖν·
κᾆτα τὸν κιθαριστὴν
ὀργισθέντ' ἀπάγειν κελεύ-
ειν, ὡς ἁρμονίαν ὁ παῖς
οὗτος οὐ δύναται μαθεῖν
ἢν μὴ δωροδοκηστί.

ΚΛ. ἰδού, θέασαι, κοὐχ ἅπαντας ἐκφέρω.

ΑΛΛ. οἴμ' ὡς χεσείω, κοὐχ ἅπαντας ἐκφέρω.

ΔΗ. ταυτὶ τί ἐστι; ΚΛ. λόγια. ΔΗ. πάντ'; ΚΛ. ἐθαύ-
μασας,
καὶ νὴ Δί' ἔτι γέ μοὖστι κιβωτὸς πλέα.

ΑΛΛ. ἐμοὶ δ' ὑπερῷον καὶ ξυνοικία δύο.

ΔΗ. φέρ' ἴδω, τίνος γάρ εἰσιν οἱ χρησμοί ποτε;

ΚΛ. οὑμοὶ μέν εἰσι Βάκιδος. ΔΗ. οἱ δὲ σοὶ τίνος;

wonder at most is the swinish character of this creature's education. His schoolmates say that when he learnt to play the lyre, he could only be induced to play the Doric music—nothing else paid. Whereupon the music-master declared he had no sense of harmony, though he acknowledged Cleon was a highly *gifted* pupil.

Re-enter CLEON *and the* SAUSAGE-SELLER *heavily laden.*

CLE. Look, here's a lot, and yet I haven't brought 'em all.

SAUS. O Lord! I'm fit to shit myself with fatigue; and I haven't brought all mine either.

DEM. What are these things?

CLE. Oracles.

DEM. What, all of 'em?

CLE. You are surprised; but, by God! I've got a chestful more.

SAUS. I've got an attic and a couple of out-buildings crammed full.

DEM. Let's see 'em. Whose oracles are they?

CLE. Mine are those of Bacis.

DEM. And yours?

ΑΛΛ. Γλάνιδος, ἀδελφοῦ τοῦ Βάκιδος γεραιτέρου.

ΔΗ. εἰσὶν δὲ περὶ τοῦ; ΚΛ. περὶ Ἀθηνῶν, περὶ Πύλου,
περὶ σοῦ, περὶ ἐμοῦ, περὶ ἁπάντων πραγμάτων.

ΔΗ. οἱ σοὶ δὲ περὶ τοῦ; ΑΛΛ. περὶ Ἀθηνῶν, περὶ φακῆς,
περὶ Λακεδαιμονίων, περὶ σκόμβρων νέων,
περὶ τῶν μετρούντων τἄλφιτ' ἐν ἀγορᾷ κακῶς,
περὶ σοῦ, περὶ ἐμοῦ. τὸ πέος οὑτοσὶ δάκοι.

ΔΗ. ἄγε νυν ὅπως αὐτοὺς ἀναγνώσεσθέ μοι,
καὶ τὸν περὶ ἐμοῦ 'κεῖνον ᾧπερ ἥδομαι,
ὡς ἐν νεφέλαισιν αἰετὸς γενήσομαι.

ΚΛ. ἄκουε δή νυν καὶ πρόσεχε τὸν νοῦν ἐμοί.
Φράζευ, Ἐρεχθείδη, λογίων ὁδόν, ἥν σοι Ἀπόλλων
ἴαχεν ἐξ ἀδύτοιο διὰ τριπόδων ἐριτίμων.
σώζεσθαί σ' ἐκέλευσ' ἱερὸν κύνα καρχαρόδοντα,
ὃς πρὸ σέθεν χάσκων καὶ ὑπὲρ σοῦ δεινὰ κεκραγὼς
σοὶ μισθὸνποριεῖ, κἂν μὴ δρᾷς ταῦτ', ἀπολεῖται.
πολλοὶ γὰρ μίσει σφε κατακρώζουσι κολοιοί.

SAUS. Mine come from Glanis,[1] an elder brother of Bacis.

DEM. What are they about?

CLE. Mine are about Athens, about Pylos, about you, about me, and about things in general.

DEM. Yours?

SAUS. About Athens, about pease-pudding, about the Lacedaemonians, about fresh mackerel, about those who give short measure in the market, about you, about me, and—a pox on this fellow!

DEM. Read them to me, and especially that one I was so pleased with, where it is predicted that I am to be a sky-soaring eagle.

CLE. (*cutting in*). But just give me your attention for a moment: "Son of Erectheus, consider the bearing of the oracles which Apollo utters to you from his shrine by means of the sacred tripods. He bade you regard as sacred the sharp-toothed dog, who, by snarling and barking horribly on your behalf, will provide you with funds. If you omit this, you will come to grief, for many jackdaws in their enmity croak against him."

[1] A name coined in imitation of Bacis.

ΔΗ. ταυτὶ μὰ τὴν Δήμητρ' ἐγὼ οὐκ οἶδ' ὅ τι λέγει.
τί γάρ ἐστ' Ἐρεχθεῖ καὶ κολοιοῖς καὶ κυνί;

ΚΛ. ἐγὼ μέν εἰμ' ὁ κύων· πρὸ σοῦ γὰρ ἀπύω·
σοὶ δ' εἶπε σῴζεσθαί μ' ὁ Φοῖβος τὸν κύνα.

ΑΛΛ. οὐ τοῦτό φησ' ὁ χρησμός, ἀλλ' ὁ κύων ὁδὶ
ὥσπερ θύρας σου τῶν λογίων παρεσθίει.
ἐμοὶ γάρ ἐστ' ὀρθῶς περὶ τούτου τοῦ κυνός.

ΔΗ. λέγε νυν· ἐγὼ δὲ πρῶτα λήψομαι λίθον,
ἵνα μή μ' ὁ χρησμὸς τὸ πέος οὑτοσὶ δάκῃ.

ΑΛΛ. Φράζευ, Ἐρεχθείδη, κύνα Κέρβερον ἀνδραποδιστήν,
ὃς κέρκῳ σαίνων σ', ὁπόταν δειπνῇς, ἐπιτηρῶν,
ἐξέδεταί σου τοὔψον, ὅταν σύ ποι ἄλλοσε χάσκῃς·
ἐσφοιτῶν τ' ἐς τοὐπτάνιον λήσει σε κυνηδὸν
νύκτωρ τὰς λοπάδας καὶ τὰς νήσους διαλείχων.

ΔΗ. νὴ τὸν Ποσειδῶ πολύ γ' ἄμεινον, ὦ Γλάνι.

ΚΛ. ὦ τάν, ἄκουσον, εἶτα διάκρινον τότε.
Ἔστι γυνή, τέξει δὲ λέονθ' ἱεραῖς ἐν Ἀθήναις,
ὃς περὶ τοῦ δήμου πολλοῖς κώνωψι μαχεῖται

DEM. Holy Mother! I've no notion what it's all about. What in nature has Erectheus got to do with jackdaws and a dog?

CLE. I am the dog. I howl on your behalf. Phoebus bids you take care of me, your faithful watchdog.

SAUS. The oracle says nothing of the sort. This dog nibbles the oracles as he does the door-post to which you chain him. I'll tell you the true tale of this man and this dog.

DEM. Go on; but I'll pick up a stone first, lest this oracular dog should bite me in a private part.

SAUS. (*reads*). "Take care of—that is, be on your guard against—the thievish dog who wags his tail at you, but keeps on the look-out until you're at supper, and then steals your food if you look another way. He'll stroll furtively into your kitchen by night, and, dog-like, lick clean your plates—and your islands."

DEM. Ah, your oracle is much more to the purpose, Glanis.

CLE. My good sir, listen to me and then decide. (*Reads.*) "A woman shall bring forth a lion in holy Athens, which noble animal shall fight a lot of gnats all on account of Demus,

ὥστε περὶ σκίμπουσι βεβηκώς· τὸν σὺ φύλασσε,
τεῖχος ποιήσας ξύλινον πύργους τε σιδηροῦς.
ταῦτ' οἶσθ' ὅ τι λέγει; ΔΗ. μὰ τὸν Ἀπόλλω
'γὼ μὲν οὔ.

ΚΛ. ἔφραζεν ὁ θεός σοι σαφῶς σῴζειν ἐμέ·
ἐγὼ γὰρ ἀντὶ τοῦ λέοντός εἰμί σοι.

ΔΗ. καὶ πῶς μ' ἐλελήθεις Ἀντιλέων γεγενημένος;

ΑΛΛ. ἓν οὐκ ἀναδιδάσκει σε τῶν λογίων ἑκὼν
ὃ μόνον σιδηροῦν ἐστι τεῖχος καὶ ξύλον,
ἐν ᾧ σε σῴζειν τόνδ' ἐκέλευσ' ὁ Λοξίας.

ΔΗ. πῶς δῆτα τοῦτ' ἔφραζεν ὁ θεός; ΑΛΛ. τουτονὶ
δῆσαί σ' ἐκέλευ' ἐν πεντεσυρίγγῳ ξύλῳ.

ΔΗ. ταυτὶ τελεῖσθαι τὰ λόγι' ἤδη μοι δοκεῖ.

ΚΛ. μὴ πείθου· φθονεραὶ γὰρ ἐπικρώζουσι κορῶναι.
ἀλλ' ἱέρακα φίλει, μεμνημένος ἐν φρεσίν, ὥς σοι
ἤγαγε συνδήσας Λακεδαιμονίων κορακίνους.

just as though he were defending his own cubs. Take care of him," the oracle goes on to say; "make a wooden wall and iron towers." Do you know what that means?

DEM. By Phoebus Apollo! I haven't the most distant idea.

CLE. The god means you are to take particular care of me. I am the lion.

DEM. Are you indeed? How long have you posed as a lion without my finding it out?

SAUS. There's one part of the oracle he seems unwilling to expound to you—the iron and the wood, and the wall in which Apollo tells you to keep our friend here.

DEM. What does his divinity mean by this?

SAUS. He means you are to fasten this fellow in a pillory with five holes—two for his arms, two for his legs, and one for his head.

DEM. Then it appears to me this oracle stands a fair chance of being straightway fulfilled.

CLE. Don't heed him. The envious ravens croak. But trust you in the hawk, remembering how he brought that raven-brood from Pylos in chains to you.

ΑΛΛ. τοῦτό γέ τοι Παφλαγὼν παρεκινδύνευσε μεθυσθείς.
Κεκροπίδη κακόβουλε, τί τοῦθ' ἡγεῖ μέγα τοὔργον;
καί κε γυνὴ φέροι ἄχθος, ἐπεί κεν ἀνὴρ ἀναθείη·
ἀλλ' οὐκ ἂν μαχέσαιτο· χέσαιτο γάρ, εἰ μαχέσαιτο.

ΚΛ. ἀλλὰ τόδε φράσσαι, πρὸ Πύλου Πύλον ἥν σοι ἔφραξεν.
Ἔστι Πύλος πρὸ Πύλοιο ΔΗ. τί τοῦτο λέγει, πρὸ Πύλοιο;

ΑΛΛ. τὰς πυέλους φησὶν καταλήψεσθ' ἐν βαλανείῳ.

ΔΗ. ἐγὼ δ' ἄλουτος τήμερον γενήσομαι.

ΑΛΛ. αὐτὸς γὰρ ἡμῶν τὰς πυέλους ἀφήρπασεν.
ἀλλ' οὑτοσὶ γάρ ἐστι περὶ τοῦ ναυτικοῦ
ὁ χρησμός, ᾧ σε δεῖ προσέχειν τὸν νοῦν πάνυ.

ΔΗ. προσέχω· σὺ δ' ἀναγίγνωσκε, τοῖς ναύταισί μου
ὅπως ὁ μισθὸς πρῶτον ἀποδοθήσεται.

ΑΛΛ. Αἰγείδη, φράσσαι κυναλώπεκα, μή σε δολώσῃ,
λαίθαργον, ταχύπουν, δολίαν κερδώ, πολύιδριν.
οἶσθ' ὅ τί ἐστιν τοῦτο; ΔΗ. Φιλόστρατος ἡ κυναλώπηξ.

SAUS. A happy venture which our Paphlagonian made when he was drunk. But, most mistaken son of Cecrops, why should you think this such a doughty deed? Even a woman can carry weight if a man puts it on her; but she wouldn't fight; she'd dirt herself with funk first.

CLE. Remember, too, the old oracular utterance, "There is a Pylos, before Pylos" . . .

DEM. What the dickens does he mean, "a Pylos before Pylos?"

SAUS. He's the Pylos. He's going to pile up all your bath-tubs and carry them off from your bath.

DEM. Then I shall join the unwashed today.

SAUS. You must, if he carries off your tubs. Now this next oracle refers to the navy; so please give it your best attention.

DEM. That I will. Read it; and tell me first of all how I'm to find pay for the sailors.

SAUS. (*reads*). Son of Aegeus, beware of the dog-fox, lest he deceive you. He's treacherous, swift-footed, has a tricky wag of the tail, and knows too much. Do you know who's meant by this?

ΑΛΛ. οὐ τοῦτό φησιν, ἀλλὰ ναῦς ἑκάστοτε
αἰτεῖ ταχείας ἀργυρολόγους οὑτοσί·
ταύτας ἀπαυδᾷ μὴ διδόναι σ' ὁ Λοξίας.
ΔΗ. πῶς δὴ τριήρης ἐστὶ κυναλώπηξ; ΑΛΛ. ὅπως;
ὅτι ἡ τριήρης ἐστὶ χὠ κύων ταχύ.
ΔΗ. πῶς οὖν ἀλώπηξ προσετέθη πρὸς τῷ κυνί;
ΑΛΛ. ἀλωπεκίοισι τοὺς στρατιώτας ᾔκασεν,
ὁτιὴ βότρυς τρώγουσιν ἐν τοῖς χωρίοις.
ΔΗ. εἶεν·
τούτοις ὁ μισθὸς τοῖς ἀλωπεκίοισι ποῦ;
ΑΛΛ. ἐγὼ ποριῶ καὶ τοῦτον ἡμερῶν τριῶν.
ἀλλ' ἔτι τόνδ' ἐπάκουσον, ὃν εἶπέ σοι ἐξαλέασθαι
χρησμὸν Λητοίδης, Κυλλήνην, μή σε δολώσῃ.
ΔΗ. ποίαν Κυλλήνην; ΑΛΛ. τὴν τούτου χεῖρ' ἐποίησεν
Κυλλήνην ὀρθῶς, ὁτιή φησ', ἔμβαλε κυλλῇ.

DEM. I suppose Philostratus[1] is the dog-fox.

SAUS. No. The man referred to is one who asks for swift ships to cruise about and collect the tribute-money. Apollo bids you not to give these.

DEM. Can't say I see the connection between a warship and a dog-fox.

SAUS. You don't? Why, both the warship and the dog are swift in hunting down their prey.

DEM. But how comes the fox to be thrown in?

SAUS. The soldiers are compared to foxes, because they both steal grapes in the country.

DEM. Granted. Where am I to get pay for my foxes?

SAUS. I'll get them their accustomed three days' pay. Now listen to another of Apollo's orders. He bids you not to be taken in by Cyllene.

DEM. And who's Cyllene?

SAUS. The fellow who's always holding out his hand[2] for a tip.

[1] A pimp, mentioned elsewhere by Aristophanes.

[2] Here there is a play upon Κυλλήνη (Cyllene, a town in Messenia) and κυλλῇ (a crooked hand).

ΚΛ. οὐκ ὀρθῶς φράζει· τὴν Κυλλήνην γὰρ ὁ Φοῖβος
ἐς τὴν χεῖρ' ὀρθῶς ᾐνίξατο τὴν Διοπείθους.
ἀλλὰ γάρ ἐστιν ἐμοὶ χρησμὸς περὶ σοῦ πτερυγωτός,
αἰετὸς ὡς γίγνει καὶ πάσης γῆς βασιλεύσεις.

ΑΛΛ. καὶ γὰρ ἐμοί· καὶ γῆς καὶ τῆς ἐρυθρᾶς γε θαλάσσης,
χὤτι γ' ἐν Ἐκβατάνοις δικάσεις, λείχων ἐπίπαστα.

ΚΛ. ἀλλ' ἐγὼ εἶδον ὄναρ, καί μοὐδόκει ἡ θεὸς αὐτὴ
τοῦ δήμου καταχεῖν ἀρυταίνῃ πλουθυγίειαν.

ΑΛΛ. νὴ Δία καὶ γὰρ ἐγώ· καί μοὐδόκει ἡ θεὸς αὐτὴ
ἐκ πόλεως ἐλθεῖν καὶ γλαῦξ αυτῇ 'πικαθῆσθαι·
εἶτα κατασπένδειν κατὰ τῆς κεφαλῆς ἀρυβάλλῳ
ἀμβροσίαν κατὰ σοῦ, κατὰ τούτου δὲ σκοροδάλμην.

ΔΗ. ἰοὺ ἰού.
οὐκ ἦν ἄρ' οὐδεὶς τοῦ Γλάνιδος σοφώτερος.
καὶ νῦν ἐμαυτὸν ἐπιτρέπω σοι τουτονὶ
γεροντανωγεῖν κἀναπαιδεύειν πάλιν.

ΚΛ. μήπω γ', ἱκετεύω σ', ἀλλ' ἀνάμεινον, ὡς ἐγω
κριθὰς ποριῶ σοι καὶ βίον καθ' ἡμέραν.

CLE. Wrong again. Phoebus means the hand of Diopeithes[1]—not mine. But now here's the high-flying oracle about yourself, which gives it out that you shall be an eagle soaring over all the land.

SAUS. Mine says more than that. You shall sway the Red Sea as well as the land, and you shall sit in judgment at Ecbatana licking up kickshaws.

CLE. Ah! but I've seen a vision. The goddess Athene herself appeared to me, pouring out health and wealth from her urn on the head of Demus.

SAUS. And, by the Lord! I've had a vision too. This same goddess appeared to me with her owl sitting upon her, and from her vase she poured out on your head ambrosia, but on the head of this fellow some very sharp pickle indeed.

DEM. Ha, ha! Never was a wiser man than Glanis. Now, therefore, I put myself in your charge, that you may make the old man a boy again.

CLE. Pray don't jump at conclusions. Wait until I provide you with barley-bread and the rest of your daily requirements.

[1] Who was supposed to have lost the use of one hand.

ΔΗ. οὐκ ἀνέχομαι κριθῶν ἀκούων· πολλάκις
ἐξηπατήθην ὑπό τε σοῦ καὶ Θουφάνους.

ΚΛ. ἀλλ' ἄλφιτ' ἤδη σοιποριῶ 'σκευσμένα.

ΑΛΛ. ἐγὼ δὲ μαζίσκας γε διαμεμαγμένας
καὶ τοὔψον ὀπτόν· μηδὲν ἄλλ' εἰ μὴ 'σθιε.

ΔΗ. ἀνύσατέ νυν, ὅ τι περ ποιήσεθ'· ὡς ἐγώ,
ὁπότερος ἂν σφῷν νῦν με μᾶλλον εὖ ποιῇ,
τούτῳ παραδώσω τῆς πυκνὸς τὰς ἡνίας.

ΚΛ. τρέχοιμ' ἂν εἴσω πρότερος. ΑΛΛ. οὐ δῆτ',
ἀλλ' ἐγώ.

ΧΟΡ. ὦ Δῆμε, καλήν γ' ἔχεις
ἀρχήν, ὅτε πάντες ἄν-
θρωποι δεδίασί σ' ὥσ-
περ ἄνδρα τύραννον.
ἀλλ' εὐπαράγωγος εἶ,
θωπευόμενός τε χαί-
ρεις κἀξαπατώμενος,
πρὸς τόν τε λέγοντ' ἀεὶ
κέχηνας· ὁ νοῦς δέ σου
παρὼν ἀποδημεῖ.

ΔΗ. νοῦς οὐκ ἔνι ταῖς κόμαις
ὑμῶν, ὅτε μ' οὐ φρονεῖν

DEM. Barley-bread be hanged. I've been swindled long enough by you and your sub. Thouphanes.[1]

CLE. Well, I'll do more than this, I'll find you meal carefully prepared.

SAUS. Meal, indeed! I'll provide you with sweatmeats and roast. It shall be nothing but meals every day and all day long for you.

DEM. Well, be quick, both of you. I'll hand over the reins of the State to the one who deals most handsomely with me.

CLE. I'll run, and get first.

SAUS. You won't. I'll beat you.

(*Exeunt.* DEMUS *remains.*)

CHORUS.

O Demus, fair indeed is your dominion, since all fear you as a king of men. But you are easily led, fond of being flattered and befooled. You gape open-mouthed at any-one who speechifies to you. You have some common-sense in you, but it is apt to go astray.

DEM. There is no sense at all in those flow-ing locks of yours, when you set me down as a

[1] According to the scholiast, a demagogue who hum-bugged the people by giving them presents of corn.

νομίζετ'· ἐγὼ δ' ἑκὼν
ταῦτ' ἠλιθιάζω.
αὐτός τε γὰρ ἥδομαι
βρύλλων τὸ καθ' ἡμέραν,
κλέπτοντά τε βούλομαι
τρέφειν ἕνα προστάτην·
τοῦτον δ', ὅταν ᾖ πλέως,
ἄρας ἐπάταξα.

ΧΟΡ. χοὔτω μὲν ἂν εὖ ποιοῖς,
εἴ σοι πυκνότης ἔνεστ'
ἐν τῷ τρόπῳ, ὡς λέγεις,
τούτῳ πάνυ πολλή.
εἰ τούσδ' ἐπίτηδες ὥσ-
περ δημοσίους τρέφεις
ἐν τῇ πυκνί, κᾆθ' ὅταν
μή σοι τύχῃ ὄψον ὄν,
τούτων ὃς ἂν ᾖ παχύς,
θύσας ἐπιδειπνεῖς.

ΔΗ. σκέψασθε δέ μ', εἰ σοφῶς
αὐτοὺς περιέρχομαι,
τοὺς οἰομένους φρονεῖν
κἄμ' ἐξαπατύλλειν.
τηρῶ γὰρ ἑκάστοτ' αὐ-
τούς, οὐδὲ δοκῶν ὁρᾶν,
κλέπτοντας· ἔπειτ' ἀναγ-
κάζω πάλιν ἐξεμεῖν
ἅττ' ἂν κεκλόφωσί μου,
κημὸν καταμηλῶν.

ΚΛ. ἄπαγ' ἐς μακαρίαν ἐκποδών. ΑΛΛ. σύ γ', ὦ φθόρε.

ΚΛ. ὦ Δῆμ', ἐγὼ μέντοι παρεσκευασμένος
τρίπαλαι κάθημαι, βουλόμενός σ' εὐεργετεῖν.

fool. I am a fool on principle and by fixed intent. What I like to do is to drink all day and keep one thief as my factotum. This thief, when he has run to the end of his tether, I take up and smash him.

CHO. So far, then, you will act wisely if there is really method in your madness; if you rear these as public sacrifices in the Assembly, and then, when they are well feathered and you have no other food to eat, you slay them and sup upon them.

DEM. See, then, whether I do not cleverly circumvent those who think they are clever and try to swindle me. I always keep my eye upon them, without seeming to do so, when they are at their little games. Then I make them disgorge whatever they have pilfered from me, tickling their throats with a public trial.

(*During the Chorus* CLEON *and the* SAUSAGE-SELLER *have returned and seated themselves.*)

CLE. Go to hell!

SAUS. Go there yourself.

CLE. My dear Demus, I've been sitting here three ages already and willing to benefit you.

ΑΛΛ. ἐγὼ δὲ δεκάπαλαί γε καὶ δωδεκάπαλαι
καὶ χιλιόπαλαι καὶ πρόπαλαι πάλαι πάλαι.

ΔΗ. ἐγὼ δὲ προσδοκῶν γε τρισμυριόπαλαι
βδελύττομαί σφω, καὶ πρόπαλαι πάλαι πάλαι.

ΑΛΛ. οἶσθ' οὖν ὃ δρᾶσον; ΔΗ. εἰ δὲ μή, φράσεις γε σύ.

ΑΛΛ. ἄφες ἀπὸ βαλβίδων ἐμέ τε καὶ τουτονί,
ἵνα σ' εὖ ποιῶμεν ἐξ ἴσου. ΔΗ. δρᾶν ταῦτα χρή.
ἄπιτον. ΚΛ. ἰδού. ΔΗ. θέοιτ' ἄν. ΑΛΛ. ὑποθεῖν οὐκ ἐῶ.

ΔΗ. ἀλλ' ἦ μεγάλως εὐδαιμονήσω τήμερον
ὑπὸ τῶν ἐραστῶν νὴ Δί' ἢ 'γὼ θρύψομαι.

ΚΛ. ὁρᾷς; ἐγώ σοι πρότερος ἐκφέρω δίφρον.

ΑΛΛ. ἀλλ' οὐ τράπεζαν, ἀλλ' ἐγὼ προτεραίτερος.

ΚΛ. ἰδοὺ φέρω σοι τήνδε μαζίσκην ἐγὼ
ἐκ τῶν ὀλῶν τῶν ἐκ Πύλου μεμαγμένην.

ΑΛΛ. ἐγὼ δὲ μυστίλας μεμυστιλημένας
ὑπὸ τῆς θεοῦ τῇ χειρὶ τἠλεφαντίνῃ.

SAUS. Whilst I've been sitting for ten, twelve, a thousand ages, and more than that—ages, ages, ages!

DEM. And I have been waiting for thirty thousand "ages, ages, ages," and damning you both.

SAUS. Do you know what you ought to do?

DEM. If I don't, you'll tell me, I'm sure.

SAUS. Yes. Start this fellow and myself squarely from a point, and let us race in doing you services.

DEM. By all means. Off you go!

CLE. Ready.

DEM. Off!

SAUS. No, no; start fair. (*They run off.*)

DEM. Well, by God, I ought to be happy to-day, with these two lovers of mine, or else I must be very difficult to please.

Re-enter CLEON *and* SAUSAGE-SELLER.

CLE. See, I'm the first to bring you a seat.

SAUS. Yes, but no table. I'm first before him there.

CLE. Here's some barley-cake warranted made out of the barley I brought from Pylos.

SAUS. I bring you these cakes made by Athene and dinted with her ivory hand.

ΔΗ. ὡς μέγαν ἄρ' εἶχες, ὦ πότνια, τὸν δάκτυλον.

ΚΛ. ἐγὼ δ' ἔτνος γε πίσινον εὔχρων καὶ καλόν·
ἐτόρυνε δ' αὔθ' ἡ Παλλὰς ἡ Πυλαιμάχος.

ΑΛΛ. ὦ Δῆμ', ἐναργῶς ἡ θεός σ' ἐπισκοπεῖ,
καὶ νῦν ὑπερέχει σου χύτραν ζωμοῦ πλέαν.

ΔΗ. οἴει γὰρ οἰκεῖσθ' ἂν ἔτι τήνδε τὴν πόλιν,
εἰ μὴ φανερῶς ἡμῶν ὑπερεῖχε τὴν χύτραν;

ΚΛ. τουτὶ τέμαχός σοὔδωκεν ἡ Φοβεσιστράτη.

ΑΛΛ. ἡ δ' Ὀβριμοπάτρα γ' ἐφθὸν ἐκ ζωμοῦ κρέας
καὶ χόλικος ἠνύστρου τε καὶ γαστρὸς τόμον.

ΔΗ. καλῶς γ' ἐποίησε τοῦ πέπλου μεμνημένη.

ΚΛ. ἡ Γοργολόφα σ' ἐκέλευε τουτονὶ φαγεῖν
ἐλατῆρος, ἵνα τὰς ναῦς ἐλαύνωμεν καλῶς.

ΑΛΛ. λαβὲ καὶ ταδί νυν. ΔΗ. καὶ τί τούτοις χρήσομαι
τοῖς ἐντέροις; ΑΛΛ. ἐπίτηδες αὔτ' ἔπεμψέ σοι
εἰς τὰς τριήρεις ἐντερόνειαν ἡ θεός·
ἐπισκοπεῖ γὰρ περιφανῶς τὸ ναυτικόν.
ἔχε καὶ πιεῖν κεκραμένον τρία καὶ δύο.

DEM. What a big finger you must have, O venerated goddess!

CLE. Here again is some pea-soup, of good colour and quality, stirred up in like manner by Pallas, who helped me to fight at Pylos.

SAUS. Demus, the goddess openly patronises you, for she holds above your head this pot of broth.

DEM. Do you think we could ever get on if we had not above us the divine—pot?

CLE. The goddess who puts to flight armies sends you this slice of fish.

SAUS. While the daughter of the Almighty adds this ragout, and a taste of tripe along with it.

DEM. Well done; her divinity evidently has an eye to the peplus.

CLE. The Gorgon-crested deity bids you eat of this pulled bread, so that we may be able to pull our warships well.

SAUS. Take this string of sausages.

DEM. What am I to do with all these yards of guts?

SAUS. She sends them by way of yards for your cruisers, since she is anxious about the navy. Take a drink too. It's stronger than half-and-half; in fact, it's three to two.

ΔΗ. ὡς ἡδύς, ὦ Ζεῦ, καὶ τὰ τρία φέρειν καλῶς.
ΑΛΛ. ἡ Τριτογενὴς γὰρ αὐτὸν ἐνετριτώνισεν.
ΚΛ. λαβέ νυν πλακοῦντος πίονος παρ' ἐμοῦ τόμον.
ΑΛΛ. παρ' ἐμοῦ δ' ὅλον γε τὸν πλακοῦντα τουτονί.
ΚΛ. ἀλλ' οὐ λαγῷ' ἕξεις ὁπόθεν δῷς· ἀλλ' ἐγώ.
ΑΛΛ. οἴμοι· πόθεν λαγῷά μοι γενήσεται;
ὦ θυμέ, νυνὶ βωμολόχον ἔξευρέ τι.
ΚΛ. ὁρᾷς τάδ', ὦ κακόδαιμον; ΑΛΛ. ὀλίγον μοι μέλει·
ἐκεινοιὶ γὰρ ὡς ἔμ' ἔρχονται. ΚΛ. τίνες;
ΑΛΛ. πρέσβεις ἔχοντες ἀργυρίου βαλλάντια.
ΚΛ. ποῦ ποῦ; ΑΛΛ. τί δέ σοι τοῦτ'; οὐκ ἐάσεις τοὺς ξένους;
ὦ Δημίδιον, ὁρᾷς τὰ λαγῷ' ἅ σοι φέρω;
ΚΛ. οἴμοι τάλας, ἀδίκως γε τἄμ' ὑφήρπασας.
ΑΛΛ. νὴ τὸν Ποσειδῶ, καὶ σὺ γὰρ τοὺς ἐκ Πύλου.
ΔΗ. εἴπ', ἀντιβολῶ, πῶς ἐπενόησας ἁρπάσαι;

DEM. It's deuced good, and stands its three admirably.

SAUS. Ah! you see, Tritogeneia tritogenized it.

CLE. Take a slice of this rich cake from me.

SAUS. Take a whole cake from me.

CLE. But you can't give him hares, as I'm going to.

SAUS. (*aside*). Confound it! Where can I get some hares? Now, my mind, invent some dodge.

CLE. Do you see this, you scurvy scoundrel?

SAUS. I don't care. There's those people yonder are coming to me.

CLE. What people?

SAUS. Those envoys with their purses full of money.

CLE. Where, where?

SAUS. What's that to you? Can't you leave the stranger alone? (CLEON *runs off. The* SAUSAGE-SELLER *takes the hares and presents them to* DEMUS.) There, my dear Demus, do you see the hares I've brought you?

CLE. (*re-entering*). Why, damn it, you've stolen mine!

SAUS. Yes, by the Sea-god! just as you did the prisoners at Pylos.

DEM. (*laughing*). Tell me, do, how you contrived to crib them?

ΑΛΛ. τὸ μὲν νόημα τῆς θεοῦ, τὸ δὲ κλέμμ' ἐμόν.

ΚΛ. ἐγὼ δ' ἐκινδύνευσ'. ΑΛΛ. ἐγὼ δ' ὤπτησά γε.

ΔΗ. ἄπιθ'· οὐ γὰρ ἀλλὰ τοῦ παραθέντος ἡ χάρις.

ΚΛ. οἴμοι κακοδαίμων, ὑπεραναιδευθήσομαι.

ΑΛΛ. τί οὐ διακρίνεις, Δῆμ', ὁπότερός ἐστι νῷν
ἀνὴρ ἀμείνων περὶ σὲ καὶ τὴν γαστέρα;

ΔΗ. τῷ δῆτ' ἂν ὑμᾶς χρησάμενος τεκμηρίῳ
δόξαιμι κρίνειν τοῖς θεαταῖσιν σοφῶς;

ΑΛΛ. ἐγὼ φράσω σοι. τὴν ἐμὴν κίστην ἰὼν
ξύλλαβε σιωπῇ, καὶ βασάνισον ἅττ' ἔνι,
καὶ τὴν Παφλαγόνος· κἀμέλει κρινεῖς καλῶς.

ΔΗ. φέρ' ἴδω, τί οὖν ἔνεστιν; ΑΛΛ. οὐχ ὁρᾷς κενὴν
ὦ παππίδιον; ἅπαντα γάρ σοι παρεφόρουν.

ΔΗ. αὕτη μὲν ἡ κίστη τὰ τοῦ δήμου φρονεῖ.

ΑΛΛ. βάδιζέ νυν καὶ δεῦρο πρὸς τὴν Παφλαγόνος.
ὁρᾷς; ΔΗ. ἰώ μοι, τῶν ἀγαθῶν ὅσων πλέα.

SAUS. The idea was an inspiration from the goddess; the execution my own.

CLE. I caught the hares . . .

SAUS. But I served them up.

DEM. Be off! My thanks are due to him only who served them up.

CLE. Confound it! I'm getting bowled out in my boldness.

SAUS. Now, Demus, why don't you decide which of us two is the better man for you—and your belly?

DEM. And what criterion shall I use, so that the audience may think me a sensible fellow?

SAUS. I'll tell you. Go, on the quiet, to my chest and see what's in it. Then do the same by the Paphlagonian's. You shall soon see what you shall see.

DEM. Well, let me see what's in yours.

SAUS. You see, it's empty, my revered parent. I've given you all there was in it.

DEM. Ah! that chest shows thoughtfulness for Demus.

SAUS. Now pass to the Paphlagonian's. Do you see?

DEM. Lawks! Why, it's stuffed full of good

ὅσον τὸ χρῆμα τοῦ πλακοῦντος ἀπέθετο·
ἐμοὶ δ' ἔδωκεν ἀποτεμὼν τυννουτονί.

ΑΛΛ. τοιαῦτα μέντοι καὶ πρότερόν σ' εἰργάζετο·
σοὶ μὲν προσεδίδου μικρὸν ὧν ἐλάμβανεν,
αὐτὸς δ' ἑαυτῷ παρετίθει τὰ μείζονα.

ΔΗ. ὦ μιαρέ, κλέπτων δή με ταῦτ' ἐξηπάτας;
ἐγὼ δέ τυ ἐστεφάνιξα κἀδωρησάμαν.

ΚΛ. ἐγὼ δ' ἔκλεπτον ἐπ' ἀγαθῷ γε τῇ πόλει.

ΔΗ. κατάθου ταχέως τὸν στέφανον, ἵν' ἐγὼ τουτῳὶ
αὐτὸν περιθῶ. ΑΛΛ. κατάθου ταχέως, μαστιγία.

ΚΛ. οὐ δῆτ', ἐπεί μοι χρησμός ἐστι Πυθικὸς
φράζων, ὑφ' οὗ δεήσει μ' ἡττᾶσθαι μόνου.

ΑΛΛ. τοὐμόν γε φράζων ὄνομα καὶ λίαν σαφῶς.

ΚΛ. καὶ μήν σ' ἐλέγξαι βούλομαι τεκμηρίῳ,
εἴ τι ξυνοίσεις τοῦ θεοῦ τοῖς θεσφάτοις.
καί σου τοσοῦτο πρῶτον ἐκπειράσομαι·
παῖς ὢν ἐφοίτας ἐς τίνος διδασκάλου;

ΑΛΛ. ἐν ταῖσιν εὔστραις κονδύλοις ἡρμοττόμην.

ΚΛ. πῶς εἶπας; ὥς μου χρησμὸς ἅπτεται φρενῶν.

things. What a sight of cake he's got there, and he only gave me the least little bit.

SAUS. That's the way he has always manipulated you. He's given you the merest fraction of what he'd got, and kept the surplus for himself.

DEM. You villain! You've been robbing me when I never suspected; nay, I crowned you and tipped you . . .

CLE. Robbed! yes; but it was for the public good.

DEM. Off with your crown this moment; I shall give it to him.

SAUS. Yes, down with it, you jail-bird!

CLE. I shan't; because there's a Pythian oracle which states clearly by whom alone I am liable to be worsted.

SAUS. And it mentions my name as clearly as possible.

CLE. I want to put you to the proof, and see whether you correspond to the divine predictions. Tell me this first of all. Where did you go to school?

SAUS. To the place where they scalded pigs, and where they whacked me.

CLE. How say you? How the oracle

εἶεν.

ἐν παιδοτρίβου δὲ τίνα πάλην ἐμάνθανες;

ΑΛΛ. κλέπτων ἐπιορκεῖν καὶ βλέπειν ἐναντία.

ΚΛ. ὦ Φοῖβ' Ἄπολλον Λύκιε, τί ποτέ μ' ἐργάσει;

τέχνην δὲ τίνα ποτ' εἶχες ἐξανδρούμενος;

ΑΛΛ. ἠλλαντοπώλουν καί τι καὶ βινεσκόμην.

ΚΛ. οἴμοι κακοδαίμων· οὐκέτ' οὐδέν εἰμ' ἐγώ.

λεπτή τις ἐλπίς ἐστ' ἐφ' ἧς ὀχούμεθα.

καί μοι τοσοῦτον εἰπέ· πότερον ἐν ἀγορᾷ

ἠλλαντοπώλεις ἐτεὸν ἢ 'πὶ ταῖς πύλαις;

ΑΛΛ. ἐπὶ ταῖς πύλαισιν, οὗ τὸ τάριχος ὤνιον.

ΚΛ. οἴμοι πέπρακται τοῦ θεοῦ τὸ θέσφατον.

κυλίνδετ' εἴσω τόνδε τὸν δυσδαίμονα.

ὦ στέφανε, χαίρων ἄπιθι, κεἴ σ' ἄκων ἐγὼ

λείπω· σὲ δ' ἄλλος τις λαβὼν κεκτήσεται,

κλέπτης μὲν οὐκ ἂν μᾶλλον, εὐτυχὴς δ' ἴσως.

touches me up! Well, what did you learn of your gymnastic master?

SAUS. I learnt to steal, deny the theft on oath, and to look innocent.

CLE. (*plunging into tragedy*). Phoebus Apollo—Lycian—what art thou about to do with me? How did you get your living when you grew up?

SAUS. I sold sausages and went in for occasional sodomy.

CLE. (*aside*). O Lord! O Lord! I'm nowhere. It is a slender hope that now sustains me! (*Aloud.*) Now tell me this. Where did you sell your sausages, in the market, or at the gates?

SAUS. At the gates, where they sell the fried fish.

CLE. Done for! The oracle of the God is fulfilled. "Trundle this miserable wretch[1] within!" Farewell my crown! I give you up against my will. Some other will take you and wear you. A bigger swindler than myself he cannot be, though a more successful one he may be.

[1] Meaning himself. The quotation is from the *Bellerophon* of Euripides.

ΑΛΛ. Ἑλλάνιε Ζεῦ, σὸν τὸ νικητήριον.

ΧΟΡ. ὦ χαῖρε καλλίνικε, καὶ μέμνησ' ὅτι
ἀνὴρ γεγένησαι δι' ἐμέ· καί σ' αἰτῶ βραχύ,
ὅπως ἔσομαί σοι Φανὸς ὑπογραφεὺς δικῶν.

ΔΗ. ἐμοὶ δέ γ' ὅ τι σοι τοὔνομ' εἴπ'. ΑΛΛ. Ἀγοράκριτος·
ἐν τἀγορᾷ γὰρ κρινόμενος ἐβοσκόμην.

ΔΗ. Ἀγορακρίτῳ τοίνυν ἐμαυτὸν ἐπιτρέπω,
καὶ τὸν Παφλαγόνα παραδίδωμι τουτονί.

ΑΛΛ. καὶ μὴν ἐγώ σ', ὦ Δῆμε, θεραπεύσω καλῶς,
ὥσθ' ὁμολογεῖν σε μηδέν' ἀνθρώπων ἐμοῦ
ἰδεῖν ἀμείνω τῇ Κεχηναίων πόλει.

ΧΟΡ. τί κάλλιον ἀρχομένοισιν
ἢ καταπαυομένοισιν
ἢ θοᾶν ἵππων ἐλατῆρας ἀείδειν μηδὲν ἐς Λυσίστρατον,
μηδὲ Θούμαντιν τὸν ἀνέστιον αὖ λυπεῖν ἑκούσῃ καρδίᾳ;
καὶ γὰρ οὗτος, ὦ φίλ' Ἄπολλον, ἀεὶ πεινῇ, θαλεροῖς δακρύοις

SAUS. Hellenic *Zeus*! to you I owe my victory.

Enter DEMOSTHENES.

CHO. Hail, conqueror! Remember it was I who made a man of you. I've one small favour to ask, namely, the post of secretary at present filled by Phanus.

DEM. Now tell me your name.

SAUS. Agoracritus. I was the critic of the Agora—born and bred in the markets.

DEM. Well, then, I entrust myself to Agoracritus, and from henceforth give up this Paphlagonian.

AGO. I'll take the very greatest care of you, my dear Demus; and force you to acknowledge that no one attends as well as myself to the vast interests of the Gapers' City.

(*Exeunt all but the* CHORUS.)

CHO. What is better, from start to finish, than to sing the exploits of horsey men and their fast steeds, and to refrain from willingly girding any more at such poor devils as Lysistratus and Thumantis, the latter of whom is without house or home? O friendly Apollo! this unfortunate creature is always hungry and

σᾶς ἁπτόμενος φαρέτρας Πυθῶνι δίᾳ μὴ κακῶς πένεσθαι.
λοιδορῆσαι τοὺς πονηροὺς οὐδέν ἐστ' ἐπίφθονον,
ἀλλὰ τιμὴ τοῖσι χρηστοῖς, ὅστις εὖ λογίζεται.
εἰ μὲν οὖν ἄνθρωπος, ὃν δεῖ πόλλ' ἀκοῦσαι καὶ κακά,
αὐτὸς ἦν ἔνδηλος, οὐκ ἂν ἀνδρὸς ἐμνήσθην φίλου.
νῦν δ' Ἀρίγνωτον γὰρ οὐδεὶς ὅστις οὐκ ἐπίσταται,
ὅστις ἢ τὸ λευκὸν οἶδεν ἢ τὸν ὄρθιον νόμον.
ἔστιν οὖν ἀδελφὸς αὐτῷ τοὺς τρόπους οὐ συγγενής,
Ἀριφράδης πονηρός. ἀλλὰ τοῦτο μὲν καὶ βούλεται·
ἐστὶ δ' οὐ μόνον πονηρός, οὐ γὰρ οὐδ' ἂν ᾐσθόμην,
οὐδὲ παμπόνηρος, ἀλλὰ καὶ προσεξεύρηκέ τι.
τὴν γὰρ αὑτοῦ γλῶτταν αἰσχραῖς ἡδοναῖς λυμαίνεται,
ἐν κασαυρίοισι λείχων τὴν ἀπόπτυστον δρόσον,
καὶ μολύνων τὴν ὑπήνην, καὶ κυκῶν τὰς ἐσχάρας,
καὶ Πολυμνήστεια ποιῶν, καὶ ξυνὼν Οἰωνίχῳ.
ὅστις οὖν τοιοῦτον ἄνδρα μὴ σφόδρα βδελύττεται,
οὔ ποτ' ἐκ ταὐτοῦ μεθ' ἡμῶν πίεται ποτηρίου.
ἦ πολλάκις ἐννυχίαισι
φροντίσι συγγεγένημαι,
καὶ διεζήτηχ' ὁπόθεν ποτὲ φαύλως ἐσθίει Κλεώνυμος.

praying to you, as he touches your quiver at Delphi, to relieve his fallen fortunes.

There is nothing invidious in scarifying your thorough-paced rascals; in fact, it is only right for reputable people to do so. If the fellow I am going to abuse were of any notoriety at all, I would not name alongside him a man who is my friend. Everybody who knows black from white knows Arignotus; but his rascally brother Ariphrades is a very different character; and he is so of set purpose. He is not only a rascal; of that I should have taken no notice; not only a thorough-paced rascal, but he is inventive in his rascality. He pollutes his tongue with the basest pleasures. In the brothels, I ween, he licks off that abominable liquid, defiles his beard with it, and puddles about with the lips of the girls' privates. Then he does dirty work with Polymnestus and sodomizes with Oeonichus. If there is anybody who does not utterly despise such a beast as this, I would rather he did not drink out of the same wine-cup with me.

I am often puzzled in thoughts by night to guess where that glutton Cleonymus gets his food by sponging. They say that when he

φασὶ μὲν γὰρ αὐτὸν ἐρεπτόμενον τὰ τῶν ἐχόντων ἀνέρων
οὐκ ἂν ἐξελθεῖν ἀπὸ τῆς σιπύης· τοὺς δ' ἀντιβολεῖν ἂν ὅμως·
ἴθ' ὦ ἄνα, πρὸς γονάτων, εἴσελθε καὶ σύγγνωθι τῇ τραπέζῃ.
φασὶν ἀλλήλαις ξυνελθεῖν τὰς τριήρεις εἰς λόγον,
καὶ μίαν λέξαι τιν' αὐτῶν, ἥτις ἦν γεραιτέρα·
οὐδὲ πυνθάνεσθε ταῦτ', ὦ παρθένοι, τἀν τῇ πόλει;
φασὶν αἰτεῖσθαί τιν' ἡμῶν ἑκατὸν ἐς Καρχηδόνα
ἄνδρα μοχθηρὸν πολίτην, ὀξίνην Ὑπέρβολον·
ταῖς δὲ δόξαι δεινὸν εἶναι τοῦτο κοὐκ ἀνασχετόν,
καί τιν' εἰπεῖν, ἥτις ἀνδρῶν ἆσσον οὐκ ἐληλύθει·
ἀποτρόπαι', οὐ δῆτ' ἐμοῦ γ' ἄρξει ποτ', ἀλλ' ἐάν με χρῇ,
ὑπὸ τερηδόνων σαπεῖσ' ἐνταῦθα καταγηράσομαι·
οὐδὲ Ναυφάντης γε τῆς Ναύσωνος, οὐ δῆτ', ὦ θεοί,
εἴπερ ἐκ πεύκης γε κἀγὼ καὶ ξύλων ἐπηγνύμην.
ἢν δ' ἀρέσκῃ ταῦτ' Ἀθηναίοις, καθῆσθαί μοι δοκεῖ
εἰς τὸ Θησεῖον πλεούσαις ἢ 'πὶ τῶν σεμνῶν θεῶν.
οὐ γὰρ ἡμῶν γε στρατηγῶν ἐγχανεῖται τῇ πόλει·
ἀλλὰ πλείτω χωρὶς αὐτὸς ἐς κόρακας, εἰ βούλεται,
τὰς σκάφας, ἐν αἷς ἐπώλει τοὺς λύχνους, καθελκύσας.

contrives to creep into the houses of the rich, they can't get him out of the larder; though they pray and beseech him, "Good sir, come out, and have mercy on our provisions!"

It is reported that our warships assembled for a confab, and that one of the more elderly among them said to the others, "Is it possible, you young maidens, that you have not heard what is going on in the city? That very shady citizen of ours, the scapegrace Hyperbolus, has requisitioned a hundred of us for Carthage. Now this appears intolerable to some of our number who have never yet been manned; and they protest in some such modest terms as this: 'O Lord, averter of evils, may I rather rot in dock, and worms feed on my bottom, than be boarded by such a fellow. Nauphantes, the son of Nauson, despite his naval names, is not fit for such a trim-built craft as me. If the Athenians determine to grant the request, I must go and sit as a suppliant at the Temple of Theseus, or of those venerable old females the Furies, for he shall never fool the city by taking command of us. Let him sail off to the devil, if he likes, in one of those old tubs where he used to sell his lamps.'"

ΑΓΟΡ. εὐφημεῖν χρὴ καὶ στόμα κλείειν, καὶ μαρτυριῶν ἀπέχεσθαι,
καὶ τὰ δικαστήρια συγκλείειν, οἷς ἡ πόλις ἥδε γέγηθεν,
ἐπὶ καιναῖσιν δ' εὐτυχίαισιν παιωνίζειν τὸ θέατρον.

ΧΟΡ. ὦ ταῖς ἱεραῖς φέγγος Ἀθήναις καὶ ταῖς νήσοις ἐπίκουρε,
τίν' ἔχων φήμην ἀγαθὴν ἥκεις, ἐφ' ὅτῳ κνισῶμεν ἀγυιάς;

ΑΓΟΡ. τὸν Δῆμον ἀφεψήσας ὑμῖν καλὸν ἐξ αἰσχροῦ πεποίηκα.

ΧΟΡ. καὶ ποῦ 'στιν νῦν, ὦ θαυμαστὰς ἐξευρίσκων ἐπινοίας;

ΑΓΟΡ. ἐν ταῖσιν ἰοστεφάνοις οἰκεῖ ταῖς ἀρχαίαισιν Ἀθήναις.

ΧΟΡ. πῶς ἂν ἴδοιμεν; ποίαν τιν' ἔχει σκευήν; ποῖος γεγένηται;

ΑΓΟΡ. οἷός περ Ἀριστείδῃ πρότερον καὶ Μιλτιάδῃ ξυνεσίτει.
ὄψεσθε δέ· καὶ γὰρ ἀνοιγνυμένων ψόφος ἤδη τῶν προπυλαίων.
ἀλλ' ὀλολύξατε φαινομέναισιν ταῖς ἀρχαίαισιν Ἀθήναις

Enter AGORACRITUS, *the ex*-SAUSAGE-SELLER.

AGO. Shut up! say none but words of happy omen, forbear to subpœna witnesses, close those courts of which our city is so fond, and lay on brand-new pæans at the theatre.

CHO. You light of holy Athens, and best ally of the islands, what good news have you got, that you want us to lay down our streets to high jinks?

AGO. Why, I've re-cooked Demus, and made him a handsome fellow, instead of a scurvy old chunk.

CHO. Where is he now then, after this wonderful transformation of yours?

AGO. He is now hanging out in the good old-fashioned Athens with its violet crown.

CHO. Can't we see him? We want to know what he looks like in his new rig-out.

AGO. He is now just what he was when he used to hobnob with Aristides and Miltiades in the brave days of old. But you shall see him. Even now I hear the gates of the Propylaea[1] opening. Mind you give the customary round of applause when you are treated to a sight

[1] The entrance to the Acropolis.

καὶ θαυμασταῖς καὶ πολυύμνοις, ἵν' ὁ κλεινὸς Δῆμος ἐνοικεῖ.

ΧΟΡ. ὦ ταὶ λιπαραὶ καὶ ἰοστέφανοι καὶ ἀριζήλωτοι Ἀθῆναι,
δείξατε τὸν τῆς Ἑλλάδος ὑμῖν καὶ τῆς γῆς τῆσδε μόναρχον.

ΑΓΟΡ. ὅδ' ἐκεῖνος ὁρᾶν τεττιγοφόρας, ἀρχαίῳ σχήματι λαμπρός,
οὐ χοιρινῶν ὄζων, ἀλλὰ σπονδῶν, σμύρνῃ κατάλειπτος.

ΧΟΡ. χαῖρ', ὦ βασιλεῦ τῶν Ἑλλήνων· καί σοι ξυγχαίρομεν ἡμεῖς.
τῆς γὰρ πόλεως ἄξια πράττεις καὶ τοῦ Μαραθῶνι τροπαίου.

ΔΗ. ὦ φίλτατ' ἀνδρῶν, ἐλθὲ δεῦρ', Ἀγοράκριτε.
ὅσα με δέδρακας ἀγάθ' ἀφεψήσας. ΑΓΟΡ. ἐγώ;
ἀλλ', ὦ μέλ', οὐκ οἶσθ' οἷος ἦσθ' αὐτὸς πάρος,
οὐδ' οἷ' ἔδρας· ἐμὲ γὰρ νομίζοις ἂν θεόν.

of Old Athens in all its fame and glory, where now Demus dwells.

Scene changes to the Propylaea.

CHO. O bright, violet-crowned and happy Athens! Show us now the monarch of Hellas and of all this land.

AGO. There he is, conspicuous by that olden emblem the grasshopper,[1] no longer stinking of ballot-boxes, but fragrant with truces and perfumed with myrrh.

DEMUS *appears in gorgeous array.*

CHO. Hail! thou King of the Hellenes; we congratulate ourselves on your account. Your conduct is worthy of the city and of the trophy at Marathon.

DEM. Most friendly of men, Agoracritus, come hither. What a benefit you have conferred on me by thus re-cooking me!

AGO. I? Why, my dear sir, you forget what a parlous state you were in just now, and what you did then, or else you would think I was a deity indeed.

[1] In early times the Athenians wore golden grasshoppers as emblems of their race.

ΔΗ. τί δ' ἔδρων πρὸ τοῦ, κάτειπε, καὶ ποῖός τις ἦν;

ΑΓΟΡ. πρῶτον μέν, ὁπότ' εἴποι τις ἐν τἠκκλησίᾳ,
ὦ Δῆμ', ἐραστής τ' εἰμὶ σὸς φιλῶ τέ σε
καὶ κήδομαί σου καὶ προβουλεύω μόνος,
τούτοις ὁπότε χρήσαιτό τις προοιμίοις,
ἀνωρτάλιζες κἀκερουτίας. ΔΗ. ἐγώ;

ΑΓΟΡ. εἶτ' ἐξαπατήσας σ' ἀντὶ τούτων ᾤχετο.

ΔΗ. τί φῄς;
ταυτί μ' ἔδρων, ἐγὼ δὲ τοῦτ' οὐκ ᾐσθόμην;

ΑΓΟΡ. τὰ δ' ὦτα γάρ σου νὴ Δί' ἐξεπετάννυτο
ὥσπερ σκιάδειον καὶ πάλιν ξυνήγετο.

ΔΗ. οὕτως ἀνόητος ἐγεγενήμην καὶ γέρων;

ΑΓΟΡ. καὶ νὴ Δία γ' εἴ σοι δύο λεγοίτην ῥήτορε,
ὁ μὲν ποιεῖσθαι ναῦς μακράς, ὁ δ' ἕτερος αὖ
καταμισθοφορῆσαι τοῦθ', ὁ τὸν μισθὸν λέγων
τὸν τὰς τριήρεις παραδραμὼν ἂν ᾤχετο.
οὗτος, τί κύπτεις; οὐχὶ κατὰ χώραν μενεῖς;

DEM. What did I do? Tell me, and what sort of a creature I was.

AGO. Well, first of all, if anybody in the Assembly said, "Demus, I *do* love you, and I *am* your friend; I care only for you and take counsel for you"—whenever they uttered this claptrap, you used to sit up on your hind-legs and elevate your horns . . .

DEM. I did?

AGO. You did; and then that speaker went off triumphant, knowing he had tricked you.

DEM. What are you saying? Do you mean to say I did this without knowing what I was about?

AGO. Yes, by God! you spread out your ears and then furled them again, for all the world like an umbrella.

DEM. Was I really such a damned old fool?

AGO. By the Lord you were! Why, if two orators addressed you, one proposing to build new warships, and the other on some petty subject of pay, the man who talked about the chink would go off in triumph after driving the advocate of the naval preparations clean out of the field. But, I say, why do you bend down? Keep your place.

ΔΗ. αἰσχύνομαί τοι ταῖς πρότερον ἁμαρτίαις.

ΑΓΟΡ. ἀλλ' οὐ σὺ τούτων αἴτιος, μὴ φροντίσῃς,
ἀλλ' οἵ σε ταῦτ' ἐξηπάτων. νυνδὶ φράσον·
ἐάν τις εἴπῃ βωμολόχος ξυνήγορος·
οὐκ ἔστιν ὑμῖν τοῖς δικασταῖς ἄλφιτα,
εἰ μὴ καταγνώσεσθε ταύτην τὴν δίκην·
τοῦτον τί δράσεις, εἰπέ, τὸν ξυνήγορον;

ΔΗ. ἄρας μετέωρον ἐς τὸ βάραθρον ἐμβαλῶ,
ἐκ τοῦ λάρυγγος ἐκκρεμάσας Ὑπέρβολον.

ΑΓΟΡ. τουτὶ μὲν ὀρθῶς καὶ φρονίμως ἤδη λέγεις·
τὰ δ' ἄλλα, φέρ' ἴδω, πῶς πολιτεύσει φράσον.

ΔΗ. πρῶτον μὲν ὁπόσοι ναῦς ἐλαύνουσιν μακράς,
καταγομένοις τὸν μισθὸν ἀποδώσω 'ντελῆ.

ΑΓΟΡ. πολλοῖς γ' ὑπολίσποις πυγιδίοισιν ἐχαρίσω.

ΔΗ. ἔπειθ' ὁπλίτης ἐντεθεὶς ἐν καταλόγῳ
οὐδεὶς κατὰ σπουδὰς μετεγγραφήσεται,
ἀλλ' ὥσπερ ἦν τὸ πρῶτον ἐγγεγράψεται.

ΑΓΟΡ. τοῦτ' ἔδακε τὸν πόρπακα τὸν Κλεωνύμου.

DEM. No, I am ashamed of my former peccadilloes.

AGO. You were not to blame in all this business so much as those who misled you Now tell me, if one of these bunkum orators was to bid you stop the supplies of the judges unless they gave a particular decision in some suit, what would you say to such a devil's advocate?

DEM. What? Why, I'd take him up and shy him into the bottomless pit with Hyperbolus swung round his neck.

AGO. Right you are! Now you are talking like a sensible man. And pray inform us, what will be your general policy in other respects?

DEM. First of all, the brave fellows who man our warships shall have the whole of their pay fair and square directly they put into port.

AGO. That will be good news for lots of sore backsides.

DEM. Then, no soldier once entered on the register shall, by using interest, get his name removed.

AGO. That will take the straps off old Cleonymus's[1] shield!

[1] He was known for his cowardice.

ΔΗ. οὐδ' ἀγοράσει γ' ἀγένειος οὐδ' ἐν τἀγορᾷ.
ΑΓΟΡ. ποῦ δῆτα Κλεισθένης ἀγοράσει καὶ Στράτων;
ΔΗ. τὰ μειράκια ταυτὶ λέγω, τἀν τῷ μύρῳ,
ἃ στωμυλεῖται τοιαδὶ καθήμενα·
σοφός γ' ὁ Φαίαξ, δεξιῶς τ' οὐκ ἀπέθανεν.
συνερκτικὸς γάρ ἐστι καὶ περαντικός,
καὶ γνωμοτυπικὸς καὶ σαφὴς καὶ κρουστικός,
καταληπτικός τ' ἄριστα τοῦ θορυβητικοῦ.
ΑΓΟΡ. οὔκουν καταδακτυλικὸς σὺ τοῦ λαλητικοῦ;
ΔΗ. μὰ Δί', ἀλλ' ἀναγκάσω κυνηγετεῖν ἐγὼ
τούτους ἅπαντας, παυσαμένους ψηφισμάτων.
ΑΓΟΡ. ἔχε νυν ἐπὶ τούτοις τουτονὶ τὸν ὀκλαδίαν,
καὶ παῖδ' ἐνόρχην, ὅσπερ οἴσει τόνδε σοι·
κἄν που δοκῇ σοι, τοῦτον ὀκλαδίαν ποίει.
ΔΗ. μακάριος ἐς τἀρχαῖα δὴ καθίσταμαι.
ΑΓΟΡ. φήσεις γ', ἐπειδὰν τὰς τριακοντούτιδας
σπονδὰς παραδῶ σοι. δεῦρ' ἴθ' αἱ Σπονδαὶ
ταχύ.

DEM. No beardless fellows shall spout in the Assembly.

AGO. That again stops the jaw of Clisthenes and Straton.

DEM. Those are the very slips I mean, mashers who hang about gossiping in the perfumers' shops, after such fashion as the "Haw yes! Phaeax was a clever fellow and escaped by the mere skin of his teeth. Ya-as, he's a very handy fellow; knows how to get things through, full of maxims, clear-headed and penetrating, particularly expert at catching hold of things and getting at the inside of 'em—you understand what I mean, eh?"

AGO. You'll put a stopper on such idle chatter as this?

DEM. By God will I! I'll make these mashers go out hunting, and stop legislating.

AGO. Then, on these conditions, let me present you with this folding-chair and this lad—warranted entire, no eunuch—to carry it for you. If you like, you can use him for your folding-chair when you feel inclined.

DEM. Ah! that seems like old times again.

AGO. You'll say so when I hand over the two pretty Truces to you. Come hither quickly, Truces.

Enter two Girls representing the Truces.

ΔΗ. ὦ Ζεῦ πολυτίμηθ', ὡς καλαί· πρὸς τῶν θεῶν,
ἔξεστιν αὐτῶν κατατριακοντουτίσαι;
πῶς ἔλαβες αὐτὰς ἐτεόν; ΑΓΟΡ. οὐ γὰρ ὁ Παφλαγὼν
ἀπέκρυπτε ταύτας ἔνδον, ἵνα σὺ μὴ λάβῃς;
νῦν οὖν ἐγώ σοι παραδίδωμ' εἰς τοὺς ἀγροὺς
αὐτὰς ἰέναι λαβόντα. ΔΗ. τὸν δὲ Παφλαγόνα,
ὃς ταῦτ' ἔδρασεν, εἴφ' ὅ τι ποιήσεις κακόν.
ΑΓΟΡ. οὐδὲν μέγ' ἀλλ' ἢ τὴν ἐμὴν ἕξει τέχνην·
ἐπὶ ταῖς πύλαις ἀλλαντοπωλήσει μόνος,
τὰ κύνεια μιγνὺς τοῖς ὀνείοις πράγμασιν,
μεθύων τε ταῖς πόρναισι λοιδορήσεται,
κἀκ τῶν βαλανείων πίεται τὸ λούτριον.
ΔΗ. εὖ γ' ἐπενόησας οὗπέρ ἐστιν ἄξιος,
πόρναισι καὶ βαλανεῦσι διακεκραγέναι,
καί σ' ἀντὶ τούτων ἐς τὸ πρυτανεῖον καλῶ
ἐς τὴν ἕδραν θ', ἵν' ἐκεῖνος ἦν ὁ φαρμακός.
ἕπου δὲ ταυτηνὶ λαβὼν τὴν βατραχίδα·
κἀκεῖνον ἐκφερέτω τις ὡς ἐπὶ τὴν τέχνην,
ἵν' ἴδωσιν αὐτόν, οἷς ἐλωβᾶθ', οἱ ξένοι.

DEM. Gracious goodness, they are scrumptious girls! By all the gods of Olympus, I should like to make a thirty years' truce with them. Where did you pick 'em up?

AGO. The Paphlagonian had them hidden in your house, so that you should not find them. Now I hand them over to you. Take 'em with you into the country and have a little rural exercise.

DEM. And how will you punish the Paphlagonian, who did all this mischief?

AGO. I'll do nothing worse to him than make him follow my former business. He shall just sell sausages at the city gates, compounding the savoury messes of dogs' and asses' flesh. Then he shall get drunk and bully the whores, or swill with the attendants at the baths.

DEM. You have elaborated a thoroughly suitable punishment for him—to bally-rag with whores and bathmen. In return for all these favours, I invite you to the Town Hall, where you shall occupy the very seat that cuss used to fill. Put on these heavy togs and follow me. Some one go and introduce that fellow to his new walk of life, where the foreigners whom he used to insult may have a good sight of him.

THE CLOUDS

ΝΕΦΕΛΑΙ

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ.

ΣΤΡΕΨΙΑΔΗΣ.
ΦΕΙΔΙΠΠΙΔΗΣ.
ΘΕΡΑΠΩΝ ΣΤΡΕΨΙΑΔΟΥ.
ΜΑΘΗΤΗΣ ΣΩΚΡΑΤΟΥΣ.
ΣΩΚΡΑΤΗΣ.
ΧΟΡΟΣ ΝΕΦΕΛΩΝ.
ΔΙΚΑΙΟΣ ΛΟΓΟΣ.
ΑΔΙΚΟΣ ΛΟΓΟΣ.
ΠΑΣΙΑΣ, *δανειστής*.
ΑΜΥΝΙΑΣ, *δανειστής*.
ΜΑΡΤΥΣ.

ΣΤΡ. Ἰοὺ *ἰού·*
ὦ Ζεῦ βασιλεῦ, τὸ χρῆμα τῶν νυκτῶν ὅσον
ἀπέραντον. οὐδέποθ' ἡμέρα γενήσεται;
καὶ μὴν πάλαι γ' ἀλεκτρυόνος ἤκουσ' ἐγώ·
οἱ δ' οἰκέται ῥέγκουσιν· ἀλλ' οὐκ ἂν πρὸ τοῦ.

THE CLOUDS

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

STREPSIADES, a Bucolic Personage.
PHEIDIPPIDES, his Son, a Fast Young Man.
SERVANT OF STREPSIADES.
STUDENT in Socrates' Thinking-house.
SOCRATES.
CHORUS OF CLOUDS.
JUST ARGUMENT.
UNJUST ARGUMENT.
PASIAS, } Money-lenders.
AMYNIAS, }
A WITNESS.

STREPSIADES' *bedroom.* PHEIDIPPIDES *and* SLAVES *asleep.* STREPSIADES *sits up and soliloquises.*

STR. O dear! O dear! Almighty God, how endless these nights are! Will it never be day? I could swear I heard the cock crow a long time since; and yet these servants are snoring. Ah! it wasn't so in former times.

ἀπόλοιο δῆτ', ὦ πόλεμε, πολλῶν οὕνεκα,
ὅτ' οὐδὲ κολάσ' ἔξεστί μοι τοὺς οἰκέτας.
ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὁ χρηστὸς οὑτοσὶ νεανίας
ἐγείρεται τῆς νυκτός, ἀλλὰ πέρδεται
ἐν πέντε σισύραις ἐγκεκορδυλημένος.
ἀλλ' εἰ δοκεῖ, ῥέγκωμεν ἐγκεκαλυμμένοι.
ἀλλ' οὐ δύναμαι δείλαιος εὕδειν δακνόμενος
ὑπὸ τῆς δαπάνης καὶ τῆς φάτνης καὶ τῶν χρεῶν,
διὰ τουτονὶ τὸν υἱόν. ὁ δὲ κόμην ἔχων
ἱππάζεταί τε καὶ ξυνωρικεύεται
ὀνειροπολεῖ θ' ἵππους· ἐγὼ δ' ἀπόλλυμαι,
ὁρῶν ἄγουσαν τὴν σελήνην εἰκάδας·
οἱ γὰρ τόκοι χωροῦσιν. ἅπτε, παῖ, λύχνον,
κἄκφερε τὸ γραμματεῖον, ἵν' ἀναγνῶ λαβὼν
ὁπόσοις ὀφείλω καὶ λογίσωμαι τοὺς τόκους.
φέρ' ἴδω, τί ὀφείλω; δώδεκα μνᾶς Πασίᾳ.
τοῦ δώδεκα μνᾶς Πασίᾳ; τί ἐχρησάμην;
ὅτ' ἐπριάμην τὸν κοππατίαν. οἴμοι τάλας,
εἴθ' ἐξεκόπην πρότερον τὸν ὀφθαλμὸν λίθῳ.

ΦΕΙ. Φίλων, ἀδικεῖς· ἔλαυνε τὸν σαυτοῦ δρόμον.

ΣΤΡ. τοῦτ' ἔστι τουτὶ τὸ κακὸν ὅ μ' ἀπολώλεκεν·
ὀνειροπολεῖ γὰρ καὶ καθεύδων ἱππικήν.

Damn the war, say I; amongst other reasons, for this one—you can't thrash your slaves. And here's this model young man, he's never troubled with insomnia. He farts away the whole blessed night, wrapped up in his five blankets. Well, let's all of us snore. Hang it, I can't sleep, worried out of my life as I am by house and stable expenses and debts, all on account of this precious son of mine. And there is he, with his long masher locks, riding and driving about. Why, he even dreams of horses. And here am I driven to distraction when I see the moon ruthlessly bringing round the days on which my interest has to be paid.

Here, you fellow, bring a light and my writing-case. I must see how much I owe, and tot up that same interest that's due. Let's see, what are my liabilities? Twelve minae to Pasias—and what did I get out of those twelve minae due to Pasias? Well, I bought that high-stepping horse. Fool that I was! I'd better have had my eye knocked out with a stone before I saw him.

PHE. (*in his sleep*). Hi there, Philo! you are cheating. Keep your own course.

STR. There, that's what ruins me. He's dreaming of his horse-racing.

ΦΕΙ. πόσους δρόμους ἐλᾷ τὰ πολεμιστήρια;

ΣΤΡ. ἐμὲ μὲν σὺ πολλοὺς τὸν πατέρ' ἐλαύνεις δρόμους.
ἀτὰρ τί χρέος ἔβα με μετὰ τὸν Πασίαν;
τρεῖς μναῖ διφρίσκου καὶ τροχοῖν Ἀμυνίᾳ.

ΦΕΙ. ἄπαγε τὸν ἵππον ἐξαλίσας οἴκαδε.

ΣΤΡ. ἀλλ', ὦ μέλ', ἐξήλικας ἐμέ γ' ἐκ τῶν ἐμῶν,
ὅτε καὶ δίκας ὦφληκα χἄτεροι τόκου
ἐνεχυράσασθαί φασιν. ΦΕΙ. ἐτεόν, ὦ πάτερ,
τί δυσκολαίνεις καὶ στρέφει τὴν νύχθ' ὅλην;

ΣΤΡ. δάκνει με δήμαρχός τις ἐκ τῶν στρωμάτων.

ΦΕΙ. ἔασον, ὦ δαιμόνιε, καταδαρθεῖν τί με.

ΣΤΡ. σὺ δ' οὖν κάθευδε· τὰ δὲ χρέα ταῦτ' ἴσθ' ὅτι
εἰς τὴν κεφαλὴν ἅπαντα τὴν σὴν τρέψεται.
φεῦ.
εἴθ' ὤφελ' ἡ προμνήστρι' ἀπολέσθαι κακῶς,
ἥτις με γῆμ' ἐπῆρε τὴν σὴν μητέρα·
ἐμοὶ γὰρ ἦν ἄγροικος ἥδιστος βίος,
εὐρωτιῶν, ἀκόρητος, εἰκῇ κείμενος,
βρύων μελίτταις καὶ προβάτοις καὶ στεμφύλοις.

PHE. How many times round the course have the war-chariots got to go?

STR. You are running your poor father a pretty race. So, what liability faces me after Pasias' little bill? Three minae to Amynias for a smart trap with a pair of wheels.

PHE. Take the horse home when you've given him a roll in the grass.

STR. You young scamp, you are rolling me out of all my revenues. I've lost several cases already, and now these other fellows are going for me on account of the interest due to them.

PHE. (*awaking*). Hallo, guv'nor, what are you grumbling about, twisting and turning the whole blessed night?

STR. O nothing; only an officer out of the bedclothes is worrying me.

PHE. In the name of the devil let me have a wink or two of sleep.

STR. Sleep on; only be sure that all these debts will one day come down upon your head. O dear, O dear! I wish that matchmaker had been slaughtered who first introduced me to your mother. Mine was a rustic, pleasant, sleepy kind of go-as-you-please life, passed without any parade among my bees, my sheep,

ἔπειτ' ἔγημα Μεγακλέους τοῦ Μεγακλέους
ἀδελφιδῆν ἄγροικος ὢν ἐξ ἄστεως,
σεμνήν, τρυφῶσαν, ἐγκεκοισυρωμένην.
ταύτην ὅτ' ἐγάμουν, συγκατεκλινόμην ἐγὼ
ὄζων τρυγός, τρασιᾶς, ἐρίων περιουσίας,
ἡ δ' αὖ μύρου, κρόκου, καταγλωττισμάτων,
δαπάνης, λαφυγμοῦ, Κωλιάδος Γενετυλλίδος.
οὐ μὴν ἐρῶ γ' ὡς ἀργὸς ἦν, ἀλλ' ἐσπάθα.
ἐγὼ δ' ἂν αὐτῇ θοἰμάτιον δεικνὺς τοδὶ
πρόφασιν ἔφασκον, ὦ γύναι, λίαν σπαθᾷς.

ΘΕΡ. ἔλαιον ἡμῖν οὐκ ἔνεστ' ἐν τῷ λύχνῳ.

ΣΤΡ. οἴμοι· τί γάρ μοι τὸν πότην ἧπτες λύχνον;
δεῦρ' ἔλθ', ἵνα κλάῃς. ΘΕΡ. διὰ τί δῆτα κλαύσομαι;

ΣΤΡ. ὅτι τῶν παχειῶν ἐνετίθεις θρυαλλίδων.

and my olives. Then, farmer as I was, I must needs marry the niece of Megacles, son of Megacles, a fine city lady, accustomed to all sorts of kickshaws and trying to imitate the swells in her goings-on. Yes, I married her—I who stunk of my wine-vats and cheese-presses and sheep-skins, while she was fragrant with myrrh and saffron. Then she went in for billing and cooing, for expense and high-living, not to mention the several pleasures of Colias[1] Genetyllis. I can't say she was good-for-nothing, but she went ahead too fast; so much so that I showed her this old coat of mine, thereupon taking up my proverb and gently insinuating, "Good wife, you are going ahead too fast!"

Enter a SERVANT.

SER. There's no oil in the lamp.

STR. Confound it! What the deuce did you light that extravagant lamp for? Come here, you shall suffer for it.

SER. Why should I suffer for it?

STR. Why, because you put a thick wick in the lamp.

[1] A name given to Aphrodite from her temple at Colias, a promontory of Attica.

μετὰ ταῦθ᾽, ὅπως νῷν ἐγένεθ᾽ υἱὸς οὑτοσί,
ἐμοί τε δὴ καὶ τῇ γυναικὶ τἀγαθῇ,
περὶ τοὐνόματος δὴ ᾽ντεῦθεν ἐλοιδορούμεθα·
ἡ μὲν γὰρ ἵππον προσετίθει πρὸς τοὔνομα,
Ξάνθιππον ἢ Χαίριππον ἢ Καλλιππίδην,
ἐγὼ δὲ τοῦ πάππου ᾽τιθέμην Φειδωνίδην.
τέως μὲν οὖν ἐκρινόμεθ᾽· εἶτα τῷ χρόνῳ
κοινῇ ξυνέβημεν κἀθέμεθα Φειδιππίδην.
τοῦτον τὸν υἱὸν λαμβάνουσ᾽ ἐκορίζετο,
"ὅταν σὺ μέγας ὢν ἅρμ᾽ ἐλαύνῃς πρὸς πόλιν,
ὥσπερ Μεγακλέης, ξυστίδ᾽ ἔχων." ἐγὼ δ᾽ ἔφην,
"ὅταν μὲν οὖν τὰς αἶγας ἐκ τοῦ φελλέως,
ὥσπερ ὁ πατήρ σου, διφθέραν ἐνημμένος."
ἀλλ᾽ οὐκ ἐπίθετο τοῖς ἐμοῖς οὐδὲν λόγοις,
ἀλλ᾽ ἵππερόν μου κατέχεεν τῶν χρημάτων.
νῦν οὖν ὅλην τὴν νύκτα φροντίζων ὁδοῦ,
μίαν εὗρον ἀτραπὸν δαιμονίως ὑπερφυᾶ,
ἣν ἢν ἀναπείσω τουτονί, σωθήσομαι,
ἀλλ᾽ ἐξεγεῖραι πρῶτον αὐτὸν βούλομαι.
πῶς δῆτ᾽ ἂν ἥδιστ᾽ αὐτὸν ἐπεγείραιμι; πῶς;

Well, after a bit this son was born to us—to me and my good wife, whereupon we at once began to quarrel about his name. She would have some horsey element in it, such as Xanthippus, or Chaerippus or Callippides, whereas I wanted the child called after his grandfather Pheidònides. For a long time we went on jangling, and at last we split the difference, and he was named Pheid-ippides—a kind of compromise between the ancestor and the horse. By-and-by my wife took this son of ours in hand and wheedled him thus: "How glad I shall be when you are grown up and drive your chariot to the city as Megacles did, dressed in gorgeous array." Then I cut in: "How glad I shall be when you drive your goats in from the mountain-side clad in a suit of hide like your father before you." Of course he never listened to a word I said, but wasted my money on his horsey mania. Now I spend whole nights trying to see a way out of my difficulties; and I can see only one, but that's a devilish good one. By adopting this method I may be saved if I can only bring the lad round to my way of thinking. First of all, however, I must call him. I wonder which is the most agreeable

Φειδιππίδη, Φειδιππίδιον. ΦΕΙ. τί, ὦ πάτερ;
ΣΤΡ. κύσον με καὶ τὴν χεῖρα δὸς τὴν δεξιάν.
ΦΕΙ. ἰδού. τί ἔστιν; ΣΤΡ. εἰπέ μοι, φιλεῖς ἐμέ;
ΦΕΙ. νὴ τὸν Ποσειδῶ τουτονὶ τὸν ἵππιον.
ΣΤΡ. μή μοί γε τοῦτον μηδαμῶς τὸν ἵππιον·
οὗτος γὰρ ὁ θεὸς αἴτιός μοι τῶν κακῶν.
ἀλλ' εἴπερ ἐκ τῆς καρδίας μ' ὄντως φιλεῖς,
ὦ παῖ, πιθοῦ μοι. ΦΕΙ. τί δὲ πίθωμαι δῆτά σοι;
ΣΤΡ. ἔκστρεψον ὡς τάχιστα τοὺς σαυτοῦ τρόπους,
καὶ μάνθαν' ἐλθὼν ἂν ἐγὼ παραινέσω.
ΦΕΙ. λέγε δή, τί κελεύεις; ΣΤΡ. καί τι πείσει;
ΦΕΙ. πείσομαι,
νὴ τὸν Διόνυσον. ΣΤΡ. δεῦρό νυν ἀπόβλεπε.
ὁρᾷς τὸ θύριον τοῦτο καὶ τῳκίδιον;
ΦΕΙ. ὁρῶ. τί οὖν τοῦτ' ἐστὶν ἐτεόν, ὦ πάτερ;
ΣΤΡ. ψυχῶν σοφῶν τοῦτ' ἐστὶ φροντιστήριον.
ἐνταῦθ' ἐνοικοῦσ' ἄνδρες οἳ τὸν οὐρανὸν
λέγοντες ἀναπείθουσιν ὡς ἔστιν πνιγεὺς
κἄστιν περὶ ἡμᾶς οὗτος, ἡμεῖς δ' ἄνθρακες.

way of awakening him. How shall I do it? Here, Pheidippides! My dear Pheidippides.

PHE. What is it, guv'nor?

STR. Kiss me, and give me your right hand.

PHE. Well, what do you want?

STR. Tell me, boy, do you love me?

PHE. Yes; by the horse-god Poseidon!

STR. For heaven's sake don't talk to me about a horseman. It's these horsey men who have brought me to grief. But, my lad, if you love me really and from your heart, obey me.

PHE. In what?

STR. Quit your present ways as soon as possible; and go and learn what I want you to.

PHE. Tell me what you want.

STR. And will you obey me?

PHE. I will. I swear now by the wine-god Dionysus.

STR. Come hither and look out of the window. Do you see that door yonder, and that small house?

PHE. I see. What place is it, guv'nor?

STR. That's the Thinking-house for wise souls. Therein dwell men who say that heaven is a furnace which surrounds us on all sides, and that we are the coals. Well, these people,

οὗτοι διδάσκουσ', ἀργύριον ἤν τις διδῷ,
λέγοντα νικᾶν καὶ δίκαια κἄδικα.
ΦΕΙ. εἰσὶν δὲ τίνες; ΣΤΡ. οὐκ οἶδ' ἀκριβῶς τοὔνομα·
μεριμνοφροντισταὶ καλοί τε κἀγαθοί.
ΦΕΙ. αἰβοῖ, πονηροί γ', οἶδα. τοὺς ἀλαζόνας,
τοὺς ὠχριῶντας, τοὺς ἀνυποδήτους λέγεις·
ὧν ὁ κακοδαίμων Σωκράτης καὶ Χαιρεφῶν.
ΣΤΡ. ἢ ἤ, σιώπα· μηδὲν εἴπῃς νήπιον.
ἀλλ' εἴ τι κήδει τῶν πατρῴων ἀλφίτων,
τούτων γενοῦ μοι, σχασάμενος τὴν ἱππικήν.
ΦΕΙ. οὐκ ἂν μὰ τὸν Διόνυσον, εἰ δοίης γέ μοι
τοὺς φασιανοὺς οὓς τρέφει Λεωγόρας.
ΣΤΡ. ἴθ', ἀντιβολῶ σ', ὦ φίλτατ' ἀνθρώπων ἐμοί,
ἐλθὼν διδάσκου. ΦΕΙ. καὶ τί σοι μαθήσομαι;
ΣΤΡ. εἶναι παρ' αὐτοῖς φασιν ἄμφω τὼ λόγω,
τὸν κρείττον', ὅστις ἐστί, καὶ τὸν ἥττονα.
τούτοιν τὸν ἕτερον τοῖν λόγοιν, τὸν ἥττονα,

if you pay them a small fee, teach you, when you talk, to carry your point, whether it be right or wrong.

PHE. Who are they?

STR. I don't exactly know their names; but they are meditative men and highly respectable.

PHE. They're a rum lot, I know. You mean those talkee-talkee fellows, with sallow faces, amongst whom are those poor devils Socrates and Chaerephon.

STR. Shut up; don't talk like a child. If you care at all for the paternal resources, join these people, I pray you, and shunt the horsey business.

PHE. Not I, by Dionysus; no, not if you would give me every blessed pheasant that Leogoras[1] breeds.

STR. But I beseech you, you dearest of all human beings to me, go and be taught.

PHE. But what can I learn that would do you any good?

STR. They tell me these people have got two methods of argument—the greater, whatever that may be, and the lesser. Now I am informed that if a person adopts the latter

[1] A gourmand.

νικᾶν λέγοντά φασι τἀδικώτερα.
ἢν οὖν μάθῃς μοι τὸν ἄδικον τοῦτον λόγον,
ἃ νῦν ὀφείλω διὰ σέ, τούτων τῶν χρεῶν
οὐκ ἂν ἀποδοίην οὐδ' ἂν ὀβολὸν οὐδενί.

ΦΕΙ. οὐκ ἂν πιθοίμην· οὐ γὰρ ἂν τλαίην ἰδεῖν
τοὺς ἱππέας τὸ χρῶμα διακεκναισμένος.

ΣΤΡ. οὐκ ἄρα μὰ τὴν Δήμητρα τῶν γ' ἐμῶν ἔδει,
οὔτ' αὐτὸς οὔθ' ὁ ζύγιος οὔθ' ὁ σαμφόρας·
ἀλλ' ἐξελῶ σ' ἐς κόρακας ἐκ τῆς οἰκίας.

ΦΕΙ. ἀλλ' οὐ περιόψεταί μ' ὁ θεῖος Μεγακλέης
ἄνιππον. ἀλλ' εἴσειμι, σοῦ δ' οὐ φροντιῶ.

ΣΤΡ. ἀλλ' οὐδ' ἐγὼ μέντοι πεσών γε κείσομαι·
ἀλλ' εὐξάμενος τοῖσιν θεοῖς διδάξομαι
αὐτὸς βαδίζων εἰς τὸ φροντιστήριον.
πῶς οὖν γέρων ὢν κἀπιλήσμων καὶ βραδὺς
λόγων ἀκριβῶν σκινδαλάμους μαθήσομαι;
ἰτητέον.

method—the lesser, that is—he will carry his point, though it be the more unjust of the two. If, then, you will learn for me this unjust method of argument, I won't pay a penny to anybody out of all those debts which I have incurred on your account.

PHE. Can't do it, guv'nor. I could never face the Knights if my complexion changed to the same colour as those philosophers'.

STR. Then by Mother Demeter you shan't feed at my expense—you or your horses. I'll drive you from my house straight to the devil.

PHE. My uncle Megacles won't let me go without a horse. So, guv'nor, I shall retire, and take no heed of what you do. (*Exit.*)

STR. I'm not going to be floored by you, though. I shall just say my prayers to the gods and then go off to the Thinking-house and get myself taught; though I don't know how an old man somewhat short of memory and slow can learn to chop logic. I must go, however. (*Exit.*)

τί ταῦτ' ἔχων στραγγεύομαι,
ἀλλ' οὐχὶ κόπτω τὴν θύραν; παῖ, παιδίον.
ΜΑΘ. βάλλ' ἐς κόρακας· τίς ἐσθ' ὁ κόψας τὴν θύραν;
ΣΤΡ. Φείδωνος υἱὸς Στρεψιάδης Κικυννόθεν.
ΜΑΘ. ἀμαθής γε νὴ Δί', ὅστις οὑτωσὶ σφόδρα
ἀπεριμερίμνως τὴν θύραν λελάκτικας
καὶ φροντίδ' ἐξήμβλωκας ἐξευρημένην.
ΣΤΡ. σύγγνωθί μοι· τηλοῦ γὰρ οἰκῶ τῶν ἀγρῶν.
ἀλλ' εἰπέ μοι τὸ πρᾶγμα τοὐξημβλωμένον.
ΜΑΘ. ἀλλ' οὐ θέμις πλὴν τοῖς μαθηταῖσιν λέγειν.
ΣΤΡ. λέγε νυν ἐμοὶ θαρρῶν· ἐγὼ γὰρ οὑτοσὶ
ἥκω μαθητὴς εἰς τὸ φροντιστήριον.
ΜΑΘ. λέξω. νομίσαι δὲ ταῦτα χρὴ μυστήρια.
ἀνήρετ' ἄρτι Χαιρεφῶντα Σωκράτης
ψύλλαν ὁπόσους ἅλλοιτο τοὺς αὑτῆς πόδας·

Scene changes to the outside of the Phrontisterium, or Thinking-house.

Enter STREPSIADES.

STR. Now why do I hang about in this way, and not knock at the door? (*He knocks.*) Hi! boy, my dear boy, I say.

Enter SOCRATIC STUDENT.

STU. Go to the devil. Who is it knocking at the door?

STR. Strepsiades, the son of Pheidon, from Cicynna.

STU. By God, you must be an ignorant person to kick at the door so inconsiderately. You've just spoilt a splendid new idea.

STR. Pray excuse me; I live far out in the country. But tell me what idea it was I spoilt.

STU. No, I mustn't tell anybody except the students.

STR. You needn't be afraid to tell me. I have come to enter myself as a student at the Thinking-house.

STU. O, then I'll tell you; but mind, you must consider all these matters as mysteries. Socrates asked Chaerephon just now how many times the length of its own feet a flea could hop.

δακοῦσα γὰρ τοῦ Χαιρεφῶντος τὴν ὀφρῦν
ἐπὶ τὴν κεφαλὴν τὴν Σωκράτους ἀφήλατο.
ΣΤΡ. πῶς τοῦτο διεμέτρησε; ΜΑΘ. δεξιώτατα.
κηρὸν διατήξας, εἶτα τὴν ψύλλαν λαβὼν
ἐνέβαψεν εἰς τὸν κηρὸν αὐτῆς τὼ πόδε,
κᾆτα ψυγείσῃ περιέφυσαν Περσικαί.
ταύτας ὑπολύσας ἀνεμέτρει τὸ χωρίον.
ΣΤΡ. ὦ Ζεῦ βασιλεῦ τῆς λεπτότητος τῶν φρενῶν.
ΜΑΘ. τί δῆτ' ἄν, ἕτερον εἰ πύθοιο Σωκράτους
φρόντισμα; ΣΤΡ. ποῖον; ἀντιβολῶ, κάτειπέ μοι.
ΜΑΘ. ἀνήρετ' αὐτὸν Χαιρεφῶν ὁ Σφήττιος
ὁπότερα τὴν γνώμην ἔχοι, τὰς ἐμπίδας
κατὰ τὸ στόμ' ᾄδειν, ἢ κατὰ τοὐρροπύγιον.
ΣΤΡ. τί δῆτ' ἐκεῖνος εἶπε περὶ τῆς ἐμπίδος;
ΜΑΘ. ἔφασκεν εἶναι τοὔντερον τῆς ἐμπίδος
στενόν· διὰ λεπτοῦ δ' ὄντος αὐτοῦ τὴν πνοὴν
βίᾳ βαδίζειν εὐθὺ τοὐρροπυγίου·
ἔπειτα κοῖλον πρὸς στενῷ προσκείμενον
τὸν πρωκτὸν ἠχεῖν ὑπὸ βίας τοῦ πνεύματος.
ΣΤΡ. σάλπιγξ ὁ πρωκτός ἐστιν ἄρα τῶν ἐμπίδων.
ὦ τρισμακάριος τοῦ διεντερεύματος.

One of them had bitten Chaerephon's eyebrow, and then jumped on to the head of Socrates.

STR. How did he measure it, then?

STU. Most cleverly. He melted some wax, then took the flea and dipped its feet in it. Directly it had cooled, Persian slippers adhered to the flea's feet. These Socrates unfastened, and measured the distance.

STR. My God! What subtilty of mind!

STU. I wonder what you would say if I told you about another device of Socrates!

STR. What device? Do tell me.

STU. Chaerephon the Sphettian asked whether, in his opinion, gnats buzzed through the mouth or through the backside.

STR. And what did he say about the gnat?

STU. Why, he said that the inside of the gnat was narrow, and that on account of its contraction the air passed violently through the backside, and that, being attached to the narrow part, the gnat's arse sounded by the force of the wind.

STR. I see. The gnat's arse forms a kind of wind-instrument. But how much penetration is displayed in getting at the bottom of so small an orifice? Surely anybody who could thus

ἦ ῥᾳδίως φεύγων ἂν ἀποφύγοι δίκην
ὅστις δίοιδε τοὔντερον τῆς ἐμπίδος.
ΜΑΘ. πρώην δέ γε γνώμην μεγάλην ἀφῃρέθη
ὑπ' ἀσκαλαβώτου. ΣΤΡ. τίνα τρόπον; κάτειπέ μοι.
ΜΑΘ. ζητοῦντος αὐτοῦ τῆς σελήνης τὰς ὁδοὺς
καὶ τὰς περιφοράς, εἶτ' ἄνω κεχηνότος
ἀπὸ τῆς ὀροφῆς νύκτωρ γαλεώτης κατέχεσεν.
ΣΤΡ. ἥσθην γαλεώτῃ καταχέσαντι Σωκράτους.
ΜΑΘ. ἐχθὲς δέ γ' ἡμῖν δεῖπνον οὐκ ἦν ἑσπέρας.
ΣΤΡ. εἶεν· τί οὖν πρὸς τἄλφιτ' ἐπαλαμήσατο;
ΜΑΘ. κατὰ τῆς τραπέζης καταπάσας λεπτὴν τέφραν,
κάμψας ὀβελίσκον, εἶτα διαβήτην λαβών,
ἐκ τῆς παλαίστρας θοἰμάτιον ὑφείλετο.
ΣΤΡ. τί δῆτ' ἐκεῖνον τὸν Θαλῆν θαυμάζομεν;
ἄνοιγ' ἄνοιγ' ἀνύσας τὸ φροντιστήριον,
καὶ δεῖξον ὡς τάχιστά μοι τὸν Σωκράτην.
μαθητιῶ γάρ· ἀλλ' ἄνοιγε τὴν θύραν.

see through a gnat's inside would easily be able to solve the intricacies of a lawsuit.

STU. Only lately he was robbed of a big idea by a lizard.

STR. In what way? Do tell me.

STU. He was investigating the moon and her motions, when, as he was gaping up by night, a lizard on the roof happened to have a motion, too, and dirtied all over him.

STR. O, I like that. Fancy a lizard shitting on Socrates!

STU. Yesterday evening, again, there was nothing for supper.

STR. And how did Socrates get over the difficulty about the meal?

STU. He spread a light covering of dust over the table, on which to draw his figure. Then he took his compasses in one hand and a crooked piece of iron in the other, with which latter he filched a cloak from the palaestra, and so provided for supplies.

STR. And yet we think so much of the philosopher Thales! But make haste; open the Thinking-house, and show me Socrates as soon as ever you can. I want to be a student. Open the door, I say. (*The door is opened. Stu-*

ὦ Ἡράκλεις, ταυτὶ ποδαπὰ τὰ θηρία;
ΜΑΘ. τί ἐθαύμασας; τῷ σοι δοκοῦσιν εἰκέναι;
ΣΤΡ. τοῖς ἐκ Πύλου ληφθεῖσι, τοῖς Λακωνικοῖς.
ἀτὰρ τί ποτ' ἐς τὴν γῆν βλέπουσιν οὑτοιί;
ΜΑΘ. ζητοῦσιν οὗτοι τὰ κατὰ γῆς. ΣΤΡ. βολβοὺς ἄρα
ζητοῦσι. μή νυν τοῦτό γ' ἔτι φροντίζετε·
ἐγὼ γὰρ οἶδ' ἵν' εἰσὶ μεγάλοι καὶ καλοί.
τί γὰρ οἵδε δρῶσιν οἱ σφόδρ' ἐγκεκυφότες;
ΜΑΘ. οὗτοι δ' ἐρεβοδιφῶσιν ὑπὸ τὸν Τάρταρον.
ΣΤΡ. τί δῆθ' ὁ πρωκτὸς ἐς τὸν οὐρανὸν βλέπει;
ΜΑΘ. αὐτὸς καθ' αὑτὸν ἀστρονομεῖν διδάσκεται.
ἀλλ' εἴσιθ', ἵνα μὴ 'κεῖνος ὑμῖν ἐπιτύχῃ.
ΣΤΡ. μήπω γε, μήπω γ'· ἀλλ' ἐπιμεινάντων, ἵνα
αὐτοῖσι κοινώσω τι πραγμάτιον ἐμόν.
ΜΑΘ. ἀλλ' οὐχ οἷόν τ' αὐτοῖσι πρὸς τὸν ἀέρα
ἔξω διατρίβειν πολὺν ἄγαν ἐστὶν χρόνον.
ΣΤΡ. πρὸς τῶν θεῶν, τί γὰρ τάδ' ἐστίν; εἰπέ μοι.

dents, &c., discovered.) Great Hercules! What kind of critters are these?

STU. Why are you surprised? What do they seem like to you?

STR. They strike me as being like the Laconian prisoners taken at Pylos. But why in the world are they grubbing into the ground?

STU. These are looking for roots under the earth.

STR. Onions, no doubt. Don't bother about them. I've got some—all very fine and large. Who are those that are grubbing deepest of all?

STU. These are pursuing occult studies down below Tartarus.

STR. Then why is their arse turned up to the sky?

STU. Because that particular part of them is studying *as*tronomy on its own account. (*To the Students.*) But you had better go in, in case *he* catches you.

STR. Let 'em stop. I want to tell 'em about my little affair.

STU. No, they mustn't stay out long.

STR. By all the gods, what are these things? Tell me!

ΜΑΘ. ἀστρονομία μὲν αὑτηί. ΣΤΡ. τουτὶ δὲ τί;
ΜΑΘ. γεωμετρία. ΣΤΡ. τοῦτ' οὖν τί ἐστι χρήσιμον;
ΜΑΘ. γῆν ἀναμετρεῖσθαι. ΣΤΡ. πότερα τὴν κληρου-
χικήν;
ΜΑΘ. οὔκ, ἀλλὰ τὴν σύμπασαν. ΣΤΡ. ἀστεῖον λέγεις.
τὸ γὰρ σόφισμα δημοτικὸν καὶ χρήσιμον.
ΜΑΘ. αὕτη δέ σοι γῆς περίοδος πάσης. ὁρᾷς;
αἵδε μὲν 'Αθῆναι. ΣΤΡ. τί σὺ λέγεις; οὐ πεί-
θομαι,
ἐπεὶ δικαστὰς ουχ ὁρῶ καθημένους.
ΜΑΘ. ὡς τοῦτ' ἀληθῶς 'Αττικὸν τὸ χωρίον.
ΣΤΡ. καὶ ποῦ Κικυννῆς εἰσὶν οὑμοὶ δημόται;
ΜΑΘ. ἐνταῦθ' ἔνεισιν. ἡ δέ γ' Εὔβοι', ὡς ὁρᾷς,
ἡδὶ παρατέταται μακρὰ πόρρω πάνυ.
ΣΤΡ. οἶδ'· ὑπὸ γὰρ ἡμῶν παρετάθη καὶ Περικλέους.
ἀλλ' ἡ Λακεδαίμων ποῦ 'στιν; ΜΑΘ. ὅπου
'στίν; αὑτηί.
ΣΤΡ. ὡς ἐγγὺς ἡμῶν. τοῦτό νυν φροντίζετε,
ταύτην ἀφ' ἡμῶν ἀπαγαγεῖν πόρρω πάνυ.
ΜΑΘ. ἀλλ' οὐχ οἷόν τε. ΣΤΡ. νὴ Δί', οἰμώξεσθ' ἄρα.

STU. This is astronomy.

STR. What's this?

STU. Geometry.

STR. What's the use of that?

STU. To measure the earth.

STR. What, to parcel it out in allotments?

STU. O no! the whole world.

STR. That's good. It is a popular and useful pursuit.

STU. This is the circumference of the whole earth, do you see? Here is Athens.

STR. What are you talking about? I don't believe you. Why, there are no courts sitting.

STU. Still, that is the land of Attica.

STR. Where, then, are my fellow-parishioners of Cicynna?

STU. Here they are; and here is Euboea, as you see, stretching along the mainland.

STR. I know. It *was* "stretched"[1] a good deal by ourselves and by Pericles. Where's Lacedaemon?

STU. Where is it? There.

STR. How close it is to us! Try to get it moved a bit further off.

STU. That's impossible.

[1] Referring to its subjection and taxation by the Athenians.

φέρε τίς γὰρ οὗτος οὑπὶ τῆς κρεμάθρας ἀνήρ;
ΜΑΘ. αὐτός. ΣΤΡ. τίς αὐτός; ΜΑΘ. Σωκράτης.
ΣΤΡ. ὦ Σώκρατες.
ἴθ' οὗτος, ἀναβόησον αὐτόν μοι μέγα.
ΜΑΘ. αὐτὸς μὲν οὖν σὺ κάλεσον· οὐ γάρ μοι σχολή.
ΣΤΡ. ὦ Σώκρατες,
ὦ Σωκρατίδιον. ΣΩ. τί με καλεῖς, ὠφήμερε;
ΣΤΡ. πρῶτον μὲν ὅ τι δρᾷς, ἀντιβολῶ, κάτειπέ μοι.
ΣΩ. ἀεροβατῶ καὶ περιφρονῶ τὸν ἥλιον.
ΣΤΡ. ἔπειτ' ἀπὸ ταρροῦ τοὺς θεοὺς ὑπερφρονεῖς,
ἀλλ' οὐκ ἀπὸ τῆς γῆς, εἴπερ. ΣΩ. οὐ γὰρ ἄν ποτε
ἐξεῦρον ὀρθῶς τὰ μετέωρα πράγματα,
εἰ μὴ κρεμάσας τὸ νόημα καὶ τὴν φροντίδα
λεπτὴν καταμίξας εἰς τὸν ὅμοιον ἀέρα.
εἰ δ' ὢν χαμαὶ τἄνω κάτωθεν ἐσκόπουν,
οὐκ ἄν ποθ' εὗρον· οὐ γὰρ ἀλλ' ἡ γῆ βίᾳ
ἕλκει πρὸς αὑτὴν τὴν ἰκμάδα τῆς φροντίδος.
πάσχει δὲ ταυτὸ τοῦτο καὶ τὰ κάρδαμα.

STR. By God! you'll catch it if you don't. Who's that up there in a basket?

STU. That's *he*.

STR. Who's "he"?

STU. Socrates.

STR. O, Socrates! Here, I say, you call out to him for me.

STU. Call him yourself. I'm busy. (*Exit.*)

STR. Hi! Socrates — my good fellow, Socrates!

SOC. Ephemeral creature! why do you call me?

STR. First of all, I want to know literally what you're up to.

SOC. I walk in air and contemplate the sun.

STR. So from your coign of vantage you can take the measure of the gods, which you couldn't from the earth—if, indeed there be . . .

SOC. No, I could never have mastered supramundane matters aright, unless I had thus suspended my intelligence and mingled my understanding with its kindred air. If I had studied sublime matters from below—from the standpoint of the groundlings—I should not have floored them. The earth strongly attracts to itself all the moisture of our intelligence. Mustard and cress will do the very same.

ΣΤΡ. τί φής;
ἡ φροντὶς ἕλκει τὴν ἰκμάδ᾽ εἰς τὰ κάρδαμα;
ἴθι νυν, κατάβηθ᾽, ὦ Σωκρατίδιον, ὡς ἐμέ,
ἵνα μ᾽ ἐκδιδάξῃς ὧνπερ οὕνεκ᾽ ἐλήλυθα.
ΣΩ. ἦλθες δὲ κατὰ τί; ΣΤΡ. βουλόμενος μαθεῖν λέγειν.
ὑπὸ γὰρ τόκων χρήστων τε δυσκολωτάτων
ἄγομαι, φέρομαι, τὰ χρήματ᾽ ἐνεχυράζομαι.
ΣΩ. πόθεν δ᾽ ὑπόχρεως σαυτὸν ἔλαθες γενόμενος;
ΣΤΡ. νόσος μ᾽ ἐπέτριψεν ἱππική, δεινὴ φαγεῖν.
ἀλλά με δίδαξον τὸν ἕτερον τοῖν σοῖν λόγοιν,
τὸν μηδὲν ἀποδιδόντα. μισθὸν δ᾽ ὅντιν᾽ ἂν
πράττῃ μ᾽ ὀμοῦμαί σοι καταθήσειν τοὺς θεούς.
ΣΩ. ποίους θεοὺς ὀμεῖ σύ; πρῶτον γὰρ θεοὶ
ἡμῖν νόμισμ᾽ οὐκ ἔστι. ΣΤΡ. τῷ γὰρ ὄμνυτ᾽; ἢ
σιδαρέοισιν, ὥσπερ ἐν Βυζαντίῳ;
ΣΩ. βούλει τὰ θεῖα πράγματ᾽ εἰδέναι σαφῶς
ἅττ᾽ ἐστὶν ὀρθῶς; ΣΤΡ. νὴ Δί᾽, εἴπερ ἔστι γε.

STR. What? Does intelligence draw off all the intellect in the direction of mustard and cress? But descend to my level, good Socrates, so that you may give me some of the intelligence whereof I have come in quest.

SOC. What have you come for?

STR. I want to learn to talk. I am ground down by interest and worried to death with persistent money-lenders. I've got my chattels seized for debt.

SOC. How did you manage to blunder into such a corner as that?

STR. It's a horsey disease that has worn me out—a terribly wasting business. Post me up in one of your methods, the non-paying one. Whatever fee you charge I swear by the gods I will pay.

SOC. What gods are you talking about? First and foremost, observe that gods don't pass current with us.

STR. Then what have you got to swear by? Do you make oath on iron money, as they do in Byzantium?

SOC. Do you want to clearly understand the true state of theological matters?

STR. By God, that's exactly what I do want.

ΣΩ. καὶ ξυγγενέσθαι ταῖς Νεφέλαισιν ἐς λόγους,
ταῖς ἡμετέραισι δαίμοσιν; ΣΤΡ. μάλιστά γε.
ΣΩ. κάθιζε τοίνυν ἐπὶ τὸν ἱερὸν σκίμποδα.
ΣΤΡ. ἰδοὺ κάθημαι. ΣΩ. τουτονὶ τοίνυν λαβὲ
τὸν στέφανον. ΣΤΡ. ἐπὶ τί στέφανον; οἴμοι, Σώκρατες,
ὥσπερ με τὸν Ἀθάμανθ' ὅπως μὴ θύσετε.
ΣΩ. οὔκ, ἀλλὰ ταῦτα πάντα τοὺς τελουμένους
ἡμεῖς ποιοῦμεν. ΣΤΡ. εἶτα δὴ τί κερδανῶ;
ΣΩ. λέγειν γενήσει τρίμμα, κρόταλον, παιπάλη.
ἀλλ' ἔχ' ἀτρεμεί. ΣΤΡ. μὰ τὸν Δί' οὐ ψεύσει γέ με·
καταπαττόμενος γὰρ παιπάλη γενήσομαι.
ΣΩ. εὐφημεῖν χρὴ τὸν πρεσβύτην καὶ τῆς εὐχῆς ὑπακούειν.
ὦ δέσποτ' ἄναξ, ἀμέτρητ' Ἀήρ, ὃς ἔχεις τὴν γῆν μετέωρον,
λαμπρός τ' Αἰθήρ, σεμναί τε θεαὶ Νεφέλαι βροντησικέραυνοι,
ἄρθητε, φάνητ', ὦ δέσποιναι, τῷ φροντιστῇ μετέωροι.

Soc. And would you like to interview the Clouds, who are our deities?

Str. Above all things.

Soc. Then sit you down upon this sacred pallet.

Str. See, I sit there.

Soc. Take this crown.

Str. What do I want a crown for? I say, Socrates, you ain't going to sacrifice me like Athamas,[1] are you?

Soc. No, but we all of us do this when we are initiating people.

Str. What good shall I get by it?

Soc. You will bcome a conversationalist, what they call an agreeable rattle, full of small talk.

Str. By God, you won't deceive me, will you? After your treatment I ought to be a small talker indeed.

Soc. Now the old gentleman must observe an auspicious silence and listen to our prayer:

O Lord, Immeasurable Air, who holdest the earth suspended; thou clear Aether, and ye venerable Clouds, in whom are the thunder and the lightning, rise in mid-air, O our ladies, and appear to a philosopher.

[1] A reference to a play of Sophocles

ΣΤΡ. μήπω μήπω γε, πρὶν ἂν τουτὶ πτύξωμαι, μὴ καταβρεχθῶ.
τὸ δὲ μηδὲ κυνῆν οἴκοθεν ἐλθεῖν ἐμὲ τὸν κακοδαίμον' ἔχοντα.

ΣΩ. ἔλθετε δῆτ', ὦ πολυτίμητοι Νεφέλαι, τῷδ' εἰς ἐπίδειξιν·
εἴτ' ἐπ' Ὀλύμπου κορυφαῖς ἱεραῖς χιονοβλήτοισι κάθησθε,
εἴτ' Ὠκεανοῦ πατρὸς ἐν κήποις ἱερὸν χορὸν ἵστατε Νύμφαις,
εἴτ' ἄρα Νείλου προχοαῖς ὑδάτων χρυσέαις ἀρύεσθε προχοῖσιν,
ἢ Μαιῶτιν λίμνην ἔχετ' ἢ σκόπελον νιφόεντα Μίμαντος·
ἐπακούσατε δεξάμεναι θυσίαν καὶ τοῖς ἱεροῖσι χαρεῖσαι.

ΧΟΡ. ἀέναοι Νεφέλαι,
ἀρθῶμεν φανεραὶ δροσερὰν φύσιν εὐάγητον,
πατρὸς ἀπ' Ὠκεανοῦ βαρυαχέος
ὑψηλῶν ὀρέων κορυφὰς ἔπι
δενδροκόμους, ἵνα
τηλεφανεῖς σκοπιὰς ἀφορώμεθα
καρπούς τ' ἀρδομέναν θ' ἱεραν χθόνα
καὶ ποταμῶν ζαθέων κελαδήματα
καὶ πόντον κελάδοντα βαρύβρομον·
ὄμμα γὰρ αἰθέρος ἀκάματον σελαγεῖται
μαρμαρέαις ἐν αὐγαῖς.

STR. Hold hard! not just yet; let me put on my cloak or I shall get wet through in the rain. What a fool I was not to have brought wraps from home with me!

SOC. Come, then, ye hallowed Clouds, and show yourselves openly to him: whether ye are now sitting on the sacred snow-crowned summits of Olympus, or leading the sacred dance with the Nymphs amid the gardens of your father Ocean; whether ye draw water from the streams of Nile in your golden chalices, haunt the lake Maeotis or the snowy rock of Mimas, deign to listen, receiving our sacrifice and having respect to our sacred rites. (*Thunder and lightning.*)

Enter, at a distance, the CHORUS OF CLOUDS.

CHO. Eternal Clouds! Let us rise displaying our light and dewy nature, from the bosom of foaming Ocean to the forest-clad summits of the lofty mountains, that we may gaze upon the far-off promontories, the sacred earth bedewed into fruitfulness, the ripple of the divine rivers, and the heavy plash of the sea; for the tireless eye of Aether flashes forth its glittering beams. Shaking off from

ἀλλ' ἀποσεισάμεναι νέφος ὄμβριον
ἀθανάτας ἰδέας, ἐπιδώμεθα
τηλεσκόπῳ ὄμματι γαῖαν.

ΣΩ. ὦ μέγα σεμναὶ Νεφέλαι, φανερῶς ἠκούσατέ μου καλέσαντος.
ᾔσθου φωνῆς ἅμα καὶ βροντῆς μυκησαμένης θεοσέπτου;

ΣΤΡ. καὶ σέβομαί γ', ὦ πολυτίμητοι, καὶ βούλομαι ἀνταποπαρδεῖν
πρὸς τὰς βροντάς· οὕτως αὐτὰς τετρεμαίνω καὶ πεφόβημαι·
κεἰ θέμις ἐστίν, νυνί γ' ἤδη, κεἰ μὴ θέμις ἐστί, χεσείω.

ΣΩ. οὐ μὴ σκώψῃς μηδὲ ποιήσῃς ἅπερ οἱ τρυγοδαίμονες οὗτοι,
ἀλλ' εὐφήμει· μέγα γάρ τι θεῶν κινεῖται σμῆνος ἀοιδαῖς.

ΧΟΡ. παρθένοι ὀμβροφόροι,
ἔλθωμεν λιπαρὰν χθόνα Παλλάδος, εὔανδρον γᾶν
Κέκροπος ὀψόμεναι πολυήρατον·
οὗ σέβας ἀρρήτων ἱερῶν, ἵνα
μυστοδόκος δόμος
ἐν τελεταῖς ἁγίαις ἀναδείκνυται,
οὐρανίοις τε θεοῖς δωρήματα,
ναοί θ' ὑψερεφεῖς καὶ ἀγάλματα,
καὶ πρόσοδοι μακάρων ἱερώταται,
εὐστέφανοί τε θεῶν θυσίαι θαλίαι τε,

our immortal forms the rain-clouds that conceal them, let us scan the earth with far-glancing eye.

Soc. Thrice holy Clouds, ye have plainly heeded my invocation. (*To* Strepsiades.) You heard their voice low-murmuring amid the divine thunder, didn't you?

Str. Yes, I heard it; and I reverence you, O venerable goddesses. I try to fart responsive to your thunderings, but I am so frightened at the noise that, if I may be allowed, I—I want to shit.

Soc. Don't jeer and imitate those idiotic asses of burlesque-writers, but keep a decent tongue in your mouth. Here's a whole swarm of the goddesses moving hither with their songs.

Cho. Ye Virgins that bring the showers, let us come to the bright land of Pallas, come to see the pleasant country of Cecrops, with its brave men; where there is reverence for the unutterable mysteries; where there is seen the Temple that opens wide its gates with holy rites for the Mystics; where are gifts for the Gods of Heaven, lofty fanes and statues; where are most sacred means of access to the Blessed Ones, and every hour sacrifices and banquets

παντοδαπαῖς ἐν ὥραις,
ἦρί τ' ἐπερχομένῳ Βρομία χάρις,
εὐκελάδων τε χορῶν ἐρεθίσματα,
καὶ Μοῦσα βαρύβρομος αὐλῶν.

ΣΤΡ. πρὸς τοῦ Διὸς ἀντιβολῶ σε, φράσον, τίνες εἴσ', ὦ Σώκρατες, αὗται
αἱ φθεγξάμεναι τοῦτο τὸ σεμνόν; μῶν ἡρῷναί τινές εἰσιν;

ΣΩ. ἥκιστ', ἀλλ' οὐράνιαι Νεφέλαι, μεγάλαι θεαὶ ἀνδράσιν ἀργοῖς
αἵπερ γνώμην καὶ διάλεξιν καὶ νοῦν ἡμῖν παρέχουσι
καὶ τερατείαν καὶ περίλεξιν καὶ κροῦσιν καὶ κατάληψιν.

ΣΤΡ. ταῦτ' ἄρ' ἀκούσασ' αὐτῶν τὸ φθέγμ' ἡ ψυχή μου πεπότηται,
καὶ λεπτολογεῖν ἤδη ζητεῖ καὶ περὶ καπνοῦ στενολεσχεῖν,
καὶ γνωμιδίῳ γνώμην νύξασ' ἑτέρῳ λόγῳ ἀντιλογῆσαι·
ὥστ', εἴ πως ἔστιν, ἰδεῖν αὐτὰς ἤδη φανερῶς ἐπιθυμῶ.

ΣΩ. βλέπε νυν δευρὶ πρὸς τὴν Πάρνηθ'· ἤδη γὰρ ὁρῶ κατιούσας
ἡσυχῇ αὐτάς. ΣΤΡ. φέρε, ποῦ; δεῖξον. ΣΩ. χωροῦσ' αὗται πάνυ πολλαί,
διὰ τῶν κοίλων καὶ τῶν δασέων, αὗται πλάγιαι. ΣΤΡ. τί τὸ χρῆμα;
ὡς οὐ καθορῶ. ΣΩ. παρὰ τὴν εἴσοδον.

with votive chaplets for the gods. In the opening spring is honour done to Dionysus, with the attractions of harmonious dances and the shrill melody of flutes.

STR. Tell me, I beseech you, for God's sake, who are these that have uttered such a highfalutin' strain? Are they demi-goddesses?

SOC. Not a bit of it. They are the celestial Clouds, the mighty goddesses of lazy men, who supply us with judgment, reasoning, and nous generally; who give us, moreover, humbug, circumlocution, cheating, and catch-questions.

STR. Directly their voice reached it, my mind began to soar aloft, and already seeks to chop logic, to vapour, and quibble. If it be in any way possible, I want now to see them face to face.

SOC. Very well. Look off to Mount Parnes, for already I see them softly descending its slopes.

STR. Where? Show me.

SOC. They are slanting up in their vast numbers through the valleys and the thickets.

STR. What's the matter with me that I don't see them?

SOC. Now they are at the entrance.

ΣΤΡ. ἤδη νυνὶ μόλις οὕτως.

ΣΩ. νῦν γέ τοι ἤδη καθορᾷς αὐτάς, εἰ μὴ λημᾷς κολοκύνταις.

ΣΤΡ. νὴ Δί' ἔγωγ', ὦ πολυτίμητοι, πάντα γὰρ ἤδη κατέχουσι.

ΣΩ. ταύτας μέντοι σὺ θεὰς οὔσας οὐκ ᾔδεις οὐδ' ἐνόμιζες;

ΣΤΡ. μὰ Δί', ἀλλ' ὁμίχλην καὶ δρόσον αὐτὰς ἡγούμην καὶ καπνὸν εἶναι.

ΣΩ. οὐ γὰρ μὰ Δί' οἶσθ' ὁτιὴ πλείστους αὗται βόσκουσι σοφιστάς,
θουριομάντεις, ἰατροτέχνας, σφραγιδονυχαργοκομήτας,
κυκλίων τε χορῶν ᾀσματοκάμπτας, ἄνδρας μετεωροφένακας,
[οὐδὲν δρῶντας βόσκουσ' ἀργούς, ὅτι ταύτας μουσοποιοῦσιν.]

ΣΤΡ. ταῦτ' ἄρ' ἐποίουν ὑγρᾶν Νεφελᾶν στρεπταιγλᾶν δάϊον ὁρμάν,
πλοκάμους θ' ἑκατογκεφάλα Τυφῶ, πρημαινούσας τε θυέλλας,
εἶτ' ἀερίας, διεράς, γαμψοὺς οἰωνοὺς ἀερονηχεῖς,
ὄμβρους θ' ὑδάτων δροσερᾶν Νεφελᾶν· εἶτ' ἀντ' αὐτῶν κατέπινον
κεστρᾶν τεμάχη μεγαλᾶν ἀγαθᾶν, κρέα τ' ὀρνίθεια κιχηλᾶν.

STR. Even now I scarcely see them.

SOC. But now you must see them, unless you've got something as big as a pumpkin in your eye.

STR. Yes, by God! now I see them, the venerable goddesses, for they are filling all space.

SOC. And yet you didn't know they were goddesses, or think of them as such.

STR. By the Lord, no! I thought they were only mist, and dew, and smoke.

SOC. No; for by the Powers above, you did not guess it was they who nourish the great mass of sophists, diviners, quacks, long-haired swells with signet rings, bombastic poets and astrological humbugs. They are the patronesses who feed the lazy loafers that invoke them with their rhapsodies.

STR. I see. So that is how it is, then, these poetasters write their bombast about "the terrible on-coming of the moist clouds that eclipse the light;" of "fierce tempests with the tresses of hundred-headed Typho;" about "aërial, liquid birds with crooked talons;" about "watery showers from the dewy clouds;" and that sort of rodomontade, in return for which these bards feed on the choicest morsels of fish and fowl.

ΣΩ. διὰ μέντοι τάσδ' οὐχὶ δικαίως; ΣΤΡ. λέξον δή μοι, τί παθοῦσαι,
εἴπερ Νεφέλαι γ' εἰσὶν ἀληθῶς, θνηταῖς εἴξασι γυναιξίν;
οὐ γὰρ ἐκεῖναί γ' εἰσὶ τοιαῦται. ΣΩ. φέρε, ποῖαι γάρ τινές εἰσιν;
ΣΤΡ. οὐκ οἶδα σαφῶς· εἴξασιν δ' οὖν ἐρίοισιν πεπταμένοισι,
κοὐχὶ γυναιξίν, μὰ Δί', οὐδ' ὁτιοῦν· αὗται δὲ ῥῖνας ἔχουσιν.
ΣΩ. ἀπόκριναί νυν ἅττ' ἂν ἔρωμαι. ΣΤΡ. λέγε νυν ταχέως ὅ τι βούλει.
ΣΩ. ἤδη ποτ' ἀναβλέψας εἶδες νεφέλην Κενταύρῳ ὁμοίαν
ἢ παρδάλει ἢ λύκῳ ἢ ταύρῳ; ΣΤΡ. νὴ Δί' ἔγωγ'. εἶτα τί τοῦτο;
ΣΩ. γίγνονται πάνθ' ὅ τι βούλονται· κᾆτ' ἢν μὲν ἴδωσι κομήτην,
ἄγριόν τινα τῶν λασίων τούτων, οἷόνπερ τὸν Ξενοφάντου,
σκώπτουσαι τὴν μανίαν αὐτοῦ Κενταύροις εἴκασαν αὑτάς.
ΣΤΡ. τί γάρ, ἢν ἅρπαγα τῶν δημοσίων κατίδωσι Σίμωνα, τί δρῶσιν;
ΣΩ. ἀποφαίνουσαι τὴν φύσιν αὐτοῦ λύκοι ἐξαίφνης ἐγένοντο.
ΣΤΡ. ταῦτ' ἄρα, ταῦτα Κλεώνυμον αὗται τὸν ῥίψασπιν χθὲς ἰδοῦσαι,

Soc. Don't they amply earn such rewards?

Str. But now tell me this: if they were really clouds, why do they look like mortal women? These are not such.

Soc. No? What *are* these like?

Str. I don't quite know. To me they have a fleecy appearance quite unlike women—by the Lord! utterly unlike—though I grant their noses are feminine.

Soc. Now, answer my question.

Str. Well, what do you want?

Soc. Don't you sometimes, when you look up to the sky, see a cloud that appears like a centaur, a leopard, a wolf or a bull?

Str. Often. What of that?

Soc. Why, they assume any shape they please. If they see, for instance, a long-haired, shaggy paederastic fellow like the son of Xenophantes, in order to satirize his filthy mania, they assume the form of centaurs.

Str. But when they see a plunderer of public money, like Simon, what do they do then?

Soc. Suddenly turn into wolves to represent his rapacity.

Str. So when the other day they saw

ὅτι δειλότατον τοῦτον ἑώρων, ἔλαφοι διὰ τοῦτ' ἐγένοντο.

ΣΩ. καὶ νῦν γ' ὅτι Κλεισθένη εἶδον, ὁρᾷς, διὰ τοῦτ' ἐγένοντο γυναῖκες.

ΣΤΡ. χαίρετε τοίνυν, ὦ δέσποιναι· καὶ νῦν, εἴπερ τινὶ κἄλλῳ,
οὐρανομήκη ῥήξατε κἀμοὶ φωνήν, ὦ παμβασίλειαι.

ΧΟΡ. χαῖρ', ὦ πρεσβῦτα παλαιογενές, θηρατὰ λόγων φιλομούσων·
σύ τε, λεπτοτάτων λήρων ἱερεῦ, φράζε πρὸς ἡμᾶς ὅ τι χρῄζεις·
οὐ γὰρ ἂν ἄλλῳ γ' ὑπακούσαιμεν τῶν νῦν μετεωροσοφιστῶν
πλὴν ἢ Προδίκῳ, τῷ μὲν σοφίας καὶ γνώμης οὕνεκα, σοὶ δέ,
ὅτι βρενθύει τ' ἐν ταῖσιν ὁδοῖς καὶ τὠφθαλμὼ παραβάλλεις,
κἀνυπόδητος κακὰ πόλλ' ἀνέχει κἀφ' ἡμῖν σεμνοπροσωπεῖς.

ΣΤΡ. ὦ Γῆ τοῦ φθέγματος, ὡς ἱερὸν καὶ σεμνὸν καὶ τερατῶδες.

Cleonymus, who chucked away his shield and bolted, to brand him as a coward they became stags.

Soc. And now, see you, because they have caught a sight of Cleisthenes, they have turned into women.

(*The* Chorus *have now assumed the female form.*)

Str. Hail, ladies! If ever you did it for anybody else, raise for me a song as high as heaven, you queenly creatures!

Cho. Hail! aged man of ancient lineage, you who hunt after wise words; and you too, master of ingenious trifling, tell us what you want. We would not have heeded any of these star-gazers except Prodicus,[1] for his wisdom and judgment, or yourself, because you swagger along the streets with your eyes about you, while with your unshod feet you sustain many hardships, and you are reverential in your air towards ourselves.

Str. O Earth, what a voice! how holy, grand, mysterious!

[1] The sophist-rhetorician Prodicus of Ceos, the author of the well-known fable of the Choice of Hercules.

ΣΩ. αὗται γάρ τοι μόναι εἰσὶ θεαί· τἄλλα δὲ πάντ' ἐστὶ φλύαρος.
ΣΤΡ. ὁ Ζεὺς δ' ἡμῖν, φέρε, πρὸς τῆς Γῆς, οὑλύμπιος οὐ θεός ἐστιν;
ΣΩ. ποῖος Ζεύς; οὐ μὴ ληρήσεις· οὐδ' ἔστι Ζεύς. ΣΤΡ. τί λέγεις σύ;
ἀλλὰ τίς ὕει; τουτὶ γὰρ ἔμοιγ' ἀπόφηναι πρῶτον ἁπάντων.
ΣΩ. αὗται δή που· μεγάλοις δέ σ' ἐγὼ σημείοις αὐτὸ διδάξω.
φέρε, ποῦ γὰρ πώποτ' ἄνευ Νεφελῶν ὕοντ' ἤδη τεθέασαι;
καίτοι χρῆν αἰθρίας ὕειν αὐτόν, ταύτας δ' ἀποδημεῖν.
ΣΤΡ. νὴ τὸν Ἀπόλλω, τοῦτό γέ τοι τῷ νυνὶ λόγῳ εὖ προσέφυσας·
καίτοι πρότερον τὸν Δί' ἀληθῶς ᾤμην διὰ κοσκίνου οὐρεῖν.
ἀλλ' ὅστις ὁ βροντῶν ἐστι φράσον· τοῦτό με ποιεῖ τετρεμαίνειν.
ΣΩ. αὗται βροντῶσι κυλινδόμεναι. ΣΤΡ. τῷ τρόπῳ, ὦ πάντα σὺ τολμῶν;
ΣΩ. ὅταν ἐμπλησθῶσ' ὕδατος πολλοῦ κἀναγκασθῶσι φέρεσθαι,
κατακρημνάμεναι πλήρεις ὄμβρου δι' ἀνάγκην, εἶτα βαρεῖαι
εἰς ἀλλήλας ἐμπίπτουσαι ῥήγνυνται καὶ παταγοῦσιν.

Soc. Yes, these are the only goddesses; all the rest are frauds.

Str. What, I say, tell me, for Earth's sake, isn't Olympian *Zeus* a god?

Soc. What *Zeus*? Don't talk nonsense. There is no *Zeus*.

Str. What do you say? Then who makes the rain? Tell me that before all else.

Soc. These goddesses. I can give you strong proof of that. Did you ever see it rain without Clouds? If *Zeus* were the rain-maker, he should dispense with their services, and give us rain with a clear sky.

Str. Yes, by Apollo! You have demonstrated that perfectly by your present argument; and yet, up to this time, I have always thought the rain was due to *Zeus* pissing through a sieve. But tell me who makes the thunder. It always causes me to tremble.

Soc. These make the thunder too, by rolling.

Str. How so, you bold man?

Soc. When they are full of water, and compelled to drift suspended in the air, then of necessity, heavy as they are, they come into collision with one another, burst, and make a noise.

ΣΤΡ. ὁ δ' ἀναγκάζων ἐστὶ τίς αὐτάς, οὐχ ὁ Ζεύς, ὥστε φέρεσθαι;

ΣΩ. ἥκιστ', ἀλλ' αἰθέριος δῖνος. ΣΤΡ. Δῖνος; τουτί μ' ἐλελήθει,
ὁ Ζεὺς οὐκ ὤν, ἀλλ' ἀντ' αὐτοῦ Δῖνος νυνὶ βασιλεύων.
ἀτὰρ οὐδέν πω περὶ τοῦ πατάγου καί τῆς βροντῆς μ' ἐδίδαξας.

ΣΩ. οὐκ ἤκουσάς μου τὰς Νεφέλας ὕδατος μεστὰς ὅτι φημὶ
ἐμπιπτούσας εἰς ἀλλήλας παταγεῖν διὰ τὴν πυκνότητα;

ΣΤΡ. φέρε τουτὶ τῷ χρὴ πιστεύειν; ΣΩ. ἀπὸ σαυτοῦ 'γώ σε διδάξω.
ἤδη ζωμοῦ Παναθηναίοις ἐμπλησθεὶς εἶτ' ἐταράχθης
τὴν γαστέρα, καὶ κλόνος ἐξαίφνης αὐτὴν διεκορκορύγησεν;

ΣΤΡ. νὴ τὸν 'Απόλλω, καὶ δεινὰ ποιεῖ γ' εὐθύς μοι, καὶ τετάρακται.
χὤσπερ βροντὴ τὸ ζωμίδιον παταγεῖ, καὶ δεινὰ κέκραγεν
ἀτρέμας πρῶτον παππὰξ παππάξ, κἄπειτ' ἐπάγει παπαπαππάξ,
χὤταν χέζω, κομιδῇ βροντᾷ παπαπαππάξ, ὥσπερ ἐκεῖναι.

ΣΩ. σκέψαι τοίνυν ἀπὸ γαστριδίου τυννουτουὶ οἷα πέπορδας·

STR. But who compels them thus to drift? Isn't it *Zeus*?

SOC. Not a bit of it. It is the celestial vortex.

STR. Oh, Vortex, is it? You see, I never heard of him. I suppose *Zeus* is no more, and Vortex reigns in his stead. But you have told me nothing about the noise and the thunder.

SOC. Did you not hear from me that when the Clouds are, as I say, full of water, they collide with a crash through their density?

STR. Come, now, who is going to believe that?

SOC. Why, I can prove it from yourself. When, at the Panathenaic festival, you are full of soup and a bit troubled in your stomach, does it not result in a colly-wobble?

STR. By Apollo, yes! I get terribly disturbed, and the soup does make a thundering noise. It does go "colly, colly, colly," and then, "wobble, wobble, wobble," and by-and-by, "colly-wobble, colly-wobble, colly-wobble!" Afterwards, when I go to stool, it does thunder out "colly-wobble," just like these.

SOC. Very well, then, if you can emit such a fart from your belly, small as it is, don't you

[redacted]

τὸν δ' ἀέρα τόνδ' ὄντ' ἀπέραντον, πῶς οὐκ εἰκὸς μέγα βροντᾶν;

ΣΤΡ. ταῦτ' ἄρα καὶ τὠνόματ' ἀλλήλοιν, βροντὴ καὶ πορδή, ὁμοίω.
ἀλλ' ὁ κεραυνὸς πόθεν αὖ φέρεται λάμπων πυρί, τοῦτο δίδαξον,
καὶ καταφρύγει βάλλων ἡμᾶς, τοὺς δὲ ζῶντας περιφλύει.
τοῦτον γὰρ δὴ φανερῶς ὁ Ζεὺς ἵησ' ἐπὶ τοὺς ἐπιόρκους.

ΣΩ. καὶ πῶς, ὦ μῶρε σὺ καὶ Κρονίων ὄζων καὶ βεκκεσέληνε,
εἴπερ βάλλει τοὺς ἐπιόρκους, πῶς οὐχὶ Σίμων' ἐνέπρησεν
οὐδὲ Κλεώνυμον οὐδὲ Θέωρον; καίτοι σφόδρα γ' εἴσ' ἐπίορκοι·
ἀλλὰ τὸν αὑτοῦ γε νεὼν βάλλει καὶ Σούνιον ἄκρον Ἀθηνέων
καὶ τὰς δρῦς τὰς μεγάλας· τί μαθών; οὐ γὰρ δὴ δρῦς γ' ἐπιορκεῖ.

ΣΤΡ. οὐκ οἶδ'· ἀτὰρ εὖ σὺ λέγειν φαίνει. τί γάρ ἐστιν δῆθ' ὁ κεραυνός;

ΣΩ. ὅταν εἰς ταύτας ἄνεμος ξηρὸς μετεωρισθεὶς κατακλεισθῇ,
ἔνδοθεν αὐτὰς ὥσπερ κύστιν φυσᾷ, κἄπειθ' ὑπ' ἀνάγκης
ῥήξας αὐτὰς ἔξω φέρεται σοβαρὸς διὰ τὴν πυκνότητα,
ὑπὸ τοῦ ῥοίβδου καὶ τῆς ῥύμης αὐτὸς ἑαυτὸν κατακάων.

ΣΤΡ. νὴ Δί', ἐγὼ γοῦν ἀτεχνῶς ἔπαθον τουτί ποτε Διασίοισιν·

think that the boundless air can do something big in this way?

STR. Yes, there is no doubt great similarity between farting and fulmination. But tell me, whence comes the thunderbolt, glowing with fire, which burns us up when it strikes us or scorches us if we are not killed? Clearly *Zeus* sends this against wicked people.

SOC. You fool, with your antique ideas and old wives' fables, if *Zeus* strikes down the wicked people, why hasn't he burned Simon or Cleonymus or Theorus? They are wicked enough, forsooth. On the contrary, he strikes his own temple, and Sunium, the sacred promontory of Athens, and the tall oaks. Why? The oaks ain't wicked, I suppose.

STR. I'm not so sure of that. Still, there's something in what you say. Now tell me, what is a thunderbolt?

SOC. When dry wind, raised high in air, is shut up in these, it bursts them from within just like a bladder—pop! And then, having found a vent, it is carried swiftly along through the compression, and so, with a whirr and a rush, sets fire to itself.

STR. Yes, by the Lord, I was in the same

ὤπτων γαστέρα τοῖς συγγενέσιν, κᾆτ' οὐκ ἔσχων ἀμελήσας·
ἡ δ' ἄρ' ἐφυσᾶτ', εἶτ' ἐξαίφνης διαλακήσασα πρὸς αὐτὼ
τὠφθαλμώ μου προσετίλησεν καὶ κατέκαυσεν τὸ πρόσωπον.

ΧΟΡ. ὦ τῆς μεγάλης ἐπιθυμήσας σοφίας ἄνθρωπε παρ' ἡμῶν,
ὡς εὐδαίμων ἐν Ἀθηναίοις καὶ τοῖς Ἕλλησι γενήσει,
εἰ μνήμων εἶ καὶ φροντιστὴς καὶ τὸ ταλαίπωρον ἔνεστιν
ἐν τῇ ψυχῇ, καὶ μὴ κάμνεις μήθ' ἑστὼς μήτε βαδίζων,
μήτε ῥιγῶν ἄχθει λίαν, μήτ' ἀριστᾶν ἐπιθυμεῖς,
οἴνου τ' ἀπέχει καὶ γυμνασίων καὶ τῶν ἄλλων ἀνοήτων,
καὶ βέλτιστον τοῦτο νομίζεις, ὅπερ εἰκὸς δεξιὸν ἄνδρα,
νικᾶν πράττων καὶ βουλεύων καὶ τῇ γλώττῃ πολεμίζων.

ΣΤΡ. ἀλλ' ἕνεκέν γε ψυχῆς στερρᾶς δυσκολοκοίτου τε μερίμνης,
καὶ φειδωλοῦ καὶ τρυσιβίου γαστρὸς καὶ θυμβρεπιδείπνου
ἀμέλει, θαρρῶν εἵνεκα τούτων ἐπιχαλκεύειν παρέχοιμ' ἄν.

ΣΩ. ἄλλο τι δῆτ' οὖν· νομιεῖς ἤδη θεὸν οὐδένα πλὴν ἅπερ ἡμεῖς,

fix myself once at the Diasia.[1] I was cooking some tripe for my relatives, and was careless enough not to slit the paunch. It burst, and all of a sudden sputtered up into my eyes, burning them and blackening my face.

CHO. O man! you who desire to obtain great wisdom from us! how happy you will be among the Athenians and the Hellenes, if you are only careful, meditative, and if there be endurance in your disposition! especially if you weary not of standing or walking, don't mind the cold, and are not over-anxious about regular meals! if you abstain from wine, from gymnastic exercise, and other such fooleries, feeling, as a clever man naturally would, that the most desirable end and aim in life is to excel in action and in counsel and to possess an aggressive tongue.

STR. So far as a stubborn mind goes, and power of enduring cares which keep you awake at night; so far as spare diet goes, and capacity for appreciating a dinner of herbs, you may reckon on me. I can safely promise to be as hard as an anvil in all these affairs.

SOC. One thing more. Will you believe in

[1] A festival in honour of Zeus.

τὸ Χάος τουτὶ καὶ τὰς Νεφέλας καὶ τὴν γλῶτταν, τρία ταυτί;
ΣΤΡ. οὐδ᾽ ἂν διαλεχθείην γ᾽ ἀτεχνῶς τοῖς ἄλλοις, οὐδ᾽ ἂν ἀπαντῶν·
οὐδ᾽ ἂν θύσαιμ᾽, οὐδ᾽ ἂν σπείσαιμ᾽, οὐδ᾽ ἐπιθείην λιβανωτόν.
ΧΟΡ. λέγε νυν ἡμῖν ὅ τι σοι δρῶμεν θαρρῶν, ὡς οὐκ ἀτυχήσεις,
ἡμᾶς τιμῶν καὶ θαυμάζων καὶ ζητῶν δεξιὸς εἶναι.
ΣΤΡ. ὦ δέσποιναι, δέομαι τοίνυν ὑμῶν τουτὶ πάνυ μικρὸν,
τῶν Ἑλλήνων εἶναί με λέγειν ἑκατὸν σταδίοισιν ἄριστον.
ΧΟΡ. ἀλλ᾽ ἔσται σοι τοῦτο παρ᾽ ἡμῶν· ὥστε τὸ λοιπόν γ᾽ ἀπὸ τουδὶ
ἐν τῷ δήμῳ γνώμας οὐδεὶς νικήσει πλείονας ἢ σύ.
ΣΤΡ. μή μοί γε λέγειν γνώμας μεγάλας· οὐ γὰρ τούτων ἐπιθυμῶ,
ἀλλ᾽ ὅσ᾽ ἐμαυτῷ στρεψοδικῆσαι καὶ τοὺς χρήστας διολισθεῖν.
ΧΟΡ. τεύξει τοίνυν ὧν ἱμείρεις· οὐ γὰρ μεγάλων ἐπιθυμεῖς.
ἀλλὰ σεαυτὸν θαρρῶν παράδος τοῖς ἡμετέροις προπόλοισι.
ΣΤΡ. δράσω ταῦθ᾽ ὑμῖν πιστεύσας· ἡ γὰρ ἀνάγκη με πιέζει
διὰ τοὺς ἵππους τοὺς κοππατίας καὶ τὸν γάμον, ὅς μ᾽ ἐπέτριψεν.

no god but our god—in Chaos, that is, the Clouds and the Tongue—these three?

STR. I simply wouldn't speak to any of the other deities if I met him. I won't sacrifice, pour libations, or pile up incense.

CHO. Very well, then; now tell me freely what we can do for you. Depend upon it you won't fail, so long as you honour us, admire us, and try to be a clever fellow.

STR. Ladies, I ask you this one little favour, that I may beat every one of the Hellenes by a clear hundred furlongs in force of jaw.

CHO. This will we grant you. For the future no one shall carry more measures in the House than yourself.

STR. Never mind what are called "important measures," I don't care for these. I just want to twist justice to my own advantage and to wriggle out of the money-lenders' clutches.

CHO. You shall compass your desires, for you do not aspire too high. Just give yourself confidingly into the hands of our attendants.

STR. I shall do so with every confidence in you. Necessity compels me, all along of these high-stepping horses and that marriage which has been the ruin of me. (*Aside.*) Let 'em do

νῦν οὖν χρήσθων ὅ τι βούλονται.
τουτὶ τό γ' ἐμὸν σῶμ' αὐτοῖσιν
παρέχω τύπτειν, πεινῆν, διψῆν,
αὐχμεῖν, ῥιγῶν, ἀσκὸν δείρειν,
εἴπερ τὰ χρέα διαφευξοῦμαι,
τοῖς τ' ἀνθρώποις εἶναι δόξω
θρασύς, εὔγλωττος, τολμηρός, ἴτης,
βδελυρός, ψευδῶν συγκολλητής,
εὑρησιεπής, περίτριμμα δικῶν,
κύρβις, κρόταλον, κίναδος, τρύμη,
μάσθλης, εἴρων, γλοιός, ἀλαζών,
κέντρων, μιαρός, στρόφις, ἀργαλέος,
ματιολοιχός.
ταῦτ' εἴ με καλοῦσ' ἀπαντῶντες,
δρώντων ἀτεχνῶς ὅ τι χρῄζουσιν·
κεἰ βούλονται,
νὴ τὴν Δήμητρ' ἔκ μου χορδὴν
τοῖς φροντισταῖς παραθέντων.

ΧΟΡ. λῆμα μὲν πάρεστι τῳδέ γ'
οὐκ ἄτολμον, ἀλλ' ἕτοιμον. ἴσθι δ' ὡς
ταῦτα μαθὼν παρ' ἐμοῦ κλέος οὐρανόμηκες
ἐν βροτοῖσιν ἕξεις.

ΣΤΡ. τί πείσομαι; ΧΟΡ. τὸν πάντα χρόνον μετ' ἐμοῦ
ζηλωτότατον βίον ἀνθρώπων διάξεις.

ΣΤΡ. ἆρά γε τοῦτ' ἄρ' ἐγώ ποτ'
ὄψομαι; ΧΟΡ. ὥστε γε σοῦ πολλοὺς ἐπὶ ταῖσι θύραις ἀεὶ καθῆσθαι,
βουλομένους ἀνακοινοῦσθαί τε καὶ ἐς λόγον ἐλθεῖν
πράγματα κἀντιγραφὰς πολλῶν ταλάντων,

what they like with me. I hand them over this carcase of mine to beat, starve, befoul and flay into a wineskin, if only I can get clear of my debts. I don't care if I appear to men to be bumptious, bold-tongued, a patcher-up of lies, an inventor of stories, a perverter of justice, an old fox, a hypocrite, an impious fellow and a villain—let them call me all these names when they meet me, and, in fact, do with me whatever they will; aye, by holy Mother Demeter, they may make me into a sausage and serve me up to the occupants of the Thinking-house!

CHO. (*aside*). This fellow's spirit has plenty of "go" in it. (*To* STR.) Learn these few matters from us, and your renown among your fellow-men shall reach to the sky.

STR. How so?

CHO. All your days you shall spend an ideal life.

STR. No, really! Shall I ever attain such a consummation?

CHO. Yes; to such an extent that every day you shall have at your doors a crowd of people come to interview you and to consult you about complicated business-claims, counter-claims,

ἄξια σῇ φρενὶ συμβουλευσομένους μετὰ σοῦ.
ἀλλ' ἐγχείρει τὸν πρεσβύτην ὅ τι περ μέλλεις
προδιδάσκειν,
καὶ διακίνει τὸν νοῦν αὐτοῦ, καὶ τῆς γνώμης
ἀποπειρῶ.

ΣΩ. ἄγε δή, κάτειπέ μοι σὺ τὸν σαυτοῦ τρόπον,
ἵν' αὐτὸν εἰδὼς ὅστις ἐστὶ μηχανὰς
ἤδη 'πὶ τούτοις πρὸς σὲ καινὰς προσφέρω.

ΣΤΡ. τί δέ; τειχομαχεῖν μοι διανοεῖ, πρὸς τῶν θεῶν;

ΣΩ. οὔκ, ἀλλὰ βραχέα σου πυθέσθαι βούλομαι.
ἦ μνημονικὸς εἶ; ΣΤΡ. δύο τρόπω νὴ τὸν Δία·
ἢν μὲν γὰρ ὀφείληταί τί μοι, μνήμων πάνυ·
ἐὰν δ' ὀφείλω σχέτλιος, ἐπιλήσμων πάνυ.

ΣΩ. ἔνεστι δῆτά σοι λέγειν ἐν τῇ φύσει;

ΣΤΡ. λέγειν μὲν οὐκ ἔνεστ', ἀποστερεῖν δ' ἔνι.

ΣΩ. πῶς οὖν δυνήσει μανθάνειν; ΣΤΡ. ἀμέλει, καλῶς.

ΣΩ. ἄγε νυν ὅπως, ὅταν τι προβάλωμαι σοφὸν
περὶ τῶν μετεώρων, εὐθέως ὑφαρπάσει.

ΣΤΡ. τί δαί; κυνηδὸν τὴν σοφίαν σιτήσομαι;

and the like, involving a lot of money, and not unworthy even of your great abilities. (*To* SOCRATES.) Take this elderly gentleman in hand and teach him whatever you propose, stir up his intellect, and make trial of his judgment.

SOC. Come now, tell me something about your character, so that I may know what new machinery I must bring to bear on you.

STR. Good God! What do you want with machinery? Do you contemplate assault and battery?

SOC. No, but I want to ask you just a few questions. Have you got a good memory?

STR. By God, I've got two sorts of memory. If anything is due to me, I've got an excellent memory; but if I'm so unfortunate as to owe anything, I am apt to be oblivious.

SOC. Have you a natural gift for speaking?

STR. I haven't much power of talk, but I'm a dab at cheating.

SOC. Well, how are you going to learn, then?

STR. Oh, all right; never you fear.

SOC. Come on, then; when I propose to you some learned question about supra-mundane matters, take care that you grasp it at once.

STR. What, have I got to grab at wisdom like a dog?

ΣΩ. ἄνθρωπος ἀμαθὴς οὑτοσὶ καὶ βάρβαρος,
δέδοικά σ', ὦ πρεσβῦτα, μὴ πληγῶν δέῃ.
φέρ' ἴδω, τί δρᾷς, ἤν τίς σε τύπτῃ; ΣΤΡ. τύπτομαι,
ἔπειτ' ἐπισχὼν ὀλίγον ἐπιμαρτύρομαι,
εἶτ' αὖθις ἀκαρῆ διαλιπὼν δικάζομαι.
ΣΩ. ἴθι νυν, κατάθου θοἰμάτιον. ΣΤΡ. ἠδίκηκά τι;
ΣΩ. οὔκ, ἀλλὰ γυμνοὺς εἰσιέναι νομίζεται.
ΣΤΡ. ἀλλ' οὐχὶ φωράσων ἔγωγ' εἰσέρχομαι.
ΣΩ. κατάθου. τί ληρεῖς; ΣΤΡ. εἰπὲ δή νύν μοι τοδί.
ἢν ἐπιμελὴς ὦ καὶ προθύμως μανθάνω,
τῷ τῶν μαθητῶν ἐμφερὴς γενήσομαι;
ΣΩ. οὐδὲν διοίσεις Χαιρεφῶντος τὴν φύσιν.
ΣΤΡ. οἴμοι κακοδαίμων, ἡμιθνὴς γενήσομαι.
ΣΩ. οὐ μὴ λαλήσεις, ἀλλ' ἀκολουθήσεις ἐμοὶ
ἀνύσας τι δευρὶ θᾶττον; ΣΤΡ. ἐς τὼ χεῖρέ νυν
δός μοι μελιτοῦτταν πρότερον· ὡς δέδοικ' ἐγὼ
εἴσω καταβαίνων ὥσπερ εἰς Τροφωνίου.

SOC. (*aside*). An ignorant and boorish clown. (*Aloud.*) I'm afraid, old fellow, we shall have to resort to corporal punishment. Now, what do you do when anybody beats you?

STR. Well, I am beaten—at first. Then, after a while, I subpœna witnesses, and eventually, without loss of time, go to law.

SOC. Come on, then; put down your cloak.

STR. What, have I done anything wrong?

SOC. No, but it's usual to enter here without it.

STR. But I'm not going to search for stolen goods.

SOC. Take it off and don't jabber.

STR. Tell me this. If I'm very attentive and learn quickly, which of your students shall I be like?

SOC. I fancy you'll be very like Chaerephon.

STR. The devil! Why, I should be like a death's-head.

SOC. I wish you wouldn't chatter, but just follow me quickly within.

STR. Give me the honey-cake as a sop for the serpents first; I *am* in such a funk. I feel for all the world as though I were descending into the cave of Trophonius.

ΣΩ. χώρει· τί κυπτάζεις ἔχων περὶ τὴν θύραν;
ΧΟΡ. ἀλλ' ἴθι χαίρων τῆς ἀνδρείας
εἵνεκα ταύτης.
εὐτυχία γένοιτο τἀν-
θρώπῳ, ὅτι προήκων
ἐς βαθὺ τῆς ἡλικίας,
νεωτέροις τὴν φύσιν αὐ-
τοῦ πράγμασιν χρωτίζεται
καὶ σοφίαν ἐπασκεῖ.
ὦ θεώμενοι, κατερῶ πρὸς ὑμᾶς ἐλευθέρως
τἀληθῆ, νὴ τὸν Διόνυσον τὸν ἐκθρέψαντά με.
οὕτω νικήσαιμί τ' ἐγὼ καὶ νομιζοίμην σοφός,
ὡς ὑμᾶς ἡγούμενος εἶναι θεατὰς δεξιοὺς
καὶ ταύτην σοφώτατ' ἔχειν τῶν ἐμῶν κωμῳδιῶν,
πρώτους ἠξίωσ' ἀναγεῦσ' ὑμᾶς, ἣ παρέσχε μοι
ἔργον πλεῖστον· εἶτ' ἀνεχώρουν ὑπ' ἀνδρῶν φορτικῶν
ἡττηθείς, οὐκ ἄξιος ὤν· ταῦτ' οὖν ὑμῖν μέμφομαι
τοῖς σοφοῖς, ὧν εἵνεκ' ἐγὼ ταῦτ' ἐπραγματευόμην.
ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὣς ὑμῶν ποθ' ἑκὼν προδώσω τοὺς δεξιούς.
ἐξ ὅτου γὰρ ἐνθάδ' ὑπ' ἀνδρῶν, οἷς ἡδὺ καὶ λέγειν,
ὁ σώφρων τε χὼ καταπύγων ἄριστ' ἠκουσάτην,

Soc. Go in; why do you hang about the door? (*Exeunt.*)

Cho. Go; we commend your courage; and good luck attend this fellow, since, at his advanced time of life, he has still the tint of youth about him, and goes in for the pursuit of wisdom.

The Parabasis, or Choral Address to the Audience.

Spectators! So help me Dionysus, whose *protégé* I am, I am going to tell you the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. In this way I hope to gain the victory and to get credit from you as being a clever poet; for I hold you to be able critics, and I was anxious to produce before you, first of all, this cleverest of my comedies, which had cost me most pains to write. Then, however, I had to retire, being worsted by worthless men, though I don't think I deserved such a fate. This grievance I lay before you, sagacious spectators, for whose sake I took so much trouble. Still, you see, I do not deprecate your able criticism. In my first piece,[1] my Model Man and my Scapegrace received

[1] The Δαιταλεῖς, or Banqueters.

κἀγώ, παρθένος γὰρ ἔτ' ἦ, κοὐκ ἐξῆν πώ μοι τεκεῖν,
ἐξέθηκα, παῖς δ' ἑτέρα τις λαβοῦσ' ἀνείλετο,
ὑμεῖς δ' ἐξεθρέψατε γενναίως κἀπαιδεύσατε·
ἐκ τούτου μοι πιστὰ παρ' ὑμῖν γνώμης ἔσθ' ὅρκια.
νῦν οὖν Ἠλέκτραν κατ' ἐκείνην ἥδ' ἡ κωμῳδία
ζητοῦσ' ἦλθ', ἤν που 'πιτύχῃ θεαταῖς οὕτω σοφοῖς·
γνώσεται γάρ, ἤνπερ ἴδῃ, τἀδελφοῦ τὸν βόστρυχον.
ὡς δὲ σώφρων ἐστὶ φύσει σκέψασθ'· ἥτις πρῶτα μὲν
οὐδὲν ἦλθε ῥαψαμένη σκύτινον καθειμένον,
ἐρυθρὸν ἐξ ἄκρου, παχύ, τοῖς παιδίοις ἵν' ᾖ γέλως·
οὐδ' ἔσκωψε τοὺς φαλακρούς, οὐδὲ κόρδαχ' εἵλκυσεν,
οὐδὲ πρεσβύτης ὁ λέγων τἄπη τῇ βακτηρίᾳ
τύπτει τὸν παρόντ', ἀφανίζων πονηρὰ σκώμματα,
οὐδ' εἰσῇξε δᾷδας ἔχουσ', οὐδ' ἰοὺ ἰοὺ βοᾷ,

applause here at the hands of men before whom it is indeed a privilege to speak. I was then but a maiden author, who had no business with a bantling at all, so I just put the thing out to nurse, and another mother adopted it, but you took that bantling up and gave it a good education; and from that time forward I have had the highest confidence in your judgment. Now, then, like a second Electra, this new comedy appears on the stage just to see whether it will meet with an audience as discriminating as heretofore. If Electra sees but one lock of hair belonging to her brother[1] she will know that all is right. Just see how chaste and temperate she is in her character. She does not come before you with a great thick leathern phallus painted red at the tip in order to make the boys guffaw. She doesn't jeer at the bald heads or dance the cordax, nor does she bring an old fogey who, while he recites his lines, lays about him with his stick on everybody he meets, so as to prevent them from detecting his stale jokes. She does not come as a Fury with flambeaux, shouting out, "Here we are again!" She appears before you

[1] *i.e.*, If my play meets with your approval.

ἀλλ' αὑτῇ καὶ τοῖς ἔπεσιν πιστεύουσ' ἐλήλυθεν.
κἀγὼ μὲν τοιοῦτος ἀνὴρ ὢν ποιητὴς οὐ κομῶ,
οὐδ' ὑμᾶς ζητῶ 'ξαπατᾶν δὶς καὶ τρὶς ταὔτ' εἰσάγων,
ἀλλ' ἀεὶ καινὰς ἰδέας εἰσφέρων σοφίζομαι,
οὐδὲν ἀλλήλαισιν ὁμοίας καὶ πάσας δεξιάς·
ὃς μέγιστον ὄντα Κλέων' ἔπαισ' εἰς τὴν γαστέρα,
κοὐκ ἐτόλμησ' αὖθις ἐπεμπηδῆσ' αὐτῷ κειμένῳ.
οὗτοι δ', ὡς ἅπαξ παρέδωκεν λαβὴν Ὑπέρβολος,
τοῦτον δείλαιον κολετρῶσ' ἀεὶ καὶ τὴν μητέρα.
Εὔπολις μὲν τὸν Μαρικᾶν πρώτιστον παρείλκυσεν
ἐκστρέψας τοὺς ἡμετέρους Ἱππέας κακὸς κακῶς,
προσθεὶς αὐτῷ γραῦν μεθύσην τοῦ κόρδακος εἵνεχ', ἣν
Φρύνιχος πάλαι πεποίηχ', ἣν τὸ κῆτος ἤσθιεν.
εἶθ' Ἕρμιππος αὖθις ἐποίησεν εἰς Ὑπέρβολον,
ἄλλοι τ' ἤδη πάντες ἐρείδουσιν εἰς Ὑπέρβολον,
τὰς εἰκοὺς τῶν ἐγχέλεων τὰς ἐμὰς μιμούμενοι.
ὅστις οὖν τούτοισι γελᾷ, τοῖς ἐμοῖς μὴ χαιρέτω·

relying on her own powers and on the lines she has to recite.

And I myself, too, being such a poet as I am, do not pose as a swell with long hair. I don't try to deceive you by presenting the same stuff twice or thrice over, but take care always to offer you some new ideas, not all with a family likeness to one another, but every one of them clever. When Cleon was at the height of his power, I gave him a blow in his breadbasket, but I didn't go for him again, or jump upon him when he was down. Then, when Hyperbolus once gave them a handle against him, the other poets never ceased kicking this poor devil and his mother. Eupolis first dragged forward his "Marica," which he had pilfered from my "Knights" in a poor travesty, throwing in a drunken old woman just for the sake of making her dance the cordax. Even that old woman he cribbed from Phrynichus, who made her devoured by a sea-monster. Then, again, Hermippus went for Hyperbolus; and now they all of them gird at this poor wretch, copying my simile of the eels hunted for in muddy water. If anybody laughs at such poor stuff as this, he won't, I hope, patronise me. But if you approve

ἢν δ' ἐμοὶ καὶ τοῖσιν ἐμοῖς εὐφραίνησθ' εὑρήμασιν,
ἐς τὰς ὥρας τὰς ἑτέρας εὖ φρονεῖν δοκήσετε.
ὑψιμέδοντα μὲν θεῶν
Ζῆνα τύραννον ἐς χορὸν
πρῶτα μέγαν κικλήσκω·
τόν τε μεγασθενῆ τριαίνης ταμίαν,
γῆς τε καὶ ἁλμυρᾶς θαλάσσης ἄγριον μοχλευτήν·
καὶ μεγαλώνυμον ἡμέτερον πατέρ',
Αἰθέρα σεμνότατον, βιοθρέμμονα πάντων·
τόν θ' ἱππονώμαν, ὃς ὑπερ-
λάμπροις ἀκτῖσιν κατέχει
γῆς πέδον, μέγας ἐν θεοῖς
ἐν θνητοῖσί τε δαίμων.
ὦ σοφώτατοι θεαταί, δεῦρο τὸν νοῦν προσέχετε.
ἠδικημέναι γὰρ ὑμῖν μεμφόμεσθ' ἐναντίον·
πλεῖστα γὰρ θεῶν ἁπάντων ὠφελούσαις τὴν πόλιν,
δαιμόνων ἡμῖν μόναις οὐ θύετ' οὐδὲ σπένδετε,
αἵτινες τηροῦμεν ὑμᾶς. ἢν γὰρ ᾖ τις ἔξοδος
μηδενὶ ξὺν νῷ, τότ' ἢ βροντῶμεν ἢ ψακάζομεν.
εἶτα τὸν θεοῖσιν ἐχθρὸν βυρσοδέψην Παφλαγόνα
ἡνίχ' ᾑρεῖσθε στρατηγόν, τὰς ὀφρῦς συνήγομεν
κἀποιοῦμεν δεινά· βροντὴ δ' ἐρράγη δι' ἀστραπῆς·
ἡ σελήνη δ' ἐξέλειπε τὰς ὁδούς· ὁ δ' ἥλιος
τὴν θρυαλλίδ' εἰς ἑαυτὸν εὐθέως ξυνελκύσας

of me and my inventive skill, you will be wise for ever and for ever!

First of all do I invite to the dance mighty Zeus, the King of the Gods, who reigns on high; then the almighty Wielder of the Trident, fierce shaker of the earth and the briny sea; our Father of many vows, too, the venerable Aether, who nourishes life in all; and the charioteer, who with his bright shining rays fills the whole expanse of earth, the great deity among Gods and mortal men.

And now, O most sage spectators, turn your attention for awhile to ourselves. We Clouds are here before you to complain of the injustice we suffer at your hands. We of all the gods are the ones who do most good to your city, yet to us alone of the deities you offer neither sacrifice nor drink-offering, and we still watch over you. If you ever go forth on any ill-judged expedition, we straightway thunder or rain. Then, when you chose for your general that Paphlagonian currier, hateful to the gods, we frowned and made a rare hubbub. Thunder broke forth from the midst of the lightning, the moon wandered from her orbit, and the sun withdrew his light into himself, vowing he would

οὐ φανεῖν ἔφασκεν ὑμῖν, εἰ στρατηγήσει Κλέων.
ἀλλ' ὅμως εἵλεσθε τοῦτον. φασὶ γὰρ δυσβουλίαν
τῇδε τῇ πόλει προσεῖναι, ταῦτα μέντοι τοὺς θεοὺς
ἅττ' ἂν ὑμεῖς ἐξαμάρτητ', ἐπὶ τὸ βέλτιον τρέπειν.
ὡς δὲ καὶ τοῦτο ξυνοίσει ῥᾳδίως διδάξομεν.
ἢν Κλέωνα τὸν λάρον δώρων ἑλόντες καὶ κλοπῆς,
εἶτα φιμώσητε τούτου τῷ ξύλῳ τὸν αὐχένα,
αὖθις ἐς τἀρχαῖον ὑμῖν, εἴ τι κἀξημάρτετε,
ἐπὶ τὸ βέλτιον τὸ πρᾶγμα τῇ πόλει συνοίσεται.
ἀμφί μοι αὖτε, Φοῖβ' ἄναξ
Δήλιε, Κυνθίαν ἔχων
ὑψικέρατα πέτραν.
ἥ τ' Ἐφέσου μάκαιρα πάγχρυσον ἔχεις
οἶκον, ἐν ᾧ κόραι σε Λυδῶν μεγάλως σέβουσιν·
ἥ τ' ἐπιχώριος ἡμετέρα θεός,
αἰγίδος ἡνίοχος, πολιοῦχος Ἀθάνα·
Παρνασίαν θ' ὃς κατέχων
πέτραν σὺν πεύκαις σελαγεῖ
Βάκχαις Δελφίσιν ἐμπρέπων,
κωμαστὴς Διόνυσος.
ἡνίχ' ἡμεῖς δεῦρ' ἀφορμᾶσθαι παρεσκευάσμεθα,
ἡ Σελήνη συντυχοῦσ' ἡμῖν ἐπέστειλεν φράσαι,
πρῶτα μὲν χαίρειν Ἀθηναίοισι καὶ τοῖς ξυμμάχοις·

not shine upon you if Cleon were your general. Still you chose him; for they say that evil counsels prevail in the city, but that the gods over-rule even your faults for your good. We will tell you, then, how this mistake may be turned to your advantage. If you will only take this hungry cormorant Cleon, convicted of bribery and corruption, and fix his neck in the pillory, then, whatever errors you may have made, they shall turn to your good, and you shall return to your olden state of prosperity.

Come to me once more, O Delian monarch Phœbus, thou who dost haunt the lofty summits of Cynthus; come, blest Artemis, whose golden temple is at Ephesus, where the Lydian maidens pay thee special honour. And thou, our native Goddess Athene, patroness of the city, who wieldest the aegis. Thou, too, who presidest over sacred Parnassus, and who with flaming torches dost celebrate thy mighty festivals, lording it over the Delphian Bacchantes, thou reveller Dionysus!

As we were preparing to start hither, Selene the Moon-goddess met us, and commissioned us first of all to greet in her name the Athenians and their allies. Then she said she was angry, for

εἶτα θυμαίνειν ἔφασκε· δεινὰ γὰρ πεπονθέναι,
ὠφελοῦσ' ὑμᾶς ἅπαντας, οὐ λόγοις, ἀλλ' ἐμφανῶς.
πρῶτα μὲν τοῦ μηνὸς εἰς δᾷδ' οὐκ ἔλαττον ἢ δραχμήν,
ὥστε καὶ λέγειν ἅπαντας ἐξιόντας ἑσπέρας,
μὴ πρίῃ, παῖ, δᾷδ', ἐπειδὴ φῶς Σεληναίης καλόν.
ἄλλα τ' εὖ δρᾶν φησιν, ὑμᾶς δ' οὐκ ἄγειν τὰς ἡμέρας
οὐδὲν ὀρθῶς, ἀλλ' ἄνω τε καὶ κάτω κυδοιδοπᾶν·
ὥστ' ἀπειλεῖν φησιν αὐτῇ τοὺς θεοὺς ἑκάστοτε
ἡνίκ' ἂν ψευσθῶσι δείπνου, κἀπίωσιν οἴκαδε,
τῆς ἑορτῆς μὴ τυχόντες κατὰ λόγον τῶν ἡμερῶν.
κᾆθ' ὅταν θύειν δέῃ, στρεβλοῦτε καὶ δικάζετε·
πολλάκις δ' ἡμῶν ἀγόντων τῶν θεῶν ἀπαστίαν,
ἡνίκ' ἂν πενθῶμεν ἢ τὸν Μέμνον' ἢ Σαρπηδόνα,
σπένδεθ' ὑμεῖς καὶ γελᾶτ'· ἀνθ' ὧν λαχὼν Ὑπέρβολος
τῆτες ἱερομνημονεῖν, κἄπειθ' ὑφ' ἡμῶν τῶν θεῶν
τὸν στέφανον ἀφῃρέθη· μᾶλλον γὰρ οὕτως εἴσεται
κατὰ σελήνην ὡς ἄγειν χρὴ τοῦ βίου τὰς ἡμέρας.

she had suffered ill-treatment at your hands, though she had benefited you all, not in words but in deeds. First of all she saves you every month no less than a drachma in torches. Every one of you as he goes out of an evening says to his slave, "You need not buy a torch to-night, boy, for the moonlight is good." Other advantages, she added, you owe to her, and yet you are so ungrateful that you do not keep the days regularly, but jumble them all up together; and then, she says, the gods assail her on all hands when they find themselves done out of a dinner, and go back home again disappointed of the festival they had expected, all through the confusion in your calendar. And then, when you ought to be sacrificing, you are torturing criminals or trying law-cases; whilst often, when we gods are fasting—when, for instance, we wail for the death of Memnon or Sarpedon—you are pouring libations and laughing. For this reason, when Hyperbolus was this year elected to the office of Sacred Remembrancer,[1] we deprived him of his crown just by way of reminding him that he must regulate the days of his life according to the moon.

[1] The Sacred Secretary, or Recorder, sent by each of the States that composed the Amphictyonic Council.

ΣΩ. μὰ τὴν Ἀναπνοήν, μὰ τὸ Χάος, μὰ τὸν Ἀέρα,
οὐκ εἶδον οὕτως ἄνδρ' ἄγροικον οὐδένα
οὐδ' ἄπορον οὐδὲ σκαιὸν οὐδ' ἐπιλήσμονα·
ὅστις σκαλαθυρμάτι' ἄττα μικρὰ μανθάνων,
ταῦτ' ἐπιλέλησται πρὶν μαθεῖν· ὅμως γε μὴν
αὐτὸν καλῶ θύραζε δευρὶ πρὸς τὸ φῶς.
ποῦ Στρεψιάδης; ἔξει τὸν ἀσκάντην λαβών.

ΣΤΡ. ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐῶσί μ' ἐξενεγκεῖν οἱ κόρεις.

ΣΩ. ἀνύσας τι κατάθου, καὶ πρόσεχε τὸν νοῦν.
ΣΤΡ. ἰδού.

ΣΩ. ἄγε δή, τί βούλει πρῶτα νυνὶ μανθάνειν
ὧν οὐκ ἐδιδάχθης πώποτ' οὐδέν; εἰπέ μοι.
πότερον περὶ μέτρων ἢ ῥυθμῶν ἢ περὶ ἐπῶν;

ΣΤΡ. περὶ τῶν μέτρων ἔγωγ'· ἔναγχος γάρ ποτε
ὑπ' ἀλφιταμοιβοῦ παρεκόπην διχοινίκῳ.

ΣΩ. οὐ τοῦτ' ἐρωτῶ σ', ἀλλ' ὅ τι κάλλιστον μέτρον
ἡγεῖ· πότερον τὸ τρίμετρον ἢ τὸ τετράμετρον;

Enter SOCRATES.

I vow by Respiration, Chaos and Air I've never in my life seen such a clodhopper, so impenetrable, stupid and forgetful. Directly he has learnt a few little quibbles he forgets them again almost before he has got them off by heart. Still, I'll call him forth into the daylight. Here, Strepsiades! where are you? Come out and bring your bed with you.

Enter STREPSIADES.

STR. I can't bring it; the bugs won't let me.

SOC. Put it down and attend to what I say.

STR. Well, there you are.

SOC. Where do you want to begin among those items in which your education has been neglected so far? Tell me. Shall it be about measures or rhythms or words?

STR. It might be as well to begin with the first, for I was recently cheated out of two measures of meal by a dealer.

SOC. That isn't the kind of measure I was asking you about. I mean, for instance, which do you consider the best measure, the trimeter or the tetrameter?

ΣΤΡ. ἐγὼ μὲν οὐδὲν πρότερον ἡμιεκτέου.

ΣΩ. οὐδὲν λέγεις, ὤνθρωπε. ΣΤΡ. περίδου νυν ἐμοί,
εἰ μὴ τετράμετρόν ἐστιν ἡμιεκτέον.

ΣΩ. ἐς κόρακας, ὡς ἄγροικος εἶ καὶ δυσμαθής.
ταχὺ δ' ἂν δύναιο μανθάνειν περὶ ῥυθμῶν.

ΣΤΡ. τί δέ μ' ὠφελήσουσ' οἱ ῥυθμοὶ πρὸς τἄλφιτα;

ΣΩ. πρῶτον μὲν εἶναι κομψὸν ἐν συνουσίᾳ,
ἐπαΐονθ' ὁποῖός ἐστι τῶν ῥυθμῶν
κατ' ἐνόπλιον, χὠποῖος αὖ κατὰ δάκτυλον.

ΣΤΡ. κατὰ δάκτυλον; ΣΩ. νὴ τὸν Δί'. ΣΤΡ. ἀλλ' οἶδ'.
ΣΩ. εἰπὲ δή.

ΣΤΡ. τίς ἄλλος ἀντὶ τουτουὶ τοῦ δακτύλου;
πρὸ τοῦ μέν, ἐπ' ἐμοῦ παιδὸς ὄντος, οὑτοσί.

ΣΩ. ἀγρεῖος εἶ καὶ σκαιός. ΣΤΡ. οὐ γάρ, ᾦζυρέ,
τούτων ἐπιθυμῶ μανθάνειν οὐδέν. ΣΩ. τί δαί;

STR. I think there's nothing handier than a half-pint measure.

SOC. You're talking nonsense, man.

STR. Bet me now that a tetrameter isn't the same as a half-pint measure.

SOC. Go to the deuce. You are an incorrigible clown. But you could soon learn about rhythms.

STR. How will rhythm help me in the meal question?

SOC. In the first place, rhythm will enable you to shine in society, if you understand exactly what rhythm suits a war-song and what is fit for the dactyl.

STR. The dactyl?

SOC. By the Lord, yes! the dactyl.

STR. But I know . . .

SOC. Well, tell me.

STR. Why, "dactyl" means "finger"; and when I was a small boy my appendage was no bigger than my little finger.

SOC. You're a fool, and a foul-mouthed one too.

STR. My good man, I don't want to learn any of this nonsense.

SOC. What do you want to learn?

ΣΤΡ. ἐκεῖν' ἐκεῖνο, τὸν ἀδικώτατον λόγον.

ΣΩ. ἀλλ' ἕτερα δεῖ σε πρότερα τούτων μανθάνειν, τῶν τετραπόδων ἅττ' ἐστὶν ὀρθῶς ἄρρενα.

ΣΤΡ. ἀλλ' οἶδ' ἔγωγε τἄρρεν', εἰ μὴ μαίνομαι· κριός, τράγος, ταῦρος, κύων, ἀλεκτρυών.

ΣΩ. ὁρᾷς ὃ πάσχεις; τήν τε θήλειαν καλεῖς ἀλεκτρυόνα κατὰ ταὐτὸ καὶ τὸν ἄρρενα.

ΣΤΡ. πῶς δή; φέρε. ΣΩ. πῶς; ἀλεκτρυὼν κἀλεκτρυών.

ΣΤΡ. νὴ τὸν Ποσειδῶ. νῦν δὲ πῶς με χρὴ καλεῖν;

ΣΩ. ἀλεκτρύαιναν, τὸν δ' ἕτερον ἀλέκτορα.

ΣΤΡ. ἀλεκτρύαιναν; εὖ γε νὴ τὸν Ἀέρα· ὥστ' ἀντὶ τούτου τοῦ διδάγματος μόνου διαλφιτώσω σου κύκλῳ τὴν κάρδοπον.

ΣΩ. ἰδοὺ μάλ' αὖθις τοῦθ' ἕτερον. τὴν κάρδοπον ἄρρενα καλεῖς, θήλειαν οὖσαν. ΣΤΡ. τῷ τρόπῳ ἄρρενα καλῶ 'γὼ κάρδοπον; ΣΩ. μάλιστά γε, ὥσπερ γε καὶ Κλεώνυμον. ΣΤΡ. πῶς δή; φράσον.

ΣΩ. ταυτὸν δύναταί σοι κάρδοπος Κλεωνυμῳ.

ΣΤΡ. ἀλλ', ὦγάθ', οὐδ' ἦν κάρδοπος Κλεωνύμῳ, ἀλλ' ἐν θυείᾳ στρογγύλῃ 'νεμάττετο. ἀτὰρ τὸ λοιπὸν πῶς με χρὴ καλεῖν;

STR. Only one thing—the most unjust method of argument.

SOC. But you must first learn about words, especially their genders; for instance, what animals are male . . .

STR. You must think me a fool if I don't know that—a ram, a bull, a dog, a fowl . . .

SOC. There—you *are* a fool; you are calling the male and female fowl by the same name.

STR. What ought I to say, then?

SOC. Cock and hen, to be sure.

STR. O! cock and hen, is it? That's clever now. In exchange for this piece of information I'll fill your cardopus[1] up with meal.

SOC. There you are again. You make cardopus masculine when it's feminine.

STR. How do I make cardopus masculine?

SOC. Just as you do when you mention Cleonymus.

STR. How in the world?

SOC. Cardopus and Cleonymus are just the same.

STR. There I beg your pardon. Cleonymus hadn't got a cardopus to bless himself with; he used a round mortar. But how shall I call this thing?

[1] A kneading-trough.

ΣΩ. ὅπως;

τὴν καρδόπην, ὥσπερ καλεῖς τὴν Σωστράτην.

ΣΤΡ. τὴν καρδόπην; ΣΩ. θήλειαν ὀρθῶς γὰρ λέγεις.

ΣΤΡ. ἐκεῖνο δ' ἦν ἄν, καρδόπη, Κλεωνύμη.

ΣΩ. ἔτι δή γε περὶ τῶν ὀνομάτων μαθεῖν σε δεῖ, ἄττ' ἄρρεν' ἐστίν, ἄττα δ' αὐτῶν θήλεα.

ΣΤΡ. ἀλλ' οἶδ' ἔγωγ' ἃ θήλε' ἐστίν. ΣΩ. εἰπὲ δή.

ΣΤΡ. Λύσιλλα, Φίλιννα, Κλειταγόρα, Δημητρία.

ΣΩ. ἄρρενα δὲ ποῖα τῶν ὀνομάτων; ΣΤΡ. μυρία. Φιλόξενος, Μελησίας, Ἀμυνίας.

ΣΩ. ἀλλ', ὦ πονηρέ, ταῦτά γ' ἔστ' οὐκ ἄρρενα.

ΣΤΡ. οὐκ ἄρρεν' ὑμῖν ἐστιν; ΣΩ. οὐδαμῶς γ', ἐπεὶ πῶς ἂν καλέσειας ἐντυχὼν Ἀμυνίᾳ;

ΣΤΡ. ὅπως ἄν; ὡδί, δεῦρο δεῦρ', Ἀμυνία.

ΣΩ. ὁρᾷς; γυναῖκα τὴν Ἀμυνίαν καλεῖς.

ΣΤΡ. οὔκουν δικαίως ἥτις οὐ στρατεύεται; ἀτὰρ τί ταῦθ' ἃ πάντες ἴσμεν μανθάνω;

SOC. Call it cardope, to be quite clear; just as you say Sostrate.

STR. All right. Pe if you like; though on the same principle I ought to say Cleonym—e.

SOC. Then you ought to learn about proper names of people, which are masculine and which feminine.

STR. (*saucily*). I know which are feminine.

SOC. Tell me.

STR. Lysilla, Philinna, Cleitagora, Demetria.

SOC. Don't you know *any* masculine?

STR. O, yes, any number — Philoxenus, Milesias, Amynias.

SOC. But, my fine fellow, those are not male names.

STR. Don't you consider 'em such?

SOC. Not in the least. If you were to meet Amynias, how would you address him?

STR. O, then, of course, I should address him in the vocative case, and say, "Amynia."

SOC. There you are. Then you turn Amynias into a woman.

STR. Wouldn't that be right for a money-grubbing fellow who shirks military service? But why am I to learn these things that we all of us know?

[redacted]

ΣΩ. οὐδὲν μὰ Δί', ἀλλὰ κατακλινεὶς δευρί. ΣΤΡ. τί
δρῶ;
ΣΩ. ἐκφρόντισόν τι τῶν σεαυτοῦ πραγμάτων.
ΣΤΡ. μὴ δῆθ', ἱκετεύω, 'νταῦθά γ'· ἀλλ' εἴπερ γε χρή,
χαμαί μ' ἔασον αὐτὰ ταῦτ' ἐκφροντίσαι.
ΣΩ. οὐκ ἔστι παρὰ ταῦτ' ἄλλα. ΣΤΡ. κακοδαίμων
ἐγώ,
οἵαν δίκην τοῖς κόρεσι δώσω τήμερον.
ΧΟΡ. φρόντιζε δὴ καὶ διάθρει, πάντα τρόπον τε σαυτὸν
στρόβει πυκνώσας.
ταχὺς δ', ὅταν εἰς ἄπορον πέσῃς,
ἐπ' ἄλλο πήδα
νόημα φρενός· ὕπνος δ' ἀπέστω γλυκύθυμος
ὀμμάτων.
* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *
ΣΤΡ. ἀτταταῖ ἀτταταῖ.
ΧΟΡ. τί πάσχεις; τί κάμνεις;
ΣΤΡ. ἀπόλλυμαι δείλαιος· ἐκ τοῦ σκίμποδος
δάκνουσί μ' ἐξέρποντες οἱ Κορίνθιοι,
καὶ τὰς πλευρὰς δαρδάπτουσιν
καὶ τὴν ψυχὴν ἐκπίνουσιν,
καὶ τοὺς ὄρχεις ἐξέλκουσιν,
καὶ τὸν πρωκτὸν διορύττουσιν,
καί μ' ἀπολοῦσιν.

Soc. That's not so, by God! However, lie down on your pallet-bed.

Str. To do what?

Soc. Just to think out some of your own affairs.

Str. Not on that bed, I beseech you. If I must recline, let me think out these matters on the ground.

Soc. No, here. Nowhere else.

Str. O Lord, O Lord, what a penalty I shall pay to those bugs to-day! (*Lies down.*)

Cho. Now think and consider well. Twist and turn every way, and then pull yourself together. Then if you get into a dilemma, hop from one horn of it to the other. Let not sleep come over your eyes. . . . (*Pause.*)

Str. O dear, O dear!

Cho. What is the matter? What troubles you?

Str. I'm being devoured. The Corinthians[1] crawling out of this infernal bedstead are eating my flesh, drinking my blood, tearing out my balls, and digging into my backside. They'll eat me up!

[1] A pun on Κορίνθιοι and κόρεις (bugs). Athens and Corinth were enemies.

ΧΟΡ. μή νυν βαρέως ἄλγει λίαν.

ΣΤΡ. καὶ πῶς; ὅτε μου
φροῦδα τὰ χρήματα, φρούδη χροιά,
φρούδη ψυχή, φρούδη δ' ἐμβάς·
καὶ πρὸς τούτοις ἔτι τοῖσι κακοῖς
φρουρᾶς ᾄδων
ὀλίγου φροῦδος γεγένημαι.

ΣΩ. οὗτος, τί ποιεῖς; οὐχὶ φροντίζεις; ΣΤΡ. ἐγώ;
νὴ τὸν Ποσειδῶ. ΣΩ. καὶ τί δῆτ' ἐφρόντισας;

ΣΤΡ. ὑπὸ τῶν κόρεων εἴ μού τι περιλειφθήσεται.

ΣΩ. ἀπολεῖ κάκιστ'. ΣΤΡ. ἀλλ', ὠγάθ', ἀπόλωλ' ἀρτίως.

ΣΩ. οὐ μαλθακιστέ', ἀλλὰ περικαλυπτέα.
ἐξευρετέος γὰρ νοῦς ἀποστερητικὸς
κἀπαιόλημ'. ΣΤΡ. οἴμοι, τίς ἂν δῆτ' ἐπιβάλοι
ἐξ ἀρνακίδων γνώμην ἀποστερητρίδα;

ΣΩ. φέρε νυν, ἀθρήσω πρῶτον, ὅ τι δρᾷ, τουτονί.
οὗτος, καθεύδεις; ΣΤΡ. μὰ τὸν 'Απόλλω 'γὼ μὲν οὔ.

CHO. Don't take it too much to heart.

STR. How can I help it? My money is gone, my complexion gone, my life-blood is gone, my very shoes are gone; and in addition to this you would have me sing at my post when I'm almost gone—the whole lot of me!

SOC. Now then, what are you about? Ain't you thinking?

STR. Yes, by the Sea-god Poseidon, I *am* thinking.

SOC. What are you thinking?

STR. Whether anything of me will be left from the bugs.

SOC. You will come to grief.

STR. Excuse me, my good sir, I *have* come to grief.

SOC. You musn't be so squeamish. Cover yourself up. You've got to think out some schemes and contrivances.

STR. I wish some one would suggest to me a contrivance for cheating these confounded sheepskin rugs.

SOC. (*after another pause*). Now then, I'll look once more and see what he is about. You fellow, are you asleep?

STR. Asleep! By Phoebus Apollo, not I.

ΣΩ. *ἔχεις τι;* ΣΤΡ. *μὰ Δί' οὐ δῆτ' ἔγωγ'.* ΣΩ. *οὐδὲν πάνυ;*

ΣΤΡ. *οὐδέν γε πλὴν ἢ τὸ πέος ἐν τῇ δεξιᾷ.*

ΣΩ. *οὐκ ἐγκαλυψάμενος ταχέως τι φροντιεῖς;*

ΣΤΡ. *περὶ τοῦ; σὺ γάρ μοι τοῦτο φράσον, ὦ Σώκρατες.*

ΣΩ. *αὐτὸς ὅ τι βούλει πρῶτος ἐξευρὼν λέγε.*

ΣΤΡ. *ἀκήκοας μυριάκις ἁγὼ βούλομαι,*
περὶ τῶν τόκων, ὅπως ἂν ἀποδῶ μηδενί.

ΣΩ. *ἴθι νυν, καλύπτου καὶ σχάσας τὴν φροντίδα*
λεπτὴν κατὰ μικρὸν περιφρόνει τὰ πράγματα,
ὀρθῶς διαιρῶν καὶ σκοπῶν. ΣΤΡ. *οἴμοι τάλας.*

ΣΩ. *ἔχ' ἀτρέμα· κἂν ἀπορῇς τι τῶν νοημάτων,*
ἀφεὶς ἄπελθε· κᾆτα τὴν γνώμην πάλιν
κίνησον αὖθις αὐτὸ καὶ ζυγώθρισον.

ΣΤΡ. *ὦ Σωκρατίδιον φίλτατον.* ΣΩ. *τί, ὦ γέρον;*

ΣΤΡ. *ἔχω τόκου γνώμην ἀποστερητικήν.*

Soc. Have you got hold of anything?

Str. Not I, by God.

Soc. Nothing at all?

Str. Only my privates, which I'm holding in my hand for safety.

Soc. Cover yourself up again then, and get on with your thinking.

Str. What am I to think about? Tell me that, Socrates.

Soc. First tell me what you want to find out.

Str. You've heard a thousand times what I want, in the matter of clearing off my interest and paying nobody.

Soc. Go on then. Cover yourself up once more, and separating your mind from matter, survey the state of your affairs, rightly discerning and investigating.

Str. O dear, O dear!

Soc. Keep quiet. If you are in difficulty with any one of your devices, put it aside and go away. Then, by-and-by, bring it back to your mind again and weigh it well.

Str. (*after awhile*). My dear Socrates!

Soc. Well, old man?

Str. I've got a swindling notion about my interest.

ΣΩ. ἐπίδειξον αὐτήν. ΣΤΡ. εἰπὲ δή νύν μοι - -
ΣΩ. τὸ τί;
ΣΤΡ. γυναῖκα φαρμακίδ' εἰ πριάμενος Θετταλήν,
καθέλοιμι νύκτωρ τὴν σελήνην, εἶτα δὴ
αὐτὴν καθείρξαιμ' ἐς λοφεῖον στρογγύλον,
ὥσπερ κάτοπτρον, κᾆτα τηροίην ἔχων,
ΣΩ. τί δῆτα τοῦτ' ἂν ὠφελήσειέν σ'; ΣΤΡ. ὅ τι;
εἰ μηκέτ' ἀνατέλλοι σελήνη μηδαμοῦ,
οὐκ ἂν ἀποδοίην τοὺς τόκους. ΣΩ. ὁτιὴ τί δή;
ΣΤΡ. ὁτιὴ κατὰ μῆνα τἀργύριον δανείζεται.
ΣΩ. εὖ γ'· ἀλλ' ἕτερον αὖ σοι προβαλῶ τι δεξιόν.
εἴ σοι γράφοιτο πεντετάλαντός τις δίκη,
ὅπως ἂν αὐτὴν ἀφανίσειας εἰπέ μοι.
ΣΤΡ. ὅπως; ὅπως; οὐκ οἶδ'· ἀτὰρ ζητητέον.
ΣΩ. μή νυν περὶ σαυτὸν εἷλλε τὴν γνώμην ἀεί,
ἀλλ' ἀποχάλα τὴν φροντίδ' εἰς τὸν ἀέρα,
λινόδετον ὥσπερ μηλολόνθην τοῦ ποδός.
ΣΤΡ. εὕρηκ' ἀφάνισιν τῆς δίκης σοφωτάτην,
ὥστ' αὐτὸν ὁμολογεῖν σ' ἐμοί.

Soc. Trot it out.

Str. Tell me now . . .

Soc. What?

Str. If I were to buy a Thessalian sorceress, get her to draw down the moon one night, and then shut up the luminary like a looking-glass in a case, and keep it there . . .

Soc. What good would that do you?

Str. What good? Why, if the moon didn't rise at all, I shouldn't have to pay my interest.

Soc. Why not?

Str. Because the money's paid by the month.

Soc. Good! But I have another clever scheme to lay before you. Supposing you were fined, say five talents, how would you conceal the amount? Tell me.

Str. How—ah, how? I must look into that.

Soc. Well now, don't confine your thought within yourself, but let your imagination expatiate in the air, like a cockchafer tied by one leg with a string.

Str. I have it. I've got a most dodgy way of erasing that claim, as I think you will acknowledge.

ΣΩ. ποίαν τινά;

ΣΤΡ. ἤδη παρὰ τοῖσι φαρμακοπώλαις τὴν λίθον
ταύτην ἑόρακας, τὴν καλήν, τὴν διαφανῆ,
ἀφ' ἧς τὸ πῦρ ἅπτουσι; ΣΩ. τὴν ὕαλον λέγεις;

ΣΤΡ. ἔγωγε. φέρε, τί δῆτ' ἄν, εἰ ταύτην λαβών,
ὁπότε γράφοιτο τὴν δίκην ὁ γραμματεύς,
ἀπωτέρω στὰς ὧδε πρὸς τὸν ἥλιον
τὰ γράμματ' ἐκτήξαιμι τῆς ἐμῆς δίκης;

ΣΩ. σοφῶς γε νὴ τὰς Χάριτας. ΣΤΡ. οἴμ' ὡς ἥδομαι
ὅτι πεντετάλαντος διαγέγραπταί μοι δίκη.

ΣΩ. ἄγε δὴ ταχέως τουτὶ ξυνάρπασον. ΣΤΡ. τὸ τί;

ΣΩ. ὅπως ἀποστρέψαις ἂν ἀντιδίκων δίκην,
μέλλων ὀφλήσειν, μὴ παρόντων μαρτύρων.

ΣΤΡ. φαυλότατα καὶ ῥᾷστ'. ΣΩ. εἰπὲ δή. ΣΤΡ. καὶ δὴ λέγω.
εἰ πρόσθεν ἔτι μιᾶς ἐνεστώσης δίκης,
πρὶν τὴν ἐμὴν καλεῖσθ', ἀπαγξαίμην τρέχων.

ΣΩ. οὐδὲν λέγεις. ΣΤΡ. νὴ τοὺς θεοὺς ἔγωγ', ἐπεὶ
οὐδεὶς κατ' ἐμοῦ τεθνεῶτος εἰσάξει δίκην.

ΣΩ. ὑθλεῖς· ἄπερρ', οὐκ ἂν διδαξαίμην σ' ἔτι.

Soc. What is it?

Str. You've seen that beautiful clear stone at the drug-seller's with which they kindle fire?

Soc. You mean the crystal lens?

Str. Yes. Well, suppose I took that, and when the clerk wrote out the claim, I were to stand in the sun and burn out the writing from my fine?

Soc. Clever, by the three Graces!

Str. I'm glad, then, to have got rid of a liability of five talents.

Soc. Now try to grasp this quickly.

Str. What?

Soc. How to avoid durance vile, if you were in danger of being condemned for lack of witnesses.

Str. That's a trifle—as easy as possible.

Soc. How would you do it?

Str. I'll tell you. On the day of the trial, before the case was called on, I would go and hang myself.

Soc. Absurd!

Str. Not at all. They couldn't try me if I was a corpse.

Soc. You are talking nonsense. Be off! I won't teach you any more.

ΣΤΡ. ὁτιὴ τί; ναὶ πρὸς τῶν θεῶν, ὦ Σώκρατες.
ΣΩ. ἀλλ' εὐθὺς ἐπιλήθει σύ γ' ἅττ' ἂν καὶ μάθης·
ἐπεὶ τί νῦν δὴ πρῶτον ἐδιδάχθης; λέγε.
ΣΤΡ. φέρ' ἴδω, τί μέντοι πρῶτον ἦν; τί πρῶτον ἦν;
τίς ἦν ἐν ᾗ ματτόμεθα μέντοι τἄλφιτα;
οἴμοι, τίς ἦν; ΣΩ. οὐκ ἐς κόρακας ἀποφθερεῖ,
ἐπιλησμότατον καὶ σκαιότατον γερόντιον;
ΣΤΡ. οἴμοι, τί οὖν δῆθ' ὁ κακοδαίμων πείσομαι;
ἀπὸ γὰρ ὀλοῦμαι μὴ μαθὼν γλωττοστροφεῖν.
ἀλλ', ὦ Νεφέλαι, χρηστόν τι συμβουλεύσατε.
ΧΟΡ. ἡμεῖς μέν, ὦ πρεσβῦτα, συμβουλεύομεν,
εἴ σοί τις υἱός ἐστιν ἐκτεθραμμένος,
πέμπειν ἐκεῖνον ἀντὶ σαυτοῦ μανθάνειν.
ΣΤΡ. ἀλλ' ἔστ' ἔμοιγ' υἱὸς καλός τε κἀγαθός·
ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐθέλει γὰρ μανθάνειν, τί ἐγὼ πάθω;
ΧΟΡ. σὺ δ' ἐπιτρέπεις; ΣΤΡ. εὐσωματεῖ γὰρ καὶ σφριγᾷ,
κἄστ' ἐκ γυναικῶν εὐπτέρων τῶν Κοισύρας.
ἀτὰρ μέτειμί γ' αὐτόν· ἢν δὲ μὴ θέλῃ,
οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως οὐκ ἐξελῶ 'κ τῆς οἰκίας.
ἀλλ' ἐπανάμεινόν μ' ὀλίγον εἰσελθὼν χρόνον.

STR. But why? In the name of the gods, Socrates . . .

SOC. You immediately forget everything you have learnt. Now tell me, what was the first thing you were taught?

STR. Let's see. You taught me first of all—what was it he did teach me first? It was something about meal. Dear me! what was it?

SOC. Go and be hanged, for the silliest and most forgetful of old fogies.

STR. Dear, dear! what will become of me? I'm lost if I don't learn to quibble. Good Clouds, give me some useful advice.

CHO. Our advice, old chap, is, if you've got a son, send him to learn instead of yourself.

STR. I have got a son, a fine young fellow. But there, he doesn't want to learn. What *shall* I do?

CHO. Do you allow him to refuse?

STR. I can't help myself. He's a good-looking young sprig, and in the bloom of youth. Besides, he comes on the mother's side of the grand dames descended from Coesyra. But I'll go to him, and if he refuses to obey me I'll throw him out of doors. Wait for me a little while. (*Exit.*)

ΧΟΡ. ἆρ' αἰσθάνει πλεῖστα δι' ἡμᾶς ἀγάθ' αὐτίχ' ἕξων
μόνας θεῶν; ὡς
ἕτοιμος ὅδ' ἐστὶν ἅπαντα δρᾶν
ὅσ' ἂν κελεύῃς.
σὺ δ' ἀνδρὸς ἐκπεπληγμένου καὶ φανερῶς ἐπηρ-
μένου
γνοὺς ἀπολάψεις, ὅ τι πλεῖστον δύνασαι,
ταχέως· φιλεῖ γάρ πως τὰ τοιαῦθ' ἑτέρᾳ τρέπε-
σθαι.
ΣΤΡ. οὔτοι μὰ τὴν Ὀμίχλην ἔτ' ἐνταυθοῖ μενεῖς·
ἀλλ' ἔσθι' ἐλθὼν τοὺς Μεγακλέους κίονας.
ΦΕΙ. ὦ δαιμόνιε, τί χρῆμα πάσχεις, ὦ πάτερ;
οὐκ εὖ φρονεῖς μὰ τὸν Δία τὸν Ὀλύμπιον.
ΣΤΡ. ἰδού γ' ἰδοὺ Δί' Ὀλύμπιον· τῆς μωρίας·
τὸ Δία νομίζειν, ὄντα τηλικουτονί.
ΦΕΙ. τί δὲ τοῦτ' ἐγέλασας ἐτεόν; ΣΤΡ. ἐνθυμούμενος
ὅτι παιδάριον εἶ καὶ φρονεῖς ἀρχαϊκά.
ὅμως γε μὴν πρόσελθ', ἵν' εἰδῇς πλείονα,
καί σοι φράσω τι πρᾶγμ' ὃ μαθὼν ἀνὴρ ἔσει.
ὅπως δὲ τοῦτο μὴ διδάξεις μηδένα.
ΦΕΙ. ἰδού· τί ἔστιν; ΣΤΡ. ὤμοσας νῦν δὴ Δία.

CHORUS.

(*To* SOCRATES). Do you see what advantages you are getting through us? No other goddesses treat you so. He is ready to do all you tell him. The man is struck, and full of enthusiasm. So you ought at once to clip him close. Such feelings are apt to prove fleeting.

Enter STREPSIADES *and* PHEIDIPPIDES.

STR. No, I swear by the Clouds, you shan t remain at home any longer. Go and live on the grand doorposts of Megacles—there isn't much else left.

PHE. My dear good guv'nor, what the devil is the matter with you? You are not in your right senses, I swear by Olympian Zeus.

STR. There! Olympian Zeus! What foolery to believe in Zeus—at your age, too!

PHE. What is there to laugh at?

STR. At the idea of you, a mere boy, having such old-fashioned notions. But come here; I'll tell you something that may help to make a man of you. Mind you don't tell anybody though.

PHE. All right. What is it?

STR. You swore just now by Zeus.

ΦΕΙ. ἔγωγ'. ΣΤΡ. ὁρᾷς οὖν ὡς ἀγαθὸν τὸ μανθάνειν;
οὐκ ἔστιν, ὦ Φειδιππίδη, Ζεύς. ΦΕΙ. ἀλλὰ τίς;
ΣΤΡ. Δῖνος βασιλεύει, τὸν Δί' ἐξεληλακώς.
ΦΕΙ. αἰβοῖ, τί ληρεῖς; ΣΤΡ. ἴσθι τοῦθ' οὕτως ἔχον.
ΦΕΙ. τίς φησι ταῦτα; ΣΤΡ. Σωκράτης ὁ Μήλιος
καὶ Χαιρεφῶν, ὃς οἶδε τὰ ψυλλῶν ἴχνη.
ΦΕΙ. σὺ δ' εἰς τοσοῦτον τῶν μανιῶν ἐλήλυθας
ὥστ' ἀνδράσιν πείθει χολῶσιν; ΣΤΡ. εὐστόμει,
καὶ μηδὲν εἴπῃς φλαῦρον ἄνδρας δεξιοὺς
καὶ νοῦν ἔχοντας· ὧν ὑπὸ τῆς φειδωλίας
ἀπεκείρατ' οὐδεὶς πώποτ' οὐδ' ἠλείψατο
οὐδ' εἰς βαλανεῖον ἦλθε λουσόμενος· σὺ δὲ
ὥσπερ τεθνεῶτος καταλόει μου τὸν βίον.
ἀλλ' ὡς τάχιστ' ἐλθὼν ὑπὲρ ἐμοῦ μάνθανε.
ΦΕΙ. τί δ' ἂν παρ' ἐκείνων καὶ μάθοι χρηστόν τις ἄν;
ΣΤΡ. ἄληθες; ὅσαπερ ἔστ' ἐν ἀνθρώποις σοφά·
γνώσει δὲ σαυτὸν ὡς ἀμαθὴς εἶ καὶ παχύς.
ἀλλ' ἐπανάμεινόν μ' ὀλίγον ἐνταυθοῖ χρόνον.
ΦΕΙ. οἴμοι, τί δράσω παραφρονοῦντος τοῦ πατρός;
πότερον παρανοίας αὐτὸν εἰσαγαγὼν ἕλω,
ἢ τοῖς σοροπηγοῖς τὴν μανίαν αὐτοῦ φράσω;

PHE. Yes; I did.

STR. Now see the advantage of learning. Pheidippides, there *is* no Zeus.

PHE. Then who is there?

STR. Vortex reigns. He has deposed Zeus.

PHE. Gracious! What bosh is this?

STR. It's not bosh; it's the truth.

PHE. Who says so?

STR. Socrates the Melian, and Chaerephon the philosopher, who tracks the footsteps of fleas.

PHE. And are you so mad as to trust these bilious fellows?

STR. Shut up! Say nothing against these able and intellectual men. For the sake of economy, they have foresworn barbers, perfumers, and baths; while you swamp my substance as if I were already dead. But come at once and learn instead of me.

PHE. Now what earthly good could anybody learn from these?

STR. Can you ask? Why, all human wisdom. Learn to know yourself—how ignorant and dense you are. Just wait here a moment. (*Exit, then returns with a pair of fowls.*)

PHE. What shall I do? My dad's daft. Shall I treat him as a lunatic, or go farther and speak to the undertakers?

[redacted]

ΣΤΡ. *φέρ' ἴδω, σὺ τουτονὶ τί νομίζεις; εἰπέ μοι.*

ΦΕΙ. *ἀλεκτρυόνα.* ΣΤΡ. *καλῶς γε. ταυτηνὶ δὲ τί;*

ΦΕΙ. *ἀλεκτρυόν'.* ΣΤΡ. *ἄμφω ταὐτό; καταγέλαστος εἶ.*

μή νυν τὸ λοιπόν, ἀλλὰ τήνδε μὲν καλεῖν

ἀλεκτρύαιναν, τουτονὶ δ' ἀλέκτορα.

ΦΕΙ. *ἀλεκτρύαιναν; ταῦτ' ἔμαθες τὰ δεξιὰ*

εἴσω παρελθὼν ἄρτι παρὰ τοὺς γηγενεῖς;

ΣΤΡ. *χἄτερά γε πόλλ'· ἀλλ' ὅ τι μάθοιμ' ἑκάστοτε,*

ἐπελανθανόμην ἂν εὐθὺς ὑπὸ πλήθους ἐτῶν.

ΦΕΙ. *διὰ ταῦτα δὴ καὶ θοἰμάτιον ἀπώλεσας;*

ΣΤΡ. *ἀλλ' οὐκ ἀπολώλεκ', ἀλλὰ καταπεφρόντικα.*

ΦΕΙ. *τὰς δ' ἐμβάδας ποῖ τέτροφας, ὠνόητε σύ;*

ΣΤΡ. *ὥσπερ Περικλέης "εἰς τὸ δέον" ἀπώλεσα.*

ἀλλ' ἴθι, βάδιζ', ἴωμεν· εἶτα τῷ πατρὶ

πειθόμενος ἐξάμαρτε· κἀγώ τοί ποτε

οἶδ' ἑξέτει σοι τραυλίσαντι πιθόμενος·

ὃν πρῶτον ὀβολὸν ἔλαβον Ἡλιαστικόν,

τούτου 'πριάμην σοι Διασίοις ἁμαξίδα.

STR. Here! what do you think I've got in my hand?

PHE. Why, a fowl.

STR. Very well. In the other hand?

PHE. A fowl too.

STR. Then they are both the same, you ass! Don't talk such rot in future, but call this one a hen and this a cock.

PHE. All right; cock and hen. Is this the cleverness you learnt from the giants in yonder?

STR. Yes, and heaps of other things, which I've forgotten. My memory is failing a bit through age.

PHE. And is that how it is you've lost your cloak?

STR. I haven't lost it; I've thought it away—devoted it to the Thinking-house.

PHE. And your shoes, silly man! what have you done with them?

STR. I have used them, as Pericles used to say, "for necessary purposes." But come, move on; let us be going. If you go wrong, do it out of obedience to your father. When you were only a little fellow of six I humoured you, at the time when first I earned my obols as a judge, and with them bought a toy-cart for you at the festival of Zeus.

ΦΕΙ. ἦ μὴν σὺ τούτοις τῷ χρόνῳ ποτ' ἀχθέσει.
ΣΤΡ. εὖ γ' ὅτι ἐπείσθης. δεῦρο δεῦρ', ὦ Σώκρατες,
ἔξελθ'· ἄγω γάρ σοι τὸν υἱὸν τουτονί,
ἄκοντ' ἀναπείσας. ΣΩ. νηπύτιος γάρ ἐστ' ἔτι,
καὶ τῶν κρεμαστρῶν οὐ τρίβων τῶν ἐνθάδε.
ΦΕΙ. αὐτὸς τρίβων εἴης ἄν, εἰ κρέμαιό γε.
ΣΤΡ. οὐκ ἐς κόρακας; καταρᾷ σὺ τῷ διδασκάλῳ;
ΣΩ. ἰδοὺ κρέμαι', ὡς ἠλίθιον ἐφθέγξατο
καὶ τοῖσι χείλεσιν διερρυηκόσιν.
πῶς ἂν μάθοι ποθ' οὗτος ἀπόφευξιν δίκης
ἢ κλῆσιν ἢ χαύνωσιν ἀναπειστηρίαν;
καίτοι γε ταλάντου τοῦτ' ἔμαθεν Ὑπέρβολος.
ΣΤΡ. ἀμέλει, δίδασκε· θυμόσοφός ἐστιν φύσει·
εὐθύς γέ τοι παιδάριον ὂν τυννουτονὶ
ἔπλαττεν ἔνδον οἰκίας ναῦς τ' ἔγλυφεν,
ἁμαξίδας τε σκυτίνας εἰργάζετο,
κἀκ τῶν σιδίων βατράχους ἐποίει πῶς δοκεῖς.
ὅπως δ' ἐκείνω τὼ λόγω μαθήσεται,
τὸν κρείττον', ὅστις ἐστί, καὶ τὸν ἥττονα,

PHE. But you will be sorry for this some day.

STR. You do well to comply. Come here, Socrates. Socrates, come out. (*Enter* SOCRATES.) I bring you my son here, though I have had some difficulty in persuading him to come.

SOC. He's young yet, and so far unaccustomed to our hanging baskets.

PHE. I'd like to accustom you to hanging.

STR. To the deuce with you! Dare you revile the Master?

SOC. He wished I might be hanged, he said. What a ridiculous speech, and how ridiculously spoken, without compressing his lips! How would he ever learn to defend a case, to call evidence, or to persuade the judges in his favour? And yet Hyperbolus learnt all that for a single talent.

STR. Don't notice him, but just teach him. The fellow has good natural talents. When he was a youngster so high he used to build houses at home, hollow out ships, make carts out of leather, and frogs, you have no idea how cleverly, out of peel. Now, let him learn the two Modes of Arguments which you teach, the Strong, whatever it may be, and the Weak

[ὃς τἄδικα λέγων ἀνατρέπει τὸν κρείττονα·]
[ἐὰν δὲ μή, τὸν γοῦν ἄδικον πάσῃ τέχνῃ.]

ΣΩ. αὐτὸς μαθήσεται παρ' αὐτοῖν τοῖν λόγοιν.
ἐγὼ δ' ἄπειμι. ΣΤΡ. τοῦτό νυν μέμνησ', ὅπως
πρὸς πάντα τὰ δίκαι' ἀντιλέγειν δυνήσεται.

ΧΟΡΟΥ.

ΔΙΚ. χώρει δευρί, δεῖξον σαυτὸν
τοῖσι θεαταῖς, καίπερ θρασὺς ὤν.

ΑΔ. ἴθ' ὅποι χρῄζεις. πολὺ γὰρ μᾶλλόν σ'
ἐν τοῖς πολλοῖσι λέγων ἀπολῶ.

ΔΙΚ. ἀπολεῖς σύ; τίς ὤν; ΑΔ. λόγος. ΔΙΚ. ἥττων
γ' ὤν.

ΑΔ. ἀλλά σε νικῶ, τὸν ἐμοῦ κρείττω
φάσκοντ' εἶναι. ΔΙΚ. τί σοφὸν ποιῶν;

ΑΔ. γνώμας καινὰς ἐξευρίσκων.

ΔΙΚ. ταῦτα γὰρ ἀνθεῖ διὰ τουτουσὶ
τοὺς ἀνοήτους.

which, by speaking unjustly, overthrows the Strong. Anyhow, let him learn the Unjust Argument, by all means.

Soc. He shall learn from the two Arguments themselves. I will go away.

STR. Only remember he is to be thoroughly posted up in gainsaying justice. (*Exeunt.*)

CHORUS.

[*This Ode is lost.*]

Enter JUST *and* UNJUST ARGUMENT.

JUST. Come forward. Show yourself to the audience. You've got quite the requisite amount of impudence.

UNJ. Where you will. I shall enjoy all the more demolishing you before a lot of people, when we come to talking.

JUST. You demolish me! Who are you?

UNJ. Who am I? I'm Argument.

JUST. Yes, but the Inferior.

UNJ. I shall soon conquer you, though you do boast of being Superior.

JUST. How?

UNJ. By having my ideas posted up to date.

JUST. Mere novelty only catches the fools yonder.

ΑΔ. οὔκ, ἀλλὰ σοφούς. ΔΙΚ. ἀπολῶ σε κακῶς.
ΑΔ. εἰπέ, τί ποιῶν; ΔΙΚ. τὰ δίκαια λέγων.
ΑΔ. ἀλλ' ἀνατρέψω 'γαὔτ' ἀντιλέγων·
οὐδὲ γὰρ εἶναι πάνυ φημὶ δίκην.
ΔΙΚ. οὐκ εἶναι φῄς; ΑΔ. φέρε γάρ, ποῦ 'στιν;
ΔΙΚ. παρὰ τοῖσι θεοῖς.
ΑΔ. πῶς δῆτα δίκης οὔσης ὁ Ζεὺς
οὐκ ἀπόλωλεν τὸν πατέρ' αὑτοῦ
δήσας; ΔΙΚ. αἰβοῖ, τουτὶ καὶ δὴ
χωρεῖ τὸ κακόν· δότε μοι λεκάνην.
ΑΔ. τυφογέρων εἶ κἀνάρμοστος.
ΔΙΚ. καταπύγων εἶ κἀναίσχυντος.
ΑΔ. ῥόδα μ' εἴρηκας. ΔΙΚ. καὶ βωμολόχος.
ΑΔ. κρίνεσι στεφανοῖς. ΔΙΚ. καὶ πατραλοίας.
ΑΔ. χρυσῷ πάττων μ' οὐ γιγνώσκεις.

UNJ. No, it fetches the wise.

JUST. I'll demolish you—utterly.

UNJ. How, pri'thee?

JUST. By saying what is just and right.

UNJ. There I have you. I assert that justice does not exist.

JUST. Does not exist?

UNJ. No. If so, where is it?

JUST. With the gods above.

UNJ. Not a bit of it. If it does, why has not *Zeus* come to grief for putting his own father in chains?

JUST. Faugh! This impiety is sickening. Bring me a basin.

UNJ. You are an old fogy, and badly hitched together.

JUST. You are a young sodomite, without sense of shame.

UNJ. You are crowning me with roses by such a remark.

JUST. A loafer!

UNJ. Now you place a chaplet of lilies on my brow.

JUST. A parricide.

UNJ. Now without intending it you adorn me with gold.

ΔΙΚ. *οὐ δῆτα πρὸ τοῦ γ', ἀλλὰ μολύβδῳ.*

ΑΔ. *νῦν δέ γε κόσμος τοῦτ' ἐστὶν ἐμοί.*

ΔΙΚ. *θρασὺς εἶ πολλοῦ.* ΑΔ. *σὺ δέ γ' ἀρχαῖος.*

ΔΙΚ. *διὰ σὲ δὲ φοιτᾶν*
οὐδεὶς ἐθέλει τῶν μειρακίων·
γνωσθήσει τοί ποτ' Ἀθηναίοις
οἷα διδάσκεις τοὺς ἀνοήτους.

ΑΔ. *αὐχμεῖς αἰσχρῶς.* ΔΙΚ. *σὺ δέ γ' εὖ πράττεις.*
καίτοι πρότερόν γ' ἐπτώχευες,
Τήλεφος εἶναι Μυσὸς φάσκων,
ἐκ πηριδίου
γνώμας τρώγων Πανδελετείους.

ΑΔ. *ὤμοι σοφίας ἧς ἐμνήσθης.* ΔΙΚ. *ὤμοι μανίας*
τῆς σῆς, πόλεώς θ',
ἥτις σε τρέφει
λυμαινόμενον τοῖς μειρακίοις.

ΑΔ. *οὐχὶ διδάξεις τοῦτον Κρόνος ὤν.*

ΔΙΚ. *εἴπερ γ' αὐτὸν σωθῆναι χρὴ*

JUST. I've never adorned you with anything better than lead.

UNJ. But now your abuse is a real ornament for me.

JUST. You are saucy and overbold.

UNJ. You are a specimen of antiquity.

JUST. Through you none of the youths will come to school. One of these days the Athenians will find out what you are teaching the fools.

UNJ. You are disgracefully dirty.

JUST. You are flourishing enough now, though formerly you were a beggar. Giving yourself out as Telephus the Mysian, you mumbled the maxims of Pandeletus[1] which you had stowed away in your wallet.

UNJ. Ah, what words of wisdom you quoted from Euripides!

JUST. Ah, what madness on your part and on that of the city which nourishes you to corrupt its youth!

UNJ. Old Cronos that you are, you can't teach this youth!

JUST. I could if there was any hope of sal-

[1] According to the scholiast, a litigant and informer.

καὶ μὴ λαλιὰν μόνον ἀσκῆσαι.
ΑΔ. δεῦρ' ἴθι, τοῦτον δ' ἔα μαίνεσθαι.
ΔΙΚ. κλαύσει, εἰ τὴν χεῖρ' ἐπιβάλλεις.
ΧΟΡ. παύσασθε μάχης καὶ λοιδορίας.
ἀλλ' ἐπίδειξαι
σύ τε τοὺς προτέρους ἅττ' ἐδίδασκες,
σύ τε τὴν καινὴν
παίδευσιν, ὅπως ἂν ἀκούσας σφῷν
ἀντιλεγόντοιν κρίνας φοιτᾷ.
ΔΙΚ. δρᾶν ταῦτ' ἐθέλω. ΑΔ. κἄγωγ' ἐθέλω.
ΧΟΡ. φέρε δὴ πότερος λέξει πρότερος;
ΑΔ. τούτῳ δώσω·
κᾆτ' ἐκ τούτων ὧν ἂν λέξῃ
ῥηματίοισιν καινοῖς αὐτὸν
καὶ διανοίαις κατατοξεύσω.
τὸ τελευταῖον δ', ἢν ἀναγρύξῃ,
τὸ πρόσωπον ἅπαν καὶ τὠφθαλμὼ
κεντούμενος ὥσπερ ὑπ' ἀνθρηνῶν
ὑπὸ τῶν γνωμῶν ἀπολεῖται.
ΧΟΡ. νῦν δείξετον τὼ πισύνω τοῖς περιδεξίοισι
λόγοισι καὶ φροντίσι καὶ γνωμοτύποις μερίμναις,
ὁπότερος αὐτοῖν λέγων ἀμείνων φανήσεται. νῦν γὰρ ἅπας
ἐνθάδε κίνδυνος ἀνεῖται σοφίας,

vation for him, and he didn't devote himself to chattering pure and simple.

UNJ. (*to* PHEIDIPPIDES). Come here, and let that old fossil rave.

JUST. You will repent it, if you lay a finger on him.

CHO. There, stop your quarrel and abuse of one another, and give a specimen, you of what you used to teach those of a former period, and you of the new style of education, so that when he has heard both of you say your say, he may choose which he will patronise.

JUST. I'm quite prepared to do this.

UNJ. And I'm your man, too.

CHO. Come on, then. Now which is going to speak first?

UNJ. I will give way to him, and out of his own mouth will I condemn him by means of my new up-to-date words and devices. Then, if he hasn't had enough, I'll sting his face and pick out his eyes with my eloquence, just as if he were tackled by a swarm of hornets.

CHO. Very well. Now then, both of you, confident in your clever resources, your arguments, your ideas and carefully elaborated plans, advance to the trial of skill, where the

[redacted]

ἧς πέρι τοῖς ἐμοῖς φίλοις ἔστιν ἀγὼν μέγιστος.
ἀλλ' ὦ πολλοῖς τοὺς πρεσβυτέρους ἤθεσι χρηστοῖς στεφανώσας,
ῥῆξον φωνὴν ἥτινι χαίρεις, καὶ τὴν σαυτοῦ φύσιν εἰπέ.

ΔΙΚ. λέξω τοίνυν τὴν ἀρχαίαν παιδείαν, ὡς διέκειτο,
ὅτ' ἐγὼ τὰ δίκαια λέγων ἤνθουν καὶ σωφροσύνη νενόμιστο.
πρῶτον μὲν ἔδει παιδὸς φωνὴν γρύξαντος μηδὲν ἀκοῦσαι·
εἶτα βαδίζειν ἐν ταῖσιν ὁδοῖς εὐτάκτως εἰς κιθαριστοῦ
τοὺς κωμήτας γυμνοὺς ἀθρόους, κεἰ κριμνώδη κατανίφοι.
εἶτ' αὖ προμαθεῖν ᾆσμ' ἐδίδασκεν, τὼ μηρὼ μὴ ξυνέχοντας,
ἢ Παλλάδα περσέπολιν δεινάν, ἢ Τηλέπορόν τι βόαμα,
ἐντειναμένους τὴν ἁρμονίαν, ἣν οἱ πατέρες παρέδωκαν.
εἰ δέ τις αὐτῶν βωμολοχεύσαιτ' ἢ κάμψειέν τινα καμπήν,
οἵας οἱ νῦν τὰς κατὰ Φρῦνιν ταύτας τὰς δυσκολοκάμπτους,
ἐπετρίβετο τυπτόμενος πολλὰς ὡς τὰς Μούσας ἀφανίζων.
ἐν παιδοτρίβου δὲ καθίζοντας τὸν μηρὸν ἔδει προβαλέσθαι

contest waxes warm around my friends. First of all, you who adorned our ancestors with good morals, put forth that voice which you are so fond of hearing, and give us a specimen of what you can do.

JUST. Exactly. I will describe to you the Ancient Style of Education when I was in full force with my enunciation of justice, and when modesty still passed current. First and foremost, young people were seen and not heard. Every morning the youths of the same district used to march off in a body to the music-master's in good order along the public streets. They were lightly clad, even though it might be snowing as thick as meal. He used to teach them songs, and they did not loll about with their legs crossed, but learned such ditties as "Pallas, Dread Destroyer of Cities!" or some other popular refrain, keeping up the old harmonies handed down from their forefathers. If any one of them tried tricks or went in for the florid cadenzas of Phrynis, he got a smart rap on the knuckles for spoiling a good tune. In the wrestling-school too, when they sat down they had to cover up their thighs carefully so as not to expose their

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τοὺς παῖδας, ὅπως τοῖς ἔξωθεν μηδὲν δείξειαν ἀπηνές·
εἶτ' αὖ πάλιν αὖθις ἀνιστάμενον συμψῆσαι, καὶ προνοεῖσθαι
εἴδωλον τοῖσιν ἐρασταῖσιν τῆς ἥβης μὴ καταλείπειν.
ἠλείψατο δ' ἂν τοὐμφαλοῦ οὐδεὶς παῖς ὑπένερθεν τότ' ἄν, ὥστε
τοῖς αἰδοίοισι δρόσος καὶ χνοῦς ὥσπερ μήλοισιν ἐπήνθει·
οὐδ' ἂν μαλακὴν φυρασάμενος τὴν φωνὴν πρὸς τὸν ἐραστὴν
αὐτὸς ἑαυτὸν προαγωγεύων τοῖς ὀφθαλμοῖς ἐβάδιζεν,
οὐδ' ἂν ἑλέσθαι δειπνοῦντ' ἐξῆν κεφάλαιον τῆς ῥαφανῖδος,
οὐδ' ἄννηθον τῶν πρεσβυτέρων ἁρπάζειν οὐδὲ σέλινον,
οὐδ' ὀψοφαγεῖν, οὐδὲ κιχλίζειν, οὐδ' ἴσχειν τὼ πόδ' ἐναλλάξ.

ΑΔ. *ἀρχαῖά γε καὶ Διπολιώδη καὶ τεττίγων ἀνάμεστα*
καὶ Κηκείδου *καὶ βουφονίων.* ΔΙΚ. *ἀλλ' οὖν ταῦτ' ἐστὶν ἐκεῖνα,*
ἐξ ὧν ἄνδρας Μαραθωνομάχους *ἡμὴ παίδευσις ἔθρεψεν.*
σὺ δὲ τοὺς νῦν εὐθὺς ἐν ἱματίοισι διδάσκεις ἐντετυλίχθαι·

private affairs; and when they got up they were to obliterate the impression of their rumps from the sand so that they should not leave any marks of their sex for their male admirers. Then no lad was anointed below the navel, so that their little secret parts had only their own native bloom and soft hair upon them, like so many blooming apples. Then the boy did not adopt a mincing voice to his masculine admirer, acting as pimp on his own account and ogling him with his eyes. At supper he might not take even a head of radish or a bit of aniseed before his elders, or taste the sweetmeats or small dainties; and it was still forbidden him to cross his legs lasciviously.

UNJ. Old-fashioned ideas, these, dating back to the Dipolia,[1] smelling of the autochthonous grasshopper, of Caecides[2] and the Buphonia,[3] long since exploded.

JUST. Ah! yes, but this was the discipline which nurtured the men who fought at Marathon. You, on the other hand, teach the boys to coddle themselves up in cloaks, so that I was

[1] An ancient festival of Zeus.
[2] An old dithyrambic poet.
[3] An ancient festival.

[redacted]

ὥστε μ' ἀπάγχεσθ', ὅταν ὀρχεῖσθαι Παναθηναίοις δέον αὐτοὺς
τὴν ἀσπίδα τῆς κωλῆς προέχων ἀμελῇ τῆς Τριτογενείης.
πρὸς ταῦτ', ὦ μειράκιον, θαρρῶν ἐμὲ τὸν κρείττω λόγον αἱροῦ·
κἀπιστήσει μισεῖν ἀγορὰν καὶ βαλανείων ἀπέχεσθαι
καὶ τοῖς αἰσχροῖς αἰσχύνεσθαι, κἂν σκώπτῃ τίς σε, φλέγεσθαι·
καὶ τῶν θάκων τοῖς πρεσβυτέροις ὑπανίστασθαι προσιοῦσιν,
καὶ μὴ περὶ τοὺς σαυτοῦ γονέας σκαιουργεῖν, ἄλλο τε μηδὲν
αἰσχρὸν ποιεῖν, ὅ τι τῆς Αἰδοῦς μέλλει τἄγαλμ' ἀναπλήσειν·
μηδ' εἰς ὀρχηστρίδος εἰσᾴττειν, ἵνα μὴ πρὸς ταῦτα κεχηνώς,
μήλῳ βληθεὶς ὑπὸ πορνιδίου, τῆς εὐκλείας ἀποθραυσθῇς·
μηδ' ἀντειπεῖν τῷ πατρὶ μηδέν, μηδ' Ἰαπετὸν καλέσαντα
μνησικακῆσαι τὴν ἡλικίαν, ἐξ ἧς ἐνεοττοτροφήθης.

ΑΔ. εἰ ταῦτ', ὦ μειράκιον, πείσει τούτῳ, νὴ τὸν Διόνυσον
τοῖς Ἱπποκράτους υἱέσιν εἴξεις, καί σε καλοῦσι βλιτομάμμαν.

ΔΙΚ. ἀλλ' οὖν λιπαρός γε καὶ εὐανθὴς ἐν γυμνασίοις διατρίψεις,

disgusted, when they had to dance at the Panathenaic festival, to see each one of them thinking more of his privates than of his shield, and quite neglecting the patroness of the show. Therefore, young man, cast in your lot with me as the Superior Person in the way of argument; then shall you learn to hate the Agora and shun the baths; you shall blush at what is shameful, and if anyone talk filth to you, glare up at him. You shall rise up from your seat upon your elders' approach; you shall never be pert to your parents or do any other unseemly act under the pretence of remodelling the image of Modesty. You will not rush off to the dancing-girl's house lest, while you gaze upon her charms, some whore should pelt you with an apple and ruin your reputation. Finally, you will never gainsay your father in anything, or allude to him disparagingly as an antediluvian on the score of his age, nor will you forget the trouble he took to rear you.

UNJ. If you cave in to this fellow, my lad, I swear by jolly Bacchus you will be as antiquated as the sons of Hippocrates, and everybody will set you down as a simpleton.

JUST. But for all that you shall have a bril-

οὐ στωμύλλων κατὰ τὴν ἀγορὰν τριβολεκτράπελ', οἷάπερ οἱ νῦν,
οὐδ' ἑλκόμενος περὶ πραγματίου γλισχραντιλογεξεπιτρίπτου·
ἀλλ' εἰς Ἀκαδήμειαν κατιὼν ὑπὸ ταῖς μορίαις ἀποθρέξει
στεφανωσάμενος καλάμῳ λευκῷ μετὰ σώφρονος ἡλικιώτου,
μίλακος ὄζων καὶ ἀπραγμοσύνης καὶ λεύκης φυλλοβολούσης,
ἦρος ἐν ὥρᾳ χαίρων, ὁπόταν πλάτανος πτελέᾳ ψιθυρίζῃ.
ἢν ταῦτα ποιῇς ἁγὼ φράζω,
καὶ πρὸς τούτοις προσέχῃς τὸν νοῦν,
ἕξεις ἀεὶ στῆθος λιπαρόν,
χροιὰν λευκήν, ὤμους μεγάλους,
γλῶτταν βαιάν, πυγὴν μεγάλην,
πόσθην μικράν.
ἢν δ' ἅπερ οἱ νῦν ἐπιτηδεύῃς,
πρῶτα μὲν ἕξεις χροιὰν ὠχράν,
ὤμους μικρούς, στῆθος λεπτόν,
γλῶτταν μεγάλην, πυγὴν μικράν,
κωλῆν μεγάλην, ψήφισμα μακρόν,
καί σ' ἀναπείσει
τὸ μὲν αἰσχρὸν ἅπαν καλὸν ἡγεῖσθαι,
τὸ καλὸν δ' αἰσχρόν·
καὶ πρὸς τούτοις τῆς Ἀντιμάχου
καταπυγοσύνης ἀναπλήσει.

liant and a blooming time of it in the gymnasium, not uttering blatant nonsense in the Agora as the youths of the period do, nor brought up before the authorities for some trumpery bit of fast behaviour which shall give your enemies a handle against you. But you shall go down to the Academia and there disport yourself crowned with the white calamus and in company with some reputable friend, redolent of the milax, the heartsease, and the white poplar, which waves its leaves when the spring returns and the plane-tree whispers to the elm.

If you do as I bid you, and give your attention to my precepts, then you shall always have a good chest, a clear complexion, broad shoulders, a moderate tongue, sturdy buttocks, and a small genteel penis. Whereas if you do as the young men of to-day, first you will have a sallow look, narrow shoulders, contracted chest, an inordinate tongue, slender loins, and a penis out of all proportion, while your judgment will be so perverted as to make you think honourable that which is base, and base everything that is honourable; and you will incline only to the lewd backdoor business of Antimachus.

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ΧΟΡ. ὦ καλλίπυργον σοφίαν κλεινοτάτην ἐπασκῶν,
ὡς ἡδύ σου τοῖσι λόγοις σῶφρον ἔπεστιν ἄνθος.
εὐδαίμονες δ' ἦσαν ἄρ' οἱ ζῶντες τότ' ἐπὶ τῶν προτέρων.
πρὸς οὖν τάδ', ὦ κομψοπρεπῆ μοῦσαν ἔχων,
δεῖ σε λέγειν τι καινόν, ὡς εὐδοκίμηκεν ἀνήρ.
δεινῶν δέ σοι βουλευμάτων ἔοικε δεῖν πρὸς αὐτόν,
εἴπερ τὸν ἄνδρ' ὑπερβαλεῖ καὶ μὴ γέλωτ' ὀφλήσεις.

ΑΔ. καὶ μὴν πάλαι γ' ἐπνιγόμην τὰ σπλάγχνα, κἀπεθύμουν
ἅπαντα ταῦτ' ἐναντίαις γνώμαισι συνταράξαι.
ἐγὼ γὰρ ἥττων μὲν λόγος δι' αὐτὸ τοῦτ' ἐκλήθην
ἐν τοῖσι φροντισταῖσιν, ὅτι πρώτιστος ἐπενόησα
τοῖσιν νόμοις καὶ ταῖς δίκαις τἀναντί' ἀντιλέξαι.
καὶ τοῦτο πλεῖν ἢ μυρίων ἔστ' ἄξιον στατήρων,
αἱρούμενον τοὺς ἥττονας λόγους ἔπειτα νικᾶν.
σκέψαι δὲ τὴν παίδευσιν ᾗ πέποιθεν ὡς ἐλέγξω·
ὅστις σε θερμῷ φησι λοῦσθαι πρῶτον οὐκ ἐάσειν.
καίτοι τίνα γνώμην ἔχων ψέγεις τὰ θερμὰ λουτρά;

CHO. You practise, indeed, that philosophy which is a tower of strength and beauty; and O how sweet and modest are the flowers of your eloquence! Happy they who lived under this antique discipline! Now then, you who utter a more pretentious song, you must say something original in reply, for your antagonist has earned his laurels indeed. You will need some very clever device to stand you in stead against him, if you are going to vanquish your opponent and not make a laughing-stock of yourself.

UNJ. I have this long while been suffering a severe stomach-ache, longing to go for him and throw him into confusion with counter-statements. This, indeed, is the secret of my being set down as the Inferior Argument by these thinkers, because I first set myself to talk down law and equity. Surely this is worth any amount of money—to choose the lower line of argument and yet to gain the victory. Just see (*to* PHEIDIPPIDES) how I am going to demolish that system on which he plumes himself; he who at the very outset deprecates warm baths. I should like to know on what principle you denounce these.

ΔΙΚ. ὁτιὴ κάκιστόν ἐστι καὶ δειλὸν ποιεῖ τὸν ἄνδρα.
ΑΔ. ἐπίσχες· εὐθὺς γάρ σ' ἔχω μέσον λαβὼν ἄφυκτον.
καί μοι φράσον, τῶν τοῦ Διὸς παίδων τίν' ἄνδρ' ἄριστον
ψυχὴν νομίζεις, εἰπέ, καὶ πλείστους πόνους πονῆσαι;
ΔΙΚ. ἐγὼ μὲν οὐδέν' Ἡρακλέους βελτίον' ἄνδρα κρίνω.
ΑΔ. ποῦ ψυχρὰ δῆτα πώποτ' εἶδες Ἡράκλεια λουτρά;
καίτοι τίς ἀνδρειότερος ἦν; ΔΙΚ. ταῦτ' ἐστί, ταῦτ' ἐκεῖνα,
ἃ τῶν νεανίσκων ἀεὶ δι' ἡμέρας λαλούντων
πλῆρες τὸ βαλανεῖον ποιεῖ, κενὰς δὲ τὰς παλαίστρας.
ΑΔ. εἶτ' ἐν ἀγορᾷ τὴν διατριβὴν ψέγεις· ἐγὼ δ' ἐπαινῶ.
εἰ γὰρ πονηρὸν ἦν, Ὅμηρος οὐδέποτ' ἂν ἐποίει
τὸν Νέστορ' ἀγορητὴν ἂν οὐδὲ τοὺς σοφοὺς ἅπαντας.
ἄνειμι δῆτ' ἐντεῦθεν εἰς τὴν γλῶτταν, ἣν ὁδὶ μὲν
οὔ φησι χρῆναι τοὺς νέους ἀσκεῖν, ἐγὼ δὲ φημί.
καὶ σωφρονεῖν αὖ φησὶ χρῆναι· δύο κακὼ μεγίστω.
ἐπεὶ σὺ διὰ τὸ σωφρονεῖν τῷ πώποτ' εἶδες ἤδη
ἀγαθόν τι γενόμενον, φράσον, καί μ' ἐξέλεγξον εἰπών.

JUST. They are injurious and render a man effeminate.

UNJ. Wait. I shall get you round the waist and corner you now. Tell me, please, which of the numerous sons of *Zeus* do you think the bravest? which of them underwent the largest number of labours?

JUST. I hold no man to have been better than Hercules.

UNJ. Exactly. And when did you ever hear of Hercules going in for cold baths? Yet who more plucky?

JUST. These warm dips it is which fill our baths with gossiping youths the whole day long, and at the same time empty the gymnasia.

UNJ. Then, again, you inveigh against lingering in the Agora. I commend it. If it were a bad thing, Homer would never have made Nestor a man of the Agora, or the other wise men whom he depicts. Then I pass to the tongue. My opponent here says young men ought not to cultivate its powers. I say they ought. He commends moderation. I say Silence and Sobriety are the two worst evils. Who ever saw any good come of sobriety? If anybody has, let him point it out and so traverse my statement.

ΔΙΚ. πολλοῖς. ὁ γοῦν Πηλεὺς ἔλαβε διὰ τοῦτο τὴν μάχαιραν.
ΑΔ. μάχαιραν; ἀστεῖον τὸ κέρδος ἔλαβεν ὁ κακοδαίμων.
'Υπέρβολος δ' οὐκ τῶν λύχνων πλεῖν ἢ τάλαντα πολλὰ
εἴληφε διὰ πονηρίαν, ἀλλ' οὐ μὰ Δί' οὐ μάχαιραν.
ΔΙΚ. καὶ τὴν Θέτιν γ' ἔγημε διὰ τὸ σωφρονεῖν ὁ Πηλεύς.
ΑΔ. κᾆτ' ἀπολιποῦσά γ' αὐτὸν ᾤχετ'· οὐ γὰρ ἦν ὑβριστὴς
οὐδ' ἡδὺς ἐν τοῖς στρώμασιν τὴν νύκτα παννυχίζειν·
γυνὴ δὲ σιναμωρουμένη χαίρει· σὺ δ' εἶ κρόνιππος.
σκέψαι γάρ, ὦ μειράκιον, ἐν τῷ σωφρονεῖν ἅπαντα
ἅνεστιν, ἡδονῶν θ' ὅσων μέλλεις ἀποστερεῖσθαι,
παίδων, γυναικῶν, κοττάβων, ὄψων, πότων, κιχλισμῶν.
καίτοι τί σοι ζῆν ἄξιον, τούτων ἐὰν στερηθῇς;
εἶεν. πάρειμ' ἐντεῦθεν ἐς τὰς τῆς φύσεως ἀνάγκας.
ἥμαρτες, ἠράσθης, ἐμοίχευσάς τι, κᾆτ' ἐλήφθης·
ἀπόλωλας· ἀδύνατος γὰρ εἶ λέγειν. ἐμοὶ δ' ὁμιλῶν,
χρῶ τῇ φύσει, σκίρτα, γέλα, νόμιζε μηδὲν αἰσχρόν.

JUST. I have known it a blessing to many men. Peleus, to wit, got a sword by it.

UNJ. A sword! That was a pretty prize for a poor devil to get! Didn't Hyperbolus pocket any amount of money with his lamps, all by means of cheating?—a much more solid result, by God! than a sorry sword.

JUST. Peleus got Thetis for his wife purely on account of his sobriety.

UNJ. Yes; and then she left him and bolted. He was too sober, and not a good all-night companion between the bedclothes. A woman likes to feel she has got a man with her; but you—you ride in the style of our great-grandfathers. Just see, my young friend, what there is in sobriety, and of how many pleasures it will deprive you—of boys, of women, of play, of dainty dishes, of drink, of all mirth. Is life worth living when you have lost all these? Then I pass on to the necessities of nature. You have been guilty of some peccadillo—gone in for sodomy, or tampered with your neighbour's wife, and got found out. You are lost if you can't talk. Fraternise with me, and you can give free play to your nature—dance, laugh, deem nothing dishonourable. You happen, as

μοιχὸς γὰρ ἢν τύχῃς ἁλούς, τάδ' ἀντερεῖς πρὸς αὐτόν,
ὡς οὐδὲν ἠδίκηκας· εἶτ' εἰς τὸν Δί' ἐπανενεγκεῖν,
κἀκεῖνος ὡς ἥττων ἔρωτός ἐστι καὶ γυναικῶν·
καίτοι σὺ θνητὸς ὢν θεοῦ πῶς μεῖζον ἂν δύναιο;

ΔΙΚ. τί δ' ἢν ῥαφανιδωθῇ πιθόμενός σοι τέφρᾳ τε τιλθῇ;
ἕξει τίνα γνώμην λέγειν, τὸ μὴ εὐρύπρωκτος εἶναι;

ΑΔ. ἢν δ' ευρύπρωκτος ᾖ, τί πείσεται κακόν;

ΔΙΚ. τί μὲν οὖν ἂν ἔτι μεῖζον πάθοι τούτου ποτέ;

ΑΔ. τί δῆτ' ἐρεῖς, ἢν τοῦτο νικηθῇς ἐμοῦ;

ΔΙΚ. σιγήσομαι. τί δ' ἄλλο; ΑΔ. φέρε δή μοι φράσον·
συνηγοροῦσιν ἐκ τίνων;

ΔΙΚ. ἐξ εὐρυπρώκτων. ΑΔ. πείθομαι.
τί δαί; τραγῳδοῦσ' ἐκ τίνων;

ΔΙΚ. ἐξ εὐρυπρώκτων. ΑΔ. εὖ λέγεις,
δημηγοροῦσι δ' ἐκ τίνων;

I said, to be taken in adultery—tampering with your neighbour's wife—well, you will say you have done him no injury. You will direct his eyes to *Zeus* on high and show how he had his little weaknesses in the way of boys and women, and would you, a mere mortal, presume to be more chaste than the deity itself?

JUST. But what if, by following out your scheme, he got impaled and plucked as an adulterer, how would he escape being set down as the Man of the Broad Backside?

UNJ. And if he really were the Man of the Broad Backside—what harm then?

JUST. O dear me! what worse fate could he suffer?

UNJ. What will you say if, on this particular point, you are beaten by me?

JUST. I shall perforce shut up. What else can I do?

UNJ. Come then, just tell me this: whence come our orators?

JUST. From the Men of the Broad Backside.

UNJ. I believe you, my boy. Whence our tragedians?

JUST. Also from the Broad-bottomed.

UNJ. Well said! Our demagogues?

[redacted]

ΔΙΚ. *ἐξ εὐρυπρώκτων.* ΑΔ. *ἆρα δῆτ'*
ἔγνωκας ὡς οὐδὲν λέγεις;
καὶ τῶν θεατῶν ὁπότεροι
πλείους σκόπει. ΔΙΚ. *καὶ δὴ σκοπῶ.*
ΑΔ. *τί δῆθ' ὁρᾷς;*
ΔΙΚ. *πολὺ πλείονας, νὴ τοὺς θεούς,*
τοὺς εὐρυπρώκτους· τουτονὶ
γοῦν οἶδ' ἐγὼ κἀκεινονὶ
καὶ τὸν κομήτην τουτονί.
ΑΔ. *τί δῆτ' ἐρεῖς;*
ΔΙΚ. *ἡττήμεθ', ὦ κινούμενοι,*
πρὸς τῶν θεῶν δέξασθέ μου
θοἰμάτιον, ὡς
ἐξαυτομολῶ πρὸς ὑμᾶς.
ΣΩ. *τί δῆτα; πότερα τοῦτον ἀπάγεσθαι λαβὼν*
βούλει τὸν υἱόν, ἢ διδάσκω σοι λέγειν;
ΣΤΡ. *δίδασκε καὶ κόλαζε, καὶ μέμνησ' ὅπως*
εὖ μοι στομώσεις αὐτόν, ἐπὶ μὲν θἄτερα
οἷαν δικιδίοις, τὴν δ' ἑτέραν αὐτοῦ γνάθον
στόμωσον οἷαν ἐς τὰ μείζω πράγματα.
ΣΩ. *ἀμέλει, κομιεῖ τοῦτον σοφιστὴν δεξιόν.*

JUST. From the Broad-bottomed too.

UNJ. Then don't you know that you are just done for? Look at the majority of the audience.

JUST. I'm looking at 'em.

UNJ. And what do you see?

JUST. By the gods above! a clear majority of the Broad Backsides. Yes; I see this one and that one, and the other with the long hair . . .

UNJ. What will you say, then?

JUST. You buggers, I'm beaten! In the name of the gods take my coat! for I go over to your side.

Re-enter SOCRATES *and* STREPSIADES.

SOC. What is it to be, then? Will you carry off your son, or must I teach him to talk for you?

STR. Teach him and punish him. Take care to sharpen his tongue well on both sides—one side for petty law-cases, but on the other side give him jaw enough for a good heavy cause.

SOC. Never fear; you shall carry him off an accomplished sophist.

[redacted]

ΦΕΙ. ὠχρὸν μὲν οὖν οἶμαί γε καὶ κακοδαίμονα.
ΣΩ. χωρεῖτέ νυν. ΦΕΙ. οἶμαι δέ σοι ταῦτα μεταμελήσειν.
ΧΟΡ. τοὺς κριτὰς ἃ κερδανοῦσιν, ἤν τι τόνδε τὸν χορὸν
ὠφελῶσ' ἐκ τῶν δικαίων, βουλόμεσθ' ἡμεῖς φράσαι.
πρῶτα μὲν γὰρ, ἢν νεᾶν βούλησθ' ἐν ὥρᾳ τοὺς ἀγρούς,
ὕσομεν πρώτοισιν ὑμῖν, τοῖσι δ' ἄλλοις ὕστερον.
εἶτα τὸν καρπόν τε καὶ τὰς ἀμπέλους φυλάξομεν,
ὥστε μήτ' αὐχμὸν πιέζειν μήτ' ἄγαν ἐπομβρίαν.
ἢν δ' ἀτιμάσῃ τις ἡμᾶς θνητὸς ὢν οὔσας θεάς,
προσεχέτω τὸν νοῦν πρὸς ἡμῶν οἷα πείσεται κακά,
λαμβάνων οὔτ' οἶνον οὔτ' ἄλλ' οὐδὲν ἐκ τοῦ χωρίου.
ἡνίκ' ἂν γὰρ αἵ τ' ἐλᾶαι βλαστάνωσ' αἵ τ' ἄμπελοι,
ἀποκεκόψονται· τοιαύταις σφενδόναις παιήσομεν.
ἢν δὲ πλινθεύοντ' ἴδωμεν, ὕσομεν καὶ τοῦ τέγους
τὸν κέραμον αὐτοῦ χαλάζαις στρογγύλαις συντρίψομεν.
κἂν γαμῇ ποτ' αὐτὸς ἢ τῶν ξυγγενῶν ἢ τῶν φίλων,
ὕσομεν τὴν νύκτα πᾶσαν· ὥστ' ἴσως βουλήσεται
κἂν ἐν Αἰγύπτῳ τυχεῖν ὢν μᾶλλον ἢ κρῖναι κακῶς.

PHE. A pale and woe-begone one, I expect.

Soc. Now be off!

PHE. (*to* STREPSIADES). I think you will repent this. (*Exeunt.*)

CHORUS.

Now we want to tell the judges what advantages they will gain if they do justice to this chorus. First of all, at the beginning of spring, if you wish to renew your fields we will rain on you before anybody, and afterwards on other people. Then we will guard your crops and your vines, so that they suffer neither from drought nor from excessive rain. But if any mortal man offend us, who, remember, are goddesses, hear what reprisals he shall suffer from us. He shall get neither wine nor any other produce from his land. When the olive-trees and vines shoot forth they shall be cut down, so sharply will we use our slings against them. If we catch you brick-walling we will rain and ruin the roof-tiles with rounded hailstones. Should one of you, or your friends or relations, get married, then will we rain all night long, so that you will wish you had been in Egypt, where it never rains, rather than have given the unrighteous judgment you did. (*Exeunt.*)

[redacted]

ΣΤΡ. πέμπτη, τετρὰς, τρίτη, μετὰ ταύτην δευτέρα,
εἶθ' ἣν ἐγὼ μάλιστα πασῶν ἡμερῶν
δέδοικα καὶ πέφρικα καὶ βδελύττομαι,
εὐθὺς μετὰ ταύτην ἔσθ' ἕνη τε καὶ νέα.
πᾶς γάρ τις ὄμνυσ', οἷς ὀφείλων τυγχάνω,
θείς μοι πρυτανεῖ' ἀπολεῖν μέ φησι κἀξολεῖν,
ἐμοῦ μέτρι' ἄττα καὶ δίκαι' αἰτουμένου·
"ὦ δαιμόνιε, τὸ μέν τι νυνὶ μὴ λάβῃς,
τὸ δ' ἀναβαλοῦ μοι, τὸ δ' ἄφες," οὔ φασίν ποτε
οὕτως ἀπολήψεσθ', ἀλλὰ λοιδοροῦσί με
ὡς ἄδικός εἰμι, καὶ δικάσεσθαί φασί μοι.
νῦν οὖν δικαζέσθων· ὀλίγον γάρ μοι μέλει,
εἴπερ μεμάθηκεν εὖ λέγειν Φειδιππίδης.
τάχα δ' εἴσομαι κόψας τὸ φροντιστήριον.
παῖ, ἠμί, παῖ παῖ. ΣΩ. Στρεψιάδην ἀσπάζομαι.

ΣΤΡ. κἄγωγέ σ'· ἀλλὰ τουτονὶ πρῶτον λαβέ·
χρὴ γὰρ ἐπιθαυμάζειν τι τὸν διδάσκαλον.

Enter STREPSIADES, *carrying a sack of flour.*

STR. (*soliloquises*). The fifth day, the fourth, the third, and then the second of the waning month, and, then, after that, the day which I dread and detest above all days, the day of the old and new moon, when interest has to be paid; for every one of my creditors swears that he will run me in and bring me to utter grief, though I propose the most moderate and just terms of arrangement. "Good sirs," I say, "of the three instalments I owe you, do not exact the first, defer the second, and acquit me altogether of the third." They don't seem to see it. They say they will never get their money back at this rate, so they abuse me, say I am dishonest, and vow they will have the law of me. Let 'em go to law. I care little if once Pheidippides has learnt to talk well. I shall soon know how things are progressing if I knock at the door of the Thinking-house. Here, boy! I say—boy, boy! (*Knocks. Enter* SOCRATES.)

SOC. I greet you, Strepsiades.

STR. And I salute you. But first accept this sack of flour. It's only right to show regard for one's teacher. And now tell me

[redacted]

	καί μοι τὸν υἱόν, εἰ μεμάθηκε τὸν λόγον
	ἐκεῖνον, εἴφ', ὃν ἀρτίως εἰσήγαγες.
ΣΩ.	μεμάθηκεν. ΣΤΡ. εὖ γ', ὦ παμβασίλει' Ἀπαιόλη.
ΣΩ.	ὥστ' ἀποφύγοις ἂν ἥντιν' ἂν βούλῃ δίκην.
ΣΤΡ.	κεἰ μάρτυρες παρῆσαν, ὅτ' ἐδανειζόμην;
ΣΩ.	πολλῷ γε μᾶλλον, κἂν παρῶσι χίλιοι.
ΣΤΡ.	βοάσομαί τἄρα τὰν ὑπέρτονον
	βοάν. ἰώ, κλάετ' ὠβολοστάται,
	αὐτοί τε καὶ τἀρχαῖα καὶ τόκοι τόκων·
	οὐδὲν γὰρ ἄν με φλαῦρον ἐργάσαισθ' ἔτι·
	οἷος ἐμοὶ τρέφεται
	τοῖσδ' ἐνὶ δώμασι παῖς,
	ἀμφήκει γλώττῃ λάμπων,
	πρόβολος ἐμός, σωτὴρ δόμοις, ἐχθροῖς βλάβη,
	λυσανίας πατρῴων μεγάλων κακῶν·
	ὃν κάλεσον τρέχων ἔνδοθεν ὡς ἐμέ.
ΣΩ.	ὦ τέκνον, ὦ παῖ,
	ἔξελθ' οἴκων, ἄϊε σοῦ πατρός.
	ὅδ' ἐκεῖνος ἀνήρ.
ΣΤΡ.	ὦ φίλος, ὦ φίλος.

about my son. Has he learnt this famous method of argumentation which you have recently introduced?

SOC. Yes, he has learnt it.

STR. Bravo! Fraud for ever!

SOC. Yes, you can get clear of any legal proceedings now.

STR. What, even if there are witnesses to prove I borrowed the money?

SOC. All the better if there were a thousand witnesses present.

STR. Then I will now sing out at the top of my voice. Weep, you wretched weighers-out of coin, you and your principal and compound interest! You can do me no more harm; I've got such a son bringing up in this house, already distinguished for his two-edged tongue, my advocate, the saviour of my household, the ruin of my adversaries, who shall disperse all his paternal difficulties. Pray call him out to me.

SOC. Hi, boy! come out and speak to your father. Here he is.

Enter PHEIDIPPIDES.

STR. My dear, dear son!

ΣΩ. ἄπιθι λαβὼν τὸν υἱόν.

ΣΤΡ. ἰὼ ἰὼ τέκνον.
ἰοῦ ἰοῦ.
ὡς ἥδομαί σου πρῶτα τὴν χροιὰν ἰδών.
νῦν μέν γ' ἰδεῖν εἶ πρῶτον ἐξαρνητικὸς
κἀντιλογικός, καὶ τοῦτο τοὐπιχώριον
ἀτεχνῶς ἐπανθεῖ, τὸ τί λέγεις σύ; καὶ δοκεῖν
ἀδικοῦντ' ἀδικεῖσθαι καὶ κακουργοῦντ', οἶδ' ὅτι.
ἐπὶ τοῦ προσώπου τ' ἐστὶν Ἀττικὸν βλέπος.
νῦν οὖν ὅπως σώσεις μ', ἐπεὶ κἀπώλεσας.

ΦΕΙ. φοβεῖ δὲ δὴ τί; ΣΤΡ. τὴν ἕνην τε καὶ νέαν.

ΦΕΙ. ἕνη γάρ ἐστι καὶ νέα τίς; ΣΤΡ. ἡμέρα,
εἰς ἣν γε θήσειν τὰ πρυτανεῖά φασί μοι.

ΦΕΙ. ἀπολοῦσ' ἄρ' αὔθ' οἱ θέντες· οὐ γὰρ ἔσθ' ὅπως
μί' ἡμέρα γένοιτ' ἂν ἡμέραι δύο.

ΣΤΡ. οὐκ ἂν γένοιτο; ΦΕΙ. πῶς γάρ; εἰ μή πέρ γ' ἅμα
αὑτὴ γένοιτ' ἂν γραῦς τε καὶ νέα γυνή.

ΣΤΡ. καὶ μὴν νενόμισταί γ'. ΦΕΙ. οὐ γάρ, οἶμαι, τὸν νόμον
ἴσασιν ὀρθῶς ὅ τι νοεῖ. ΣΤΡ. νοεῖ δὲ τί;

SOC. You can take him with you now.

STR. My boy, I rejoice to see you of so purely philosophic a colour. Now, for the first time, you look as though you could repudiate your debts and argue down creditors. You have the true native tint of your country. How say you? No doubt you are prepared, when you act unjustly, to assume the look of the injured person, no matter what pranks you have been up to. Yes, I am sure of it. There is the true Attic expression on your face. Now you will save me, whereas once you ruined me.

PHE. What are you afraid of?

STR. The old and the new.

PHE. Old and new what?

STR. Day, on which my creditors say they will summon me.

PHE. Then they will lose their money. One day can't be two days.

STR. Can't it now?

PHE. How can it? Could a female be an old woman and a young one at the same time?

STR. Such has been the law.

PHE. Then people don't know the law or what it really means.

STR. What *does* it really mean?

[redacted]

ΦΕΙ. ὁ Σόλων ὁ παλαιὸς ἦν φιλόδημος τὴν φύσιν.
ΣΤΡ. τουτὶ μὲν οὐδέν πω πρὸς ἕνην τε καὶ νέαν.
ΦΕΙ. ἐκεῖνος οὖν τὴν κλῆσιν εἰς δύ' ἡμέρας
ἔθηκεν, εἴς γε τὴν ἕνην τε καὶ νέαν,
ἵν' αἱ θέσεις γίγνοιντο τῇ νουμηνίᾳ.
ΣΤΡ. ἵνα δὴ τί τὴν ἕνην προσέθηκεν; ΦΕΙ. ἵν', ὦ μέλε,
παρόντες οἱ φεύγοντες ἡμέρᾳ μιᾷ
πρότερον ἀπαλλάττοινθ' ἑκόντες, εἰ δὲ μή,
ἕωθεν ὑπανιῷντο τῇ νουμηνίᾳ.
ΣΤΡ. πῶς οὐ δέχονται δῆτα τῇ νουμηνίᾳ
ἀρχαὶ τὰ πρυτανεῖ', ἀλλ' ἕνῃ τε καὶ νέᾳ;
ΦΕΙ. ὅπερ οἱ προτένθαι γὰρ δοκοῦσί μοι ποιεῖν·
ὅπως τάχιστα τὰ πρυτανεῖ' ὑφελοίατο,
διὰ τοῦτο προὐτένθευσαν ἡμέρᾳ μιᾷ.
ΣΤΡ. εὖ γ', ὦ κακοδαίμονες, τί κάθησθ' ἀβέλτεροι,
ἡμέτερα κέρδη τῶν σοφῶν, ὄντες λίθοι,
ἀριθμὸς, πρόβατ' ἄλλως, ἀμφορῆς νενησμένοι;
ὥστ' εἰς ἐμαυτὸν καὶ τὸν υἱὸν τουτονὶ
ἐπ' εὐτυχίαισιν ᾀστέον μοὐγκώμιον.

PHE. Solon of old was a person of a patriotic turn of mind . . .

STR. Possibly. But this fact does not bear on the old and the new day.

PHE. He therefore fixed the summons for the two days—the old and the new—so that deposits should be made at the new moon.

STR. But why did he add the back day?

PHE. In order, my good sir, that the defendants, if present, might, of their own accord, come to terms on the previous day, or if not, might be pressed on the morning of the new moon.

STR. Then why don't the magistrates take the deposits on the day of the new moon, but on the day of the new and the old?

PHE. Because they are like gluttons at a feast. They grab the deposits as soon as ever they can, and so antedate by one day.

STR. Good! (*To the audience.*) Now, you wretched people, why are you sitting there like a lot of nonentities? You ought to make sport for us wise folks, whereas you are stolid as stones, like a pack of sheep or a heap of empty wine-jars. Well, then, I must sing my own song of triumph for myself and my son here.

μάκαρ ὦ Στρεψίαδες,
αὐτός τ' ἔφυς ὡς σοφός,
χοῖον τὸν υἱὸν τρέφεις,
φήσουσι δή μ' οἱ φίλοι
χοἰ δημόται
ζηλοῦντες ἡνίκ' ἂν σὺ νικᾷς λέγων τὰς δίκας.
ἀλλ' εἰσάγων σε βούλομαι πρῶτον ἑστιᾶσαι.

ΠΑ. εἶτ' ἄνδρα τῶν αὑτοῦ τι χρὴ προϊέναι;
οὐδέποτέ γ', ἀλλὰ κρεῖττον εὐθὺς ἦν τότε
ἀπερυθριᾶσαι μᾶλλον ἢ σχεῖν πράγματα,
ὅτε τῶν ἐμαυτοῦ γ' ἕνεκα νυνὶ χρημάτων
ἕλκω σε κλητεύσοντα, καὶ γενήσομαι
ἐχθρὸς ἔτι πρὸς τούτοισιν ἀνδρὶ δημότῃ.
ἀτὰρ οὐδέποτέ γε τὴν πατρίδα καταισχυνῶ
ζῶν, ἀλλὰ καλοῦμαι Στρεψιάδην. ΣΤΡ. τίς οὑτοσί;

ΠΑ. ἐς τὴν ἕνην τε καὶ νέαν. ΣΤΡ. μαρτύρομαι,
ὅτι ἐς δύ' εἶπεν ἡμέρας. τοῦ χρήματος;

ΠΑ. τῶν δώδεκα μνῶν, ἃς ἔλαβες ὠνούμενος
τὸν ψαρὸν ἵππον. ΣΤΡ. ἵππον; οὐκ ἀκούετε,
ὃν πάντες ὑμεῖς ἴστε μισοῦνθ' ἱππικήν.

Happy Strepsiades, you were clever enough yourself, but what a son you have got! This is what our friends and neighbours will be saying, envying you when you speak and gain your case. Now I must take you inside and stand treat for you. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter PASIAS, *with a Witness.*

PAS. Is a man to lose his money? Never! It would have been better, though, to have refused the loan at first, rather than have all this trouble; since, in order to get my money, I am obliged to drag you up as a witness; and I shall give offence, moreover, to a fellow-citizen. But never whilst I live will I disgrace my country by backing out of my claim. I call Strepsiades.

Re-enter STREPSIADES.

STR. Who's here?

PAS. For the old and the new.

STR. I call attention to the fact that he has named two days. What's the debt?

PAS. The twelve minae you had when you were buying the dark horse.

STR. Horse! You hear that; and you all know how I hate everything horsey.

[redacted]

ΠΑ. καὶ νὴ Δί' ἀποδώσειν γ' ἐπώμνυς τοὺς θεούς.
ΣΤΡ. μὰ τὸν Δί'· οὐ γάρ πω τότ' ἐξηπίστατο
Φειδιππίδης μοι τὸν ἀκατάβλητον λόγον.
ΠΑ. νῦν δὲ διὰ τοῦτ' ἔξαρνος εἶναι διανοεῖ;
ΣΤΡ. τί γὰρ ἄλλ' ἂν ἀπολαύσαιμι τοῦ μαθήματος;
ΠΑ. καὶ ταῦτ' ἐθελήσεις ἀπομόσαι μοι τοὺς θεούς;
ΣΤΡ. ποίους θεούς; ΠΑ. ὃν ἂν κελεύσω. ΣΤΡ. ᾿γωγέ σε,
τὸν Δία, τὸν Ἑρμῆν, τὸν Ποσειδῶ. ΣΤΡ. νὴ Δία,
κἂν προσκαταθείην γ', ὥστ' ὀμόσαι, τριώβολον.
ΠΑ. ἀπόλοιο τοίνυν ἕνεκ' ἀναιδείας ἔτι.
ΣΤΡ. ἁλσὶν διασμηχθεὶς ὄναιτ' ἂν οὑτοσί.
ΠΑ. οἴμ' ὡς καταγελᾷς. ΣΤΡ. ἓξ χόας χωρήσεται.
ΠΑ. οὔ τοι μὰ τὸν Δία τὸν μέγαν καὶ τοὺς θεοὺς
ἐμοῦ καταπροίξει. ΣΤΡ. θαυμασίως ἥσθην θεοῖς,
καὶ Ζεὺς γέλοιος ὀμνύμενος τοῖς εἰδόσιν.

PAS. And, by God! you took all the deities to witness you would pay me!

STR. Ah! but then Pheidippides had not learnt the invincible form of argument.

PAS. Are you going to use that as a pretext for repudiating the debt?

STR. What else would be the use of a liberal education?

PAS. And do you want to swear off by the gods?

STR. What gods?

PAS. *Zeus*, Hermes, Poseidon—the deities I shall invoke against you.

STR. By God! yes; and I would add three obols to my deposit for the pure sake of swearing.

PAS. Damn your impudence!

STR. It would do this fellow good to pickle him and turn him into a wineskin.

PAS. There, you're laughing at me now.

STR. He'd hold a good six gallons.

PAS. By *Zeus* Almighty and the rest of the gods! you shan't chaff me with impunity.

STR. I like your prating about the gods wonderfully. The *Zeus* you swear by is a laughing-stock to us philosophers.

ΠΑ. ἦ μὴν σὺ τούτων τῷ χρόνῳ δώσεις δίκην.
ἀλλ' εἴτ' ἀποδώσεις μοι τὰ χρήματ' εἴτε μή,
ἀπόπεμψον ἀποκρινάμενος. ΣΤΡ. ἔχε νυν ἥσυχος.
ἐγὼ γὰρ αὐτίκ' ἀποκρινοῦμαί σοι σαφῶς.
ΠΑ. τί σοι δοκεῖ δράσειν; ἀποδώσειν σοι δοκεῖ;
ΣΤΡ. ποῦ 'σθ' οὗτος ἀπαιτῶν με τἀργύριον; λέγε,
τουτὶ τί ἔστι; ΠΑ. τοῦθ' ὅ τι ἐστί; κάρδοπος.
ΣΤΡ. ἔπειτ' ἀπαιτεῖς τἀργύριον τοιοῦτος ὤν;
οὐκ ἂν ἀποδοίην οὐδ' ἂν ὀβολὸν οὐδενί,
ὅστις καλέσειε κάρδοπον τὴν καρδόπην.
ΠΑ. οὐκ ἄρ' ἀποδώσεις; ΣΤΡ. οὐχ, ὅσον γέ μ' εἰ-
δέναι.
οὔκουν ἀνύσας τι θᾶττον ἀπολιταργιεῖς
ἀπὸ τῆς θύρας; ΠΑ. ἄπειμι, καὶ τοῦτ' ἴσθ', ὅτι
θήσω πρυτανεῖ', ἢ μηκέτι ζῴην ἐγώ.
ΣΤΡ. προσαποβαλεῖς ἄρ' αὐτὰ πρὸς ταῖς δώδεκα.
καίτοι σε τοῦτό γ' οὐχὶ βούλομαι παθεῖν,
ὁτιὴ 'κάλεσας εὐηθικῶς τὴν κάρδοπον.
ΑΜ. ἰώ μοί μοι.

PAS. You shall sooner or later pay the penalty for this. Give me an answer, whether you will pay or not, and let me go.

STR. Keep quiet, and I'll give you a plain answer in a minute. (*Exit.*)

PAS. (*to the Witness*). What do you think he'll do? Is he going to pay?

STR. (*reappearing*). Now, where's the fellow that wants money from me. Say, what's this?

PAS. That's a kneading-trough, what we call a cardopus.

STR. And you have the face to ask me for money when you are such an ignoramus! I wouldn't pay a penny to a fellow who would call a cardop*e* a cardop*us*.

PAS. So you won't pay?

STR. Not if I know it. Now then, make haste and take yourself off from my door.

PAS. Yes, I'll go; and you may make up your mind I'll summon you; I wish I may die if I don't. (*Exit.*)

STR. Do; then you'll lose some more money in addition to the twelve minae. Still, I don't know that I want him to suffer because he was fool enough to talk about a cardo-pus.

AMY. (*outside*). O dear, O dear me, lawks-a-mercy!

[redacted]

ΣΤΡ. ἔα· τίς οὑτοσί ποτ' ἔσθ' ὁ θρηνῶν; οὔ τί που
τῶν Καρκίνου τις δαιμόνων ἐφθέγξατο;

ΑΜ. τί δ' ὅστις εἰμί, τοῦτο βούλεσθ' εἰδέναι;
ἀνὴρ κακοδαίμων. ΣΤΡ. κατὰ σεαυτόν νυν
τρέπου.

ΑΜ. ὦ σκληρὲ δαῖμον, ὦ τύχαι θραυσάντυγες
ἵππων ἐμῶν· ὦ Παλλάς, ὥς μ' ἀπώλεσας.

ΣΤΡ. τί δαί σε Τληπόλεμός ποτ' εἴργασται κακόν;

ΑΜ. μὴ σκῶπτέ μ', ὦ τάν, ἀλλά μοι τὰ χρήματα
τὸν υἱὸν ἀποδοῦναι κέλευσον ἅλαβεν,
[ἄλλως τε μέντοι καὶ κακῶς πεπραγότι.]

ΣΤΡ. τὰ ποῖα ταῦτα χρήμαθ'; ΑΜ. ἁδανείσατο.

ΣΤΡ. κακῶς ἄρ' ὄντως εἶχες, ὥς γ' ἐμοὶ δοκεῖς.

ΑΜ. ἵππους ἐλαύνων ἐξέπεσον νὴ τοὺς θεούς.

ΣΤΡ. τί δῆτα ληρεῖς ὥσπερ ἀπ' ὄνου καταπεσών;

ΑΜ. ληρῶ, τὰ χρήματ' ἀπολαβεῖν εἰ βούλομαι;

STR. Hallo! Who's this howling swell? Can it be one of the Carcinus[1] lot—some crabbed devil or other?

Enter AMYNIAS.

AMY. Do you want to know who I am? An unhappy individual.

STR. Then keep to yourself, will you?

AMY. Unhappy fate that smashed my trap! O Pallas Athene, you have done for me!

STR. What are you quoting Tlepolemus for? What harm has he done you?

AMY. Don't chaff me. Tell your son to pay me the money he had of me, more especially now I have come to such utter grief.

STR. What money?

AMY. The money he borrowed of me.

STR. You really have come to grief, I see.

AMY. Yes, by the gods, I've had a regular spill with my horses.

STR. You talk as though you had had a spill from your ass.

AMY. Do I talk such nonsense when I only want to get my money back?

[1] A tragedian, who apparently introduced in some play gods or heroes weeping and lamenting. The word Κάρκινος means "crab."

[redacted]

ΣΤΡ. *οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως σύ γ' αὐτὸς ὑγιαίνεις.* ΑΜ. *τί δαί*

ΣΤΡ. *τὸν ἐγκέφαλον ὥσπερ σεσεῖσθαί μοι δοκεῖς.*

ΑΜ. *σὺ δὲ νὴ τὸν Ἑρμῆν προσκεκλήσεσθαί γέ μοι,*
εἰ μἀποδώσεις τἀργύριον. ΣΤΡ. *κάτειπέ νυν,*
πότερα νομίζεις καινὸν ἀεὶ τὸν Δία
ὕειν ὕδωρ ἑκάστοτ', ἢ τὸν ἥλιον
ἕλκειν κάτωθεν ταὐτὸ τοῦθ' ὕδωρ πάλιν;

ΑΜ. *οὐκ οἶδ' ἔγωγ' ὁπότερον, οὐδέ μοι μέλει.*

ΣΤΡ. *πῶς οὖν ἀπολαβεῖν τἀργύριον δίκαιος εἶ,*
εἰ μηδὲν οἶσθα τῶν μετεώρων πραγμάτων;

ΑΜ. *ἀλλ' εἰ σπανίζεις, τἀργυρίου μοι τὸν τόκον*
ἀπόδοτε. ΣΤΡ. *τοῦτο δ' ἔσθ' ὁ τόκος τί θηρίον;*

ΑΜ. *τί δ' ἄλλο γ' ἢ κατὰ μῆνα καὶ καθ' ἡμέραν*
πλέον πλέον τἀργύριον ἀεὶ γίγνεται,
ὑπορρέοντος τοῦ χρόνου; ΣΤΡ. *καλῶς λέγεις.*
τί δῆτα; τὴν θάλατταν ἔσθ' ὅτι πλείονα
νυνὶ νομίζεις ἢ πρὸ τοῦ; ΑΜ. *μὰ Δί', ἀλλ' ἴσην.*
οὐ γὰρ δίκαιον πλείον' εἶναι. ΣΤΡ. *κᾆτα πῶς*

STR. You can't be in your sober senses.

AMY. Why not?

STR. Your brain must have got a shake-up

AMY. It appears to me you will get a shake-up if you don't pay the money.

STR. Now tell me, do you suppose that when it rains, Zeus makes fresh water, or does the sun draw up the water from below?

AMY. I don't know, and don't care a hang.

STR. Then do you think you are going to get the money when you know nothing about meteorology?

AMY. If you are hard up, pay me the bare interest.

STR. What sort of an interest-ing animal is that?

AMY. An animal that gets in an interesting condition every month, nay, every day, and continually brings forth more money, as time goes on.

STR. Ah! you put that very smartly. Now do you suppose that the sea is larger at present than it formerly was?

AMY. By God, no! but just the same. How could it be bigger?

STR. Then, you scamp, if the sea gets no

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αὕτη μέν, ὦ κακόδαιμον, οὐδὲν γίγνεται
ἐπιρρεόντων τῶν ποταμῶν πλείων, σὺ δὲ
ζητεῖς ποιῆσαι τἀργύριον πλεῖον τὸ σόν;
οὐκ ἀποδιώξεις σαυτὸν ἀπὸ τῆς οἰκίας;
φέρε μοι τὸ κέντρον. ΑΜ. *ταῦτ' ἐγὼ μαρτύρομαι.*
ΣΤΡ. *ὕπαγε, τί μέλλεις; οὐκ ἐλᾷς, ὦ σαμφόρα;*
ΑΜ. *ταῦτ' οὐχ ὕβρις δῆτ' ἐστίν;* ΣΤΡ. *ᾄξεις; ἐπιαλῶ*
κεντῶν ὑπὸ τὸν πρωκτόν σε τὸν σειραφόρον.
φεύγεις; ἔμελλόν σ' ἄρα κινήσειν ἐγὼ
αὐτοῖς τροχοῖς τοῖς σοῖσι καὶ ξυνωρίσιν.
ΧΟΡ. *οἷον τὸ πραγμάτων ἐρᾶν φλαύρων· ὁ γὰρ*
γέρων ὅδ' ἐρασθεὶς
ἀποστερῆσαι βούλεται
τὰ χρήμαθ' ἁδανείσατο·
κοὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως οὐ τήμερόν τι λήψεται
πρᾶγμ', ὃ τοῦτον ποιήσει τὸν σοφιστήν,
ἀνθ' ὧν πανουργεῖν ἤρξατ', ἐξαίφνης κακὸν λα-
βεῖν τι.
οἶμαι γὰρ αὐτὸν αὐτίχ' εὑρήσειν ὅπερ
πάλαι ποτ' ἐπήτει,
εἶναι τὸν υἱὸν δεινόν οἱ
γνώμας ἐναντίας λέγειν
τοῖσιν δικαίοις, ὥστε νικᾶν [ἅπαντας] οἷσπερ ἂν
ξυγγένηται, κἂν λέγῃ παμπόνηρα.

bigger, though all the rivers run into it, why should you try to make your money get bigger? Will you take yourself off from my house? Bring me my stick.

AMY. I call witnesses to prove assault and battery.

STR. Be off! What are you waiting for? Go ahead, you high-stepper, will you?

AMY. Isn't this insolence?

STR. Will you step it? or must I poke my stick under your tail? Are you going? If not, I shall move you on—trap, wheels and all.

(*Exit* STREPSIADES, *driving off* AMYNIAS.)

CHO. What a terrible thing it is when people take to dishonest courses! This old fellow has fallen into that way, and now tries to cheat the man out of the money he borrowed from him. I shall be surprised if this day passes without our new-fledged sophist suddenly having his eyes opened. (*Noise within*). I rather fancy he is already getting more than he bargained for. He wanted his son to be clever at arguing against justice, so that he might beat everybody he met, even though he himself should be in the wrong.

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ἴσως δ' ἴσως βουλήσεται κάφωνον αὐτὸν εἶναι.
ΣΤΡ. *ἰοὺ ἰού.*
ὦ γείτονες καὶ ξυγγενεῖς καὶ δημόται,
ἀμυνάθετέ μοι τυπτομένῳ πάσῃ τέχνῃ.
οἴμοι κακοδαίμων τῆς κεφαλῆς καὶ τῆς γνάθου.
ὦ μιαρέ, τύπτεις τὸν πατέρα; ΦΕΙ. *φήμ', ὦ πάτερ.*
ΣΤΡ. *ὁρᾶθ' ὁμολογοῦνθ' ὅτι με τύπτει.* ΦΕΙ. *καὶ μάλα.*
ΣΤΡ. *ὦ μιαρὲ καὶ πατραλοῖα καὶ τοιχωρύχε.*
ΦΕΙ. *αὖθίς με ταὐτὰ ταῦτα καὶ πλείω λέγε.*
ἆρ' οἶσθ' ὅτι χαίρω πόλλ' ἀκούων καὶ κακά;
ΣΤΡ. *ὦ λακκόπρωκτε.* ΦΕΙ. *πάττε πολλοῖς τοῖς ῥόδοις.*
ΣΤΡ. *τὸν πατέρα τύπτεις;* ΦΕΙ. *κἀποφανῶ γε νὴ Δία*
ὡς ἐν δίκῃ σ' ἔτυπτον. ΣΤΡ. *ὦ μιαρώτατε,*
καὶ πῶς γένοιτ' ἂν πατέρα τύπτειν ἐν δίκῃ;

Perhaps by this time he is wishing the youth were dumb.

Enter STREPSIADES, *pursued by* PHEIDIPPIDES.

STR. Murder, murder! Neighbours, kinsmen, fellow-parishioners, help me with all your might and main, for I'm being beaten! O my head! and O my poor, poor jaw! You villain! do you beat your father?

PHE. Yes, father, I certainly do.

STR. There, you hear, he acknowledges he beats me.

PHE. There's not the smallest doubt about it.

STR. You hound, you parricide, you—burglar!

PHE. Call me all that, and more too. You can't think how I enjoy your remarks, strong as they are.

STR. You sodomite, you . . .

PHE. That's right. Sprinkle me with roses.

STR. Beat your father, do you?

PHE. Yes, and I'll prove I've a perfect right to beat you too.

STR. Puppy! How can it be right for you to beat your father?

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ΦΕΙ. ἔγωγ᾽ ἀποδείξω, καί σε νικήσω λέγων.
ΣΤΡ. τουτὶ σὺ νικήσεις; ΦΕΙ. πολύ γε καὶ ῥᾳδίως.
ἑλοῦ δ᾽ ὁπότερον τοῖν λόγοιν βούλει λέγειν.
ΣΤΡ. ποίοιν λόγοιν; ΦΕΙ. τὸν κρείττον᾽, ἢ τὸν ἥττονα;
ΣΤΡ. ἐδιδαξάμην μέντοι σε νὴ Δί᾽, ὦ μέλε,
τοῖσιν δικαίοις ἀντιλέγειν, εἰ ταῦτά γε
μέλλεις ἀναπείσειν, ὡς δίκαιον καὶ καλὸν
τὸν πατέρα τύπτεσθ᾽ ἐστὶν ὑπὸ τῶν υἱέων.
ΦΕΙ. ἀλλ᾽ οἴομαι μέντοι σ᾽ ἀναπείσειν, ὥστε γε
οὐδ᾽ αὐτὸς ἀκροασάμενος οὐδὲν ἀντερεῖς.
ΣΤΡ. καὶ μὴν ὅ τι καὶ λέξεις ἀκοῦσαι βούλομαι.
ΧΟΡ. σὸν ἔργον, ὦ πρεσβῦτα, φροντίζειν ὅπῃ
τὸν ἄνδρα κρατήσεις,
ὡς οὗτος, εἰ μή τῳ ᾽πεποίθειν, οὐκ ἂν ἦν
οὕτως ἀκόλαστος.
ἀλλ᾽ ἔσθ᾽ ὅτῳ θρασύνεται·
δῆλον τὸ λῆμ᾽ ἐστὶ τἀνθρώπου.
ἀλλ᾽ ἐξ ὅτου τὸ πρῶτον ἤρξαθ᾽ ἡ μάχη γενέσθαι
ἤδη λέγειν πρὸς τὸν χορόν· πάντως δὲ τοῦτο δράσεις.
ΣΤΡ. καὶ μὴν ὅθεν γε πρῶτον ἠρξάμεσθα λοιδορεῖσθαι

PHE. I'll demonstrate it to you; and I'll beat you in my argument.

STR. Beat me in this way too?

PHE. Completely and easily. Choose which of the two modes of argument you like.

STR. What two?

PHE. The Superior or the Inferior; which shall it be?

STR. My God, I *have* had you taught to talk down justice, and no mistake, if you are going to persuade me that it is just and right for a father to be beaten by his sons.

PHE. And I feel sure I *shall* persuade you so forcibly that, when you hear, even you yourself will not have a word to say against me.

STR. Well, I'm ready to hear what you've got to say.

CHO. Now, old man, it is for you to think how you are going to hold in this youth; for he would scarcely have gone to such lengths without some encouragement. He clearly has something to back him up, which makes him so audacious. Tell the Chorus how the quarrel first arose; of course you will.

STR. Yes, I'll tell you what first set us at loggerheads. You must know, then, that when

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ἐγὼ φράσω· 'πειδὴ γὰρ εἱστιώμεθ', ὥσπερ ἴστε,
πρῶτον μὲν αὐτὸν τὴν λύραν λαβόντ' ἐγὼ 'κέλευσα
ᾆσαι Σιμωνίδου μέλος, τὸν Κριόν, ὡς ἐπέχθη.
ὁ δ' εὐθέως ἀρχαῖον εἶν' ἔφασκε τὸ κιθαρίζειν
ᾄδειν τε πίνονθ', ὡσπερεὶ κάχρυς γυναῖκ' ἀλοῦσαν.

ΦΕΙ. οὐ γὰρ τότ' εὐθὺς χρῆν σ' ἄρα τύπτεσθαί τε καὶ πατεῖσθαι,
ᾄδειν κελεύονθ', ὡσπερεὶ τέττιγας ἑστιῶντα;

ΣΤΡ. τοιαῦτα μέντοι καὶ τότ' ἔλεγεν ἔνδον, οἷάπερ νῦν,
καὶ τὸν Σιμωνίδην ἔφασκ' εἶναι κακὸν ποιητήν.
κἀγὼ μόλις μέν, ἀλλ' ὅμως ἠνεσχόμην τὸ πρῶτον·
ἔπειτα δ' ἐκέλευσ' αὐτὸν ἀλλὰ μυρρίνην λαβόντα
τῶν Αἰσχύλου λέξαι τί μοι· κᾆθ' οὗτος εὐθὺς εἶπεν,
[ἐγὼ γὰρ Αἰσχύλον νομίζω πρῶτον ἐν ποιηταῖς]
ψόφου πλέων, ἀξύστατον, στόμφακα, κρημνοποιόν.
κἀνταῦθα πῶς οἴεσθέ μου τὴν καρδίαν ὀρεχθεῖν;
ὅμως δὲ τὸν θυμὸν δακὼν ἔφην, σὺ δ' ἀλλὰ τούτων
λέξον τι τῶν νεωτέρων, ἅττ' ἐστὶ τὰ σοφὰ ταῦτα.
ὁ δ' εὐθὺς ᾖσ' Εὐριπίδου ῥῆσίν τιν', ὡς ἐκίνει
ἀδελφός, ὦλεξίκακε, τὴν ὁμομητρίαν ἀδελφήν.
κἀγὼ οὐκέτ' ἐξηνεσχόμην, ἀλλ' εὐθὺς ἐξαράττω
πολλοῖς κακοῖς καἰσχροῖσι· κᾆτ' ἐντεῦθεν, οἷον εἰκός,

we sat down to our banquet, I first of all told him to take his lyre and sing that song by Simonides, "The Ram, and how he was Shorn." Thereupon he replied that playing the lyre at a banquet had gone out of fashion. It put him in mind, he said, of an old woman grinding her corn.

PHE. Didn't you deserve to be pounded and trampled upon, telling a fellow to sing just as though it was a feast of grasshoppers?

STR. That was what he said inside there, just as he is saying it now. He even said that Simonides was only a second-rate poet. Then I told him to take a myrtle-wreath and recite me something out of Aeschylus—for I consider Aeschylus the prince of poets—but he said he was full of rant, unpolished, bombastic, and turgid. You may fancy how my gorge rose at that, but I bit in my breath, and requested him to favour us with some wise saw from the more recent poets. Thereupon he regaled us with a choice excerpt from Euripides, setting forth —great God!—how a brother seduced his sister. Then I couldn't stand it any longer, but abused him roundly. As you may suppose, one word led to another, till he jumped upon me,

ἔπος πρὸς ἔπος ἐρειδόμεσθ᾽· εἶθ᾽ οὗτος ἐπαναπηδᾷ,
κἄπειτ᾽ ἔφλα με κἀσπόδει κἄπνιγε κἀπέτριβεν.

ΦΕΙ. οὔκουν δικαίως, ὅστις οὐκ Εὐριπίδην ἐπαινεῖς, σοφώτατον; ΣΤΡ. σοφώτατόν γ᾽ ἐκεῖνον, ὦ τί σ᾽ εἴπω;
ἀλλ᾽ αὖθις αὖ τυπτήσομαι. ΦΕΙ. νὴ τὸν Δί᾽, ἐν δίκῃ γ᾽ ἄν.

ΣΤΡ. καὶ πῶς δικαίως; ὅστις ὦναίσχυντέ σ᾽ ἐξέθρεψα, αἰσθανόμενός σου πάντα τραυλίζοντος, ὅ τι νοοίης.
εἰ μέν γε βρῦν εἴποις, ἐγὼ γνοὺς ἂν πιεῖν ἐπέσχον·
μαμμᾶν δ᾽ ἂν αἰτήσαντος ἧκόν σοι φέρων ἂν ἄρτον·
κακκᾶν δ᾽ ἂν οὐκ ἔφθης φράσαι, κἀγὼ λαβὼν θύραζε
ἐξέφερον ἂν καὶ προὐσχόμην σε· σὺ δ᾽ ἐμὲ νῦν ἀπάγχων
βοῶντα καὶ κεκραγόθ᾽ ὅτι
χεζητιῴην, οὐκ ἔτλης
ἔξω ᾽ξενεγκεῖν, ὦ μιαρέ,
θύραζέ μ᾽, ἀλλὰ πνιγόμενος
αὐτοῦ ᾽ποίησα κακκᾶν.

ΧΟΡ. οἶμαί γε τῶν νεωτέρων τὰς καρδίας
πηδᾶν, ὅ τι λέξει.

pounded me, dusted me down, throttled me and half-killed me.

PHE. And was it not with good reason, when you wouldn't praise Euripides, our wisest poet?

STR. He—wisest? What shall I say to you? Only then I shall be walloped once more.

PHE. Yes, by God you will, and justly too.

STR. How can it be justly, when it was I, you scapegrace, who brought you up, and understood all you meant when you could only stammer your childish words? When, for instance, you said "Bru," I comprehended that you meant "Brew," and gave you a drink. If you remarked "Mamma," I took the maternal term for myself and fetched you food. Then you said "Kakka," when I took you out of doors and held you out accordingly; while you throttle me when I shout out that I want to shit, and—ungrateful lad—do not take me out of doors tenderly, but force me to do my dirt about myself whilst I am in process of being suffocated.

CHO. Surely the hearts of the younger men will leap up to know what he will say in reply

[redacted]

εἰ γὰρ τοιαῦτά γ' οὗτος ἐξειργασμένος
λαλῶν ἀναπείσει,
τὸ δέρμα τῶν γεραιτέρων
λάβοιμεν ἂν ἀλλ' οὐδ' ἐρεβίνθου.
σὸν ἔργον, ὦ καινῶν ἐπῶν κινητὰ καὶ μοχλευτά,
πειθώ τινα ζητεῖν, ὅπως δόξεις λέγειν δίκαια.

ΦΕΙ. ὡς ἡδὺ καινοῖς πράγμασιν καὶ δεξιοῖς ὁμιλεῖν,
καὶ τῶν καθεστώτων νόμων ὑπερφρονεῖν δύνασθαι.
ἐγὼ γὰρ ὅτε μὲν ἱππικῇ τὸν νοῦν μόνον προσεῖχον,
οὐδ' ἂν τρί' εἰπεῖν ῥήμαθ' οἷός τ' ἦν πρὶν ἐξαμαρτεῖν·
νυνὶ δ' ἐπειδή μ' οὑτοσὶ τούτων ἔπαυσεν αὐτός,
γνώμαις δὲ λεπταῖς καὶ λόγοις ξύνειμι καὶ μερίμναις,
οἶμαι διδάξειν ὡς δίκαιον τὸν πατέρα κολάζειν.

ΣΤΡ. ἵππευε τοίνυν νὴ Δί', ὡς ἔμοιγε κρεῖττόν ἐστιν
ἵππων τρέφειν τέθριππον ἢ τυπτόμενον ἐπιτριβῆναι.

ΦΕΙ. ἐκεῖσε δ' ὅθεν ἀπέσχισάς με τοῦ λόγου μέτειμι,
καὶ πρῶτ' ἐρήσομαί σε τουτί· παῖδά μ' ὄντ' ἔτυπτες;

ΣΤΡ. ἔγωγέ σ', εὐνοῶν γε καὶ κηδόμενος. ΦΕΙ. εἰπὲ δή μοι,
οὐ κἀμέ σοι δίκαιόν ἐστιν εὐνοεῖν ὁμοίως

to these affecting details; for if, after such conduct, this youth proves his case, the skin of the old men will never be safe from a good tanning. You must do your best, then, you inventor and patron of novel arguments, to prove that your contention is a just one.

PHE. How pleasant it is to be sure, when one is brought face to face with these new and subtle devices, so as to be able to set at defiance all existing laws! Hitherto I have devoted myself solely to horsey matters, and couldn't put three words together without making a mistake. But now my father has changed all that. Now I am full of logical subtleties and high thoughts, so I think I shall soon be able to establish the right of beating one's governor.

STR. For God's sake go back to your horsiness again. It will be far better for me to keep a drag and four than to have the life pummelled out of me!

PHE. To revert to our argument, where we broke it off. First, I would ask you this: when I was a little boy, did you beat me?

STR. Yes, out of pure benevolence and for your own good.

PHE. Then is it not right for me to consider

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[τύπτειν τ', ἐπειδήπερ γε τοῦτ' ἔστ' εὐνοεῖν, τὸ τύπτειν;]
πῶς γὰρ τὸ μὲν σὸν σῶμα χρὴ πληγῶν ἀθῷον εἶναι,
τοὐμὸν δὲ μή; καὶ μὴν ἔφυν ἐλεύθερός γε κἀγώ.
κλάουσι παῖδες, πατέρα δ' οὐ κλάειν δοκεῖς;
φήσεις νομίζεσθαι σὺ παιδὸς τοῦτο τοὔργον εἶναι·
ἐγὼ δέ γ' ἀντείποιμ' ἂν ὡς δὶς παῖδες οἱ γέροντες.
εἰκὸς δὲ μᾶλλον τοὺς γέροντας τοῦ νέου 'στι κλάειν,
ὅσῳπερ ἐξαμαρτάνειν ἧττον δίκαιον αὐτούς.

ΣΤΡ. ἀλλ' οὐδαμοῦ νομίζεται τὸν πατέρα τοῦτο πάσχειν.

ΦΕΙ. οὔκουν ἀνὴρ ὁ τὸν νόμον θεὶς τοῦτον ἦν τὸ πρῶτον,
ὥσπερ σὺ κἀγώ, καὶ λέγων ἔπειθε τοὺς παλαιούς;
ἧττον τί δῆτ' ἔξεστι κἀμοὶ καινὸν αὖ τὸ λοιπὸν
θεῖναι νόμον τοῖς υἱέσιν, τοὺς πατέρας ἀντιτύπτειν;
ὅσας δὲ πληγὰς εἴχομεν πρὶν τὸν νόμον τεθῆναι,
ἀφίεμεν, καὶ δίδομεν αὐτοῖς προῖκα συγκεκόφθαι.
σκέψαι δὲ τοὺς ἀλεκτρυόνας καὶ τἄλλα τὰ βοτὰ ταυτί,
ὡς τοὺς πατέρας ἀμύνεται· καίτοι τί διαφέρουσιν
ἡμῶν ἐκεῖνοι, πλὴν ὅτι ψηφίσματ' οὐ γράφουσιν;

ΣΤΡ. τί δῆτ', ἐπειδὴ τοὺς ἀλεκτρυόνας ἅπαντα μιμεῖ,
οὐκ ἐσθίεις καὶ τὴν κόπρον κἀπὶ ξύλου καθεύδεις;

your good and to beat you, since thrashing is synonymous with pure benevolence? Why should your body be exempt from blows any more than mine? I was born a free agent, as much so as yourself. Must children howl and not their fathers? You will say, perhaps, that all this is customary with children. I reply that old people are in their second childhood. It is right too that old people should have cause for howling, since there is less excuse for their committing faults.

STR. Still, nowhere does the custom exist that a father should suffer in this way.

PHE. But was not the person who established the custom and persuaded our ancestors to adopt it just a man like you and me? Why, then, mayn't I start the new fashion for sons to wallop their fathers? We'll remit the blows we received before the new law came into force; it needn't be retrospective. Look at the case of cocks, however, and other animals. See how they punish their papas. How do we differ from them—save in so far that they do not write down their laws?

STR. If you take the cocks as your model, you had better eat dung and roost on a perch.

ΦΕΙ. οὐ ταυτόν, ὦ τάν, ἐστιν, οὐδ' ἂν Σωκράτει δοκοίη.

ΣΤΡ. πρὸς ταῦτα μὴ τύπτ'· εἰ δὲ μή, σαυτόν ποτ' αἰτιάσει.

ΦΕΙ. καὶ πῶς; ΣΤΡ. ἐπεὶ σὲ μὲν δίκαιός εἰμ' ἐγὼ κολάζειν,
σὺ δ', ἢν γένηταί σοι, τὸν υἱόν. ΦΕΙ. ἢν δὲ μὴ γένηται,
μάτην ἐμοὶ κεκλαύσεται, σὺ δ' ἐγχανὼν τεθνήξεις.

ΣΤΡ. ἐμοὶ μέν, ὦνδρες ἥλικες, δοκεῖ λέγειν δίκαια·
κἄμοιγε συγχωρεῖν δοκεῖ τούτοισι τἀπιεικῆ.
κλάειν γὰρ ἡμᾶς εἰκός ἐστ', ἢν μὴ δίκαια δρῶμεν.

ΦΕΙ. σκέψαι δὲ χἀτέραν ἔτι γνώμην. ΣΤΡ. ἀπὸ γὰρ ὀλοῦμαι.

ΦΕΙ. καὶ μὴν ἴσως γ' οὐκ ἀχθέσει παθὼν ἃ νῦν πέπονθας.

ΣΤΡ. πῶς δή; δίδαξον γὰρ τί μ' ἐκ τούτων ἐπωφελήσεις.

ΦΕΙ. τὴν μητέρ' ὥσπερ καὶ σὲ τυπτήσω. ΣΤΡ. τί δῆτα φῄς σύ;
τοῦθ' ἕτερον αὖ μεῖζον κακόν. ΦΕΙ. τί δ', ἢν ἔχων τὸν ἥττω
λόγον σὲ νικήσω λέγων
τὴν μητέρ' ὡς τύπτειν χρεών;

PHE. That's pushing the simile too far, my good sir; I'm sure Socrates would say so.

STR. There's another reason for your not walloping me. You'll repent it one of these days.

PHE. How so?

STR. Because, if I had the right to thrash you, you will have the right to thrash your son, if ever you beget one.

PHE. But suppose I never do. Then my repentance would be vain, and you would die of laughing at me.

STR. (*with sudden conviction*). Good friends, I feel my son is right, and I must cave in. We must suffer, I suppose, if we make fools of ourselves.

PHE. And see here; there is another practical reason.

STR. What is it? Tell me the additional advantages of my corporal punishment.

PHE. I shall beat my mother too, as well as yourself.

STR. What are you saying? Why, this would be more monstrous still.

PHE. But how if, by an adroit use of the Superior Argumentation, I should convince you on the subject of maternal castigation?

ΣΤΡ. τί δ' ἄλλο γ' ἢ ταῦτ' ἣν ποιῇς
οὐδέν σε κωλύσει σεαυ-
τὸν ἐμβαλεῖν ἐς τὸ βάραθρον
μετὰ Σωκράτους
καὶ τὸν λόγον τὸν ἥττω.
ταυτὶ δι' ὑμᾶς, ὦ Νεφέλαι, πέπονθ' ἐγώ,
ὑμῖν ἀναθεὶς ἅπαντα τἀμὰ πράγματα.
ΧΟΡ. αὐτὸς μὲν οὖν σαυτῷ σὺ τούτων αἴτιος,
στρέψας σεαυτὸν ἐς πονηρὰ πράγματα.
ΣΤΡ. τί δῆτα ταῦτ' οὔ μοι τότ' ἠγορεύετε,
ἀλλ' ἄνδρ' ἄγροικον καὶ γέροντ' ἐπήρετε;
ΧΟΡ. ἡμεῖς ποιοῦμεν ταῦθ' ἑκάστοθ', ὅταν τινὰ
γνῶμεν πονηρῶν ὄντ' ἐραστὴν πραγμάτων,
ἕως ἂν αὐτὸν ἐμβάλωμεν εἰς κακόν,
ὅπως ἂν εἰδῇ τοὺς θεοὺς δεδοικέναι.
ΣΤΡ. ὤμοι, πονηρά γ', ὦ Νεφέλαι, δίκαια δέ.
οὐ γάρ μ' ἐχρῆν τὰ χρήμαθ' ἁδανεισάμην
ἀποστερεῖν. νῦν οὖν ὅπως, ὦ φίλτατε,
τὸν Χαιρεφῶντα τὸν μιαρὸν καὶ Σωκράτην
ἀπολεῖς μετελθών, οἳ σὲ κἄμ' ἐξηπάτων.
ΦΕΙ. ἀλλ' οὐκ ἂν ἀδικήσαιμι τοὺς διδασκάλους.
ΣΤΡ. ναὶ ναί, καταιδέσθητι πατρῷον Δία.
ΦΕΙ. ἰδού γε Δία πατρῷον· ὡς ἀρχαῖος εἶ.
Ζεὺς γάρ τις ἔστιν; ΣΤΡ. ἔστιν.

STR. Why, in that case there would be nothing left for you but to go to the bottomless pit along with Socrates and his Superior Argumentation. (*To the* CHORUS.) A pretty pickle I've got into, you Clouds, all along of putting my affairs into your hands!

CHO. No, indeed; you yourself are the cause, since you turned to slippery courses.

STR. Why didn't you tell me all this beforehand, instead of exciting a clodhopping old cuss as you did?

CHO. We always do so. When we see a person prone to evil, we let him go to the bad, so that he may learn to fear the gods.

STR. Rough, my good Clouds, but right, I suppose. Probably I ought not to have embezzled the money I borrowed. And now, my best-beloved son, go for Chaerephon and that accursed Socrates who fooled me.

PHE. (*sententiously*). Never could I harm my pastors and masters.

STR. O yes, yes. Let your reverence revert to paternal Zeus.

PHE. Paternal Zeus! How old-fashioned you are! Is there any Zeus?

STR. There is.

[redacted]

ΦΕΙ. οὐκ ἔστ' οὔκ, ἐπεὶ
Δῖνος βασιλεύει, τὸν Δί' ἐξεληλακώς.
ΣΤΡ. οὐκ ἐξελήλακ', ἀλλ' ἐγὼ τοῦτ' ᾠόμην,
διὰ τουτονὶ τὸν δῖνον. οἴμοι δείλαιος,
ὅτε καὶ σὲ χυτρεοῦν ὄντα θεὸν ἡγησάμην.
ΦΕΙ. ἐνταῦθα σαυτῷ παραφρόνει καὶ φληνάφα.
ΣΤΡ. οἴμοι παρανοίας· ὡς ἐμαινόμην ἄρα,
ὅτ' ἐξέβαλλον τοὺς θεοὺς διὰ Σωκράτην.
ἀλλ', ὦ φίλ' Ἑρμῆ, μηδαμῶς θύμαινέ μοι,
μηδέ μ' ἐπιτρίψῃς, ἀλλὰ συγγνώμην ἔχε
ἐμοῦ παρανοήσαντος ἀδολεσχίᾳ.
καί μοι γενοῦ ξύμβουλος, εἴτ' αὐτοὺς γραφὴν
διωκάθω γραψάμενος, εἴθ' ὅ τι σοι δοκεῖ.
ὀρθῶς παραινεῖς οὐκ ἐῶν δικορραφεῖν,
ἀλλ' ὡς τάχιστ' ἐμπιμπράναι τὴν οἰκίαν
τῶν ἀδολεσχῶν. δεῦρο δεῦρ', ὦ Ξανθία,
κλίμακα λαβὼν ἔξελθε καὶ σμινύην φέρων,
κἄπειτ' ἐπαναβὰς ἐπὶ τὸ φροντιστήριον
τὸ τέγος κατάσκαπτ', εἰ φιλεῖς τὸν δεσπότην,
ἕως ἂν αὐτοῖς ἐμβάλῃς τὴν οἰκίαν·
ἐμοὶ δὲ δᾷδ' ἐνεγκάτω τις ἡμμένην,
κἀγώ τιν' αὐτῶν τήμερον δοῦναι δίκην
ἐμοὶ ποιήσω, κεἰ σφόδρ' εἴσ' ἀλαζόνες.

PHE. There isn't. Vortex is king, and has deposed Zeus.

STR. He has not deposed him. I only thought so through getting mixed up with what was but an earthen vessel after all.

PHE. Well, I leave you to your foolery and chattering. (*Exit.*)

STR. And I have been a fool. I was mad when I chucked the Gods all through Socrates. Good Hermes, don't be angry with me; don't drop down heavily on me, but have some consideration for my idiocy in being blarneyed by those people. Now be you my adviser. Shall I bring an action against them, or what would you have me do? I pause for advice. (*After a pause.*) All right, Hermes. That's good advice, not to go to law, but to burn down the Blarney-house at the earliest opportunity. Come hither, Xanthias, bring a ladder and a mattock. Mount the Thinking-shop and unroof it, if you have any regard for your master. Bring down the house about their ears. Then give me a lighted torch, and I'll punish somebody to-day, though the whole lot of 'em are braggarts.

(*He fires the Thinking-house.* STUDENTS *rush on the stage.*)

[redacted]

ΜΑΘ. ἰοὺ ἰού.

ΣΤΡ. σὸν ἔργον, ὦ δᾲς, ἱέναι πολλὴν φλόγα.

ΜΑΘ. ἄνθρωπε, τί ποιεῖς; ΘΕΡ. ὅ τι ποιῶ; τί δ' ἄλλο γ' ἢ
διαλεπτολογοῦμαι ταῖς δοκοῖς τῆς οἰκίας.

ΜΑΘ. οἴμοι, τίς ἡμῶν πυρπολεῖ τὴν οἰκίαν;

ΣΤΡ. ἐκεῖνος οὗπερ θοἰμάτιον εἰλήφατε.

ΜΑΘ. ἀπολεῖς ἀπολεῖς. ΘΕΡ. τοῦτ' αὐτὸ γὰρ καὶ βούλομαι,
ἢν ἡ σμινύη μοι μὴ προδῷ τὰς ἐλπίδας,
ἢ 'γὼ πρότερόν πως ἐκτραχηλισθῶ πεσών.

ΣΩ. οὗτος, τί ποιεῖς ἐτεόν, οὑπὶ τοῦ τέγους;

ΣΤΡ. ἀεροβατῶ, καὶ περιφρονῶ τὸν ἥλιον.

ΣΩ. οἴμοι τάλας, δείλαιος ἀποπνιγήσομαι.

ΜΑΘ. ἐγὼ δὲ κακοδαίμων γε κατακαυθήσομαι.

ΣΤΡ. τί γὰρ μαθόντες τοὺς θεοὺς ὑβρίζετε,
καὶ τῆς Σελήνης ἐσκοπεῖσθε τὴν ἕδραν;
δίωκε, βάλλε, παῖε, πολλῶν οὕνεκα,
μάλιστα δ' εἰδὼς τοὺς θεοὺς ὡς ἠδίκουν.

ΧΟΡ. ἡγεῖσθ' ἔξω· κεχόρευται γὰρ
μετρίως τό γε τήμερον ἡμῖν.

STUDENT. Hi! Fire! Fire!

STR. Now torch, let's have a good blaze.

STU. Man, what are you doing?

STR. Doing? Chopping logic with the beams of this house. (*He hacks the beams.*)

STU. Who has fired the place?

STR. The man whose coat you stole.

STU. You'll ruin us! You'll ruin the lot of us!

STR. Exactly what I mean to do, if my axe doesn't disappoint me, and I don't break my neck in the meantime. (*He mounts to the roof.*)

Enter SOCRATES.

SOC. Hallo there! What are you up to on the roof?

STR. (*pompously*). I walk in air and contemplate the sun.

SOC. O Lord, I am suffocating!

STU. And I'm being burnt to a cinder.

STR. Then why did you insult the gods and pry into the movements of the moon? Harry them! Trounce them! Hit them hard, for many reasons, but chiefly for this one, because with malice prepense they did injustice to the Gods.

CHO. Lead out. We have led them a pretty dance for one day.